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THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER  
TRANSLATED

Homer  
= Greek



## RIVINGTONS

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THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER

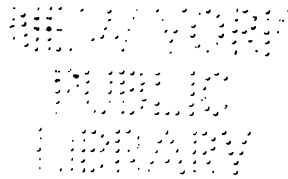
TRANSLATED

By J. G. CORDERY

LATE OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND NOW OF H. M. BENGAL  
CIVIL SERVICE

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOL. I



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TO  
JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW,

I inscribe this attempt,

AS SOME TOKEN OF THE GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION WITH

WHICH THE WARMTH OF HIS FRIENDSHIP,

AND THE INSPIRING NATURE OF HIS TEACHING,

HAVE EVER BEEN REGARDED

BY ONE OF HIS OLD RUGBY PUPILS.



## P R E F A C E.

THE present attempt at a translation of the Iliad was commenced in the Punjaub during the early months of 1862, and completed (except so far as it has been subsequently revised) in Central India towards the close of 1866. I was ignorant, therefore, whilst writing by far the larger portion of it, that so many others were engaged upon the same work. Had I been aware to what an extent the field would be preoccupied, my own translations would probably never have taken so systematic a form. Still, no really independent translator of Homer can be like another. As with the painting of nature, so is it with the attempted transfer of the master-pieces of poetry into a new language. Differences of interpretation (in the more liberal sense of the word) widen rather than diminish, as we advance along the lines to which our several conceptions or tastes have directed us at the outset. The original presents so many and so various aspects, that portraits, taken from different

points of view, are occasionally hardly recognizable as attempts to portray the same poet. Thus the versions given by Pope, by Cowper, and by Professor Newman, if looked upon as representations of the poetry of Homer, have nothing akin to each other. To a certain extent, of course, the same sense is derived from the same words ; but in every thing that distinguishes them from prose—in all that entitles them to be in verse at all—these three translators have hardly a point in common. The same would be found true, though perhaps not to so palpable a degree, in any comparison between the late Lord Derby and Mr. Worsley. The certainty that such contrasts and dissimilarities must exist, affords some encouragement in venturing upon a path already so well trodden. Whether, indeed, these differences are, in any particular case, merits, or demerits, is a point on which no translator can thoroughly trust his own judgment. And the present version assuredly would never have seen the light, had not more competent lovers of Homer considered that it might truly serve to illustrate anew some essential characteristics of the many-sided original.

The two qualities which I have desired most to retain are those of rapidity of movement and direct-

ness of speech. A translator cannot, indeed, like a poet, have his 'eye upon the object' only; it suffices for him to have it upon that image of the object which is presented to him on the mirror from which he is reading. But whenever, penetrating beyond the mere words, he has that image clear before him, he will, in the case of Homer, have attained the first element of directness of style. Rapidity of movement, on the other hand, is a matter of versification. I concur with those who hold that the sonorous march of the ancient hexameter lies beyond the reach of the English tongue; even the most successful English examples of that measure proceed *ab initio* on a vital deviation from the classical rhythm. With respect to blank verse, it has been urged by artists of a critical skill and knowledge greatly superior to my own, that, strong as its claims on all other grounds are, there is one consideration which compels any save the greatest masters to renounce it. For it is the *non imitabile fulmen* of the rarest poets only; even they only gain their command over it at the ripest period of their lives; and to wield it with sustained force through a long work requires a strength which is exceptional in a generation. I believe this to be true of one form of the measure, but of one only—



the Miltonic. But in a translation of Homer we have not to deal with that form. Its elaborate and complex harmonies, even if they could be attained, would be, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has shown, inappropriate in rendering a poet whose grandeur consists in an unique simplicity. And I have sought only to attain a far humbler style of verse, in which many lines together are seldom dovetailed into each other, and in which the paragraphs are not often longer than they are in the original Greek. Such a form, I have thought, might be within the range of a much more moderate artist, and yet, when fed with the noble subject-matter which Homer supplies, might naturally mount to sufficient elevation to give pleasure to the ear of the reader. But it is with great doubt and diffidence that I submit my solution of such a problem to the opinion of the public.

J. G. C.

*East India United Service Club,  
December, 1870.*

**Corrigenda.**

Book v. 589, *for* your enemies' *read* your enemies

Book viii. 524, *for* most dread? *read* most dread!

Book ix. 107, *for* Lycomedes. *read* Lycomedes,



## Iliad I

SING, Goddess, of Achilles, Peleus' son  
The Wrath that rose disastrous, and the cause  
Of woes unnumber'd to Achaia's host,  
Casting to Hades many a mighty soul  
Of hero ere his time, and many a limb  
Prey to the dogs and all the fowls of heaven !  
Yet was the will of Zeus fulfill'd thereby ;  
Then first, what time asunder stood in strife  
Achilles from Atrides king of men.

Say, of the Gods who drave them to this strife ?      10  
Ev'n He, the child of Leto and of Zeus ;  
Wroth with their King, He sent an evil plague  
Raging amongst them, and their folk were slain,  
For that dishonour dealt by Atreus' Son  
To Chryses, his high-priest. For Chryses came  
To their swift galleys, bearing priceless gifts  
The ransom of his daughter, in his hands  
Showing the garland of Apollo twined  
About a golden sceptre, and besought  
All the Achaians, yet address'd his prayer      20

Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus' sons :

“ Hear me, ye Sons of Atreus ! Hear me, all  
Achaia's host ! To you may Heav'n vouchsafe  
The sack of Ilion and return to home ;  
But render back to me mine own dear child,  
Accepting ransom, honouring so the name  
Of Him who smites from far, the Child of Zeus.”

He spoke ; to whom the Achaians gave applause,  
Bidding revere the priest, and take the gifts  
Of her redemption ; but ill-pleased the soul  
Of Agamemnon, who despiteful sent  
Empty, with violent words, the priest away :

30

“ Beware, old man, lest near these hollow barks  
I find thee or now lingering or henceforth  
Returning ; else but little shall avail  
Thy sceptre, or the garland of thy God.  
I will not loose thy daughter, ere old age  
Falls on her, from her country and her home  
Far in our palace and the Argive realm,  
Task'd at the loom, or partner of my bed.

40

But, an thou lov'st thy safety, quick begone ! ”

He spoke ; the elder, all in awe, obey'd.  
On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore  
He pass'd in silence to a place apart,  
And there to great Apollo made his prayer,  
Apollo, whom fair Leto bore to Zeus :

“ Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,  
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales

Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned,  
Sminthian Apollo ! If that e'er I wreath'd 50  
About thy fragrant altar crowns of flowers,  
Or e'er have made to thee sweet sacrifice  
Of bulls and goats, fulfil me my desire :  
Venge with thy darts these tears upon their host."

He spoke ; whose prayer Apollo heard, and straight  
Strode wrathful o'er the Olympian peaks sublime,  
Bearing his close-capp'd quiver and his bow  
Swung round his shoulder ; loud the arrows rang,  
Hurling together as the God moved on.  
Most like to Night, he came, and sate him down 60  
Short space from off the fleet, and 'gan discharge  
His arrows thence. Dire sung the silver bow ;  
Whilst first against their sumpters and their hounds  
He aim'd, but after shot a bitter shaft  
Upon themselves ; thenceforward ceaseless rose  
The flames of funeral piles throughout the host.  
Nine days the shafts divine beset the camp ;  
The tenth, Achilles to their market-place  
Call'd all the people ; Herè gave the thought,  
Herè, the Goddess of the milkwhite arm, 70  
Moved for the Danaans perishing in her sight.  
In that full gathering of Achaia's sons  
Fleetfoot Achilles rose, and thus began :

" If thus together pestilence and war  
Be banded to subdue Achaia's might,  
Atrides, though perchance we 'scape this death,

'Twill be to wander weather-beaten home.  
Inquire we therefore of some priest or seer,  
Or one who reads the presage of a dream,  
(For dream proceeds from Zeus,) to know the cause   80  
Phœbus Apollo hath of wrath against us ;  
Whether for vow incensed, or hecatomb ;  
If haply by the steam of victim's flesh,  
By bulls and goats appeased, he stay this plague."

He ceased, and sate him down. Then Calchas rose,  
The son of Thestor, chief of seers, who knew  
What was, and what had been, and what should be,  
And of that prescience, great Apollo's gift,  
Was pilot of their fleet to Ilion's shore ;  
He thus address'd them words discreet, and spake :   90

"Achilles, loved of Zeus ! who bidd'st me tell  
Wherefore Apollo hath this wrath against you,  
I tell thee true, but ponder this, and swear  
Strongly to bear me out by word and deed.  
I fear lest I should anger one whose sway  
Is sovran in all Argos, and allow'd  
Throughout Achaia. Powerful falls the wrath  
Of kings upon the weak ; for, though awhile  
They smother up the flame, yet in their hearts  
The malice rankles, till their wish hath come.   100  
Bethink thee, then, how thou wilt bear me through."

To whom Achilles spake in answer thus :  
"Be cheer'd ; speak what thou knowest and what the God  
Revealeth ; for by Him I swear, who grants

Unto thy prayers, that thou canst show his will,  
Yea, by Apollo, child to Zeus on high,  
Never, whilst I survive upon this earth,  
Shall any amongst these barks raise violent hand  
To harm thee, not though Agamemnon's name  
Thou nam'st, the sovereign of Achaia's sons." 110

Whereat the blameless seer took heart, and spake :

"Oh, not for vow incensed, or hecatomb,  
But for the priest, to whom Atrides dealt  
Dishonour, when his ransom he repell'd  
Nor loosed his daughter—for his sake the God  
Inflicts this sorrow, and shall still inflict,  
Nor stay the heavy hand of pestilence,  
Ere we have render'd to her father's hands  
The bright-eyed maid, unpriced, unransom'd, home,  
And offer'd up a sacred hecatomb 120  
In Chryse ; so assuaged, his wrath will cease."

He spoke and sate him down. But straightway rose  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Much troubled ; and his very heart wax'd black,  
Surcharged with wrath ; his eyes shone bright as fire ;  
And, louting, first to Calchas he began :

"Prophet of evil ! Ne'er to me of good  
Thou spak'st, but 'twas ever thy dear part  
To bode all ill, and as thy words thy deeds.  
So now in this assembly thou declar'st, 130  
Taught of thine oracle, that this the cause,  
The arrowy God hath brought this sorrow on us,



For that I would not take the glorious gifts  
Of Chryses for his daughter ; well thou know'st  
My longing to preserve her in my home ;  
Above ev'n Clytemnestra, mine own wife,  
I set her ; for to her in form and face  
And mind and handiwork she yields no whit :  
Whom yet will I surrender, if need be ;  
I would the nation saved, not dying here. 140  
But bring me therefore forth some second prize,  
Lest I alone of all my people show  
Without a guerdon ; this were no fair thing ;  
Yet, lo, what once was mine must pass away."  
To whom Achilles rose, and thus return'd :  
"Atrides, by thy state, nor less, it seems,  
By greed, above thy fellows ! whence this prize  
On thee to be bestow'd by Argos' sons ?  
Of no such common garners are we 'ware ;  
But whatsoever we have won in spoil 150  
Hath long been parted, nor behoves the host  
Now to regather all to store return'd.  
But render thou this maiden to the God ;  
And if Zeus grant us spoil of fencèd Troy,  
Thrice and four-fold her value shall be thine."  
But sovran Agamemnon made reply :  
"Achilles, image of the Gods on earth !  
Yet steal not with that wondrous craft on me ;  
Thou wilt not pass me by, nor win me thus.  
Wouldst thou, the while thou holdst thine own secure, 160

See me without my guerdon idly pine,  
Yielding you up this damsel? If, indeed,  
The Achaians will surrender me a prize  
Equal in worth, as pleasing, in her stead :—  
But if they will not, with mine own strong hand  
Thine will I seize, or from Odysseus his,  
Or Ajax, his : he rues it, whom I seek.  
Hereafter will be time enow for this :  
Now haste, and launch upon the sacred deep  
A well-pitch'd galley, and embark thereon 170  
A hecatomb, and oarsmen, and withal  
The beauteous maiden ; let one chieftain go  
Likewise, or Ajax, or Idomeneus,  
Or sage Odysseus, or, an so thou wilt,  
Go thou, Pelides, miracle of men,  
Go thou, and with our offering soothe the God.”  
To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow :  
“ O cloak'd in shamelessness! Thou miser-heart!  
From this day forward who can follow thee  
With a good trust as leader of this host 180  
To seek an ambush or to face the foe ?  
Not ours this cause ; I came not for revenge  
Of quarrel of mine own with armèd Troy ;  
Who never harried steed nor ox of mine,  
Nor ravaged the rich fields of Phthia's plains ;  
Rather between us rolls an echoing sea,  
And many a mountain lifts his shadowy head.  
Thee only, thee we follow'd, thou ingrate,

To bring to pass thy wish, and wreak on Troy,  
Only for Menelaüs and for thee, 190  
A vengeance which thou barely deign'st to aid !  
And now thou threatenest robbery of my meed,  
The gift of all Achaia, sorely earn'd !  
Yet never, though we take proud Troy at last,  
Shall I receive as thou : albeit mine arm  
Doth more in perilous onset to and fro,  
Yet, in the parting of the spoil, thy lot  
Is still the larger ; wearied with the war,  
I gain but little, yet that little prize.  
But now enough ! 'tis idle to remain, 200  
And I will home to Phthia ; thus by thee  
Dishonour'd, I will earn thee wealth no more !”

But sovran Agamemnon made reply :  
“ Flee, if thy heart so prompt thee ! Not for me  
Delay thy going ; I ask not thy stay.  
Others are with me, who will render still  
Due honour, and of them is Zeus supreme.  
But thou—of heav'n-born kings I loathe thee most ;  
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels :  
Thy strength, thine only virtue—'tis from heav'n ! 210  
Home then with all thy galleys and thy men,  
And lord it o'er the Myrmidonian crew,  
I reckon not of thine anger ! Hear me more :  
Phœbus Apollo takes from me this maid ;  
So be it ; and I send her hence in state  
High on mine own fair galley with my men ;

But thine from thee I then will seize, and tear  
Brisëis in like manner from thine arms ;  
So shalt thou know how far I stand, and great,  
Above thee ; so may others lay 't to heart, 220  
And shrink from standing rival to their king !”

He ceased ; the other's wrath grew agony,  
And in his rough broad breast in twain the mind  
Was sunder'd, or to draw his sharp bright brand,  
Scatter the guards, and hew Atrides down,  
Or to constrain the passion in his heart.  
But, while such doubt pass'd coursing through his brain,  
And he had half unsheath'd the glittering blade,  
Athenè came from heav'n, by Herè sent,  
The Goddess of the milkwhite arm, who loved 230  
The two alike and with an equal care.

She stood behind, and by his yellow locks  
Held back the hero, manifest to him  
Only ; none else might see her ; all aghast,  
Achilles turn'd his face, and straightway knew *saw, and /*  
~~Pallas Athenè of the shining eyes ;~~  
~~And thus address'd her winged words, and spake :~~

“ Say to what end thou comest, child of Zeus !  
Is 't to behold Atrides in his pride ?  
But listen, for I tell thee what shall be ; 240  
For this vainglory he shall surely die.”

But azure-eyed Athenè thus return'd :  
“ From heav'n I come, Pelides, and to stay  
Thine anger, if thou wilt be ruled of me—

*terrible seem'd her eyes  
Shining upon him ; yet he spake and sai*

Sent by the Goddess of the milkwhite arm,  
Who loves you, each alike, with equal care.  
Hold therefore ; cease this strife, nor draw thy sword ;  
But smite him with what words are on thy tongue ;  
For what I now foretell shall surely be ;  
Ere long, gifts thrice her value shall be laid 250  
Before thy feet in quittance of this wrong :  
Hold thyself therefore, and be ruled of us."

To whom Achilles then in answer spake :  
" Goddess, whate'er mine anger, yet to keep  
Such double hest were aye the better part ;  
The gods will hear who hearkens to their word."

He spoke, and press'd upon the silver hilt  
A heavy hand that drave the giant sword  
Back in its sheath, and hearken'd to her hest.  
She thence departing to the Olympian courts 260  
Hasted to mingle with her fellow gods ;  
But he with bitterest words again assail'd  
Atrides (nor his passion yet had waned) :

" Winebibber ! with the forehead of a hound,  
Faint-hearted as a deer ! who never yet  
Hast found the courage or to join thy host  
In battle, or thy peers in ambush lain ;  
Death lies that way and stares thee in the face ;  
Safer by far to range Achaia's host,  
And plunder of his country's gifts whoe'er 270  
Dares raise a voice against thee through the camp !  
King, say'st thou ? Tyrant rather, and of slaves !

Else truly this oppression were thy last.  
Yet hear me, what with mighty oath I swear :  
This sceptre, that shall never bud again,  
Lopt from its parent trunk upon the hills,  
Nor yield a leaf or branch, but lieth bare  
And bark'd by woodman's steel, and now is borne  
Within their hands who under Zeus supreme  
Deal justice and guard law inviolate ;— 280  
By this I swear,—an oath to cost thee dear ;  
The day shall come when on Achaia's host  
Shall fall a longing for Achilles' arm ;  
Then shalt thou curse thee that thou canst not save,  
Whilst they fall slaughter'd under Hector's sword ;  
Then shall it rend thee to thy heart of hearts  
Thou daredst upon their noblest this affront !”

He spoke and dash'd the sceptre boss'd with gold  
Before them on the earth, and sate him down,  
As sate Atrides, adverse, nursing wrath. 290  
To whom sprang up the clear-toned Pylia sage,  
Nestor, of soft address, and from his tongue  
Sweeter than honey flow'd the stream of speech.  
Two generations of his kind had pass'd  
Already, who before his eyes were rear'd  
In sacred Pylos, and he ruled the third ;  
Who now address'd them words discreet, and spake :

“Alas, that this should hap, to our dear land  
Great trouble, but to Priam and his sons,  
And all their people, source of endless joy, 300

If so be that they learn how now the twain  
Sit wrangling, who in council and in war  
Were foremost ever ! wherefore hear ye me ;  
Who both are younger far ; and I have mix'd  
With better men, who reap'd of me good fruit.  
For never have I seen, nor e'er shall see,  
Men such as Dryas, shepherd of his realm,  
Cæneus, Pirithoüs, Exadius,  
Or godlike Polyphemus, or the might  
Of Theseus, son of Ægeus, peer to gods :— 310  
The strongest generation e'er on earth ;  
Strongest themselves ; yet scarce less strong their foes,  
The Centaurs of the mountains, whom they fought  
And with a terrible slaughter overcame.  
To them I came from Pylos, on their call,  
Far from the Apian land, and mix'd, and fought  
According to my strength amongst their band.  
No man (of men that now are on the earth)  
Could stand against them ; yet they oft would seek  
Counsel of me, and hearken to my word. 320  
So likewise hearken ye ; 'twill be your good.  
Neither do thou, despite thy sovran power,  
Take the maid from him ; but, as first the host  
Awarded her his meed, so leave her to him :  
Nor thou, Pelides, take thy stand opposed  
Against thy king ; for ne'er hath sceptred king  
Had larger due of honour ; Zeus bestow'd  
This glory on him ; and, though thou art great,

And a great goddess bare thee, yet is he  
Above thee by the numbers of his rule. 330  
But stay, Atrides, we entreat, thine ire  
'Gainst him who stands throughout this evil war  
A tower of strength to all Achaia's sons."

But sovran Agamemnon made reply ;  
" My father, well and wisely has thou said.  
But this man covets sole pre-eminence,  
To lord it o'er us all, to hold us all  
Slaves to his beck ;—I trow he rules not me !  
The Gods have made him as a giant strong ;  
Comes thence this charter to a railing tongue ?" 340

To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow :  
" And I were well content to bear the name  
Of coward, or to lose all name, if e'er  
I yield my every deed to thy behest.  
Go lord it over others ; I obey  
Thy word no more ; nor *thou*, I trow, rul'st me !  
Yet hear, and lay this warning to thy heart :  
Who gave may take away ; and for the maid  
Ye gave me, I will raise no finger up  
Neither at thee, nor any other man ; 350  
But of all else aboard my swift black bark,  
I dare thee to take aught at all away,  
Save at mine own good pleasure ! If thou durst  
Attempt it, venture thither ; and this host  
Shall know thee, when thy blood is on my spear !"

So ended they their wrangling, face to face,



Incensed, roll'd in incense up to heaven.

And rose and loosed the assembly through the fleet.  
Pelides to his tents and well-bench'd barks  
Pass'd with his following and Menœtius' Son ;  
But Agamemnon launch'd upon the deep 360  
A galley, and of oarsmen a full score  
Gather'd thereon, embarking for the God  
A hecatomb of oxen, and aboard  
Led and bade fair Chryseïs to a seat ;  
With whom, their chieftain, sage Odysseus went,  
And forth they sail'd upon their watery way.

Then Agamemnon bade his host be cleansed ;  
Who cleansed them of pollution in the waves,  
And all along the barren ocean's strand  
Offer'd whole hecatombs of goats and bulls 370  
To King Apollo, whence the grateful steam  
~~Went up to heav'n ascending, roll'd in smoke.~~

This was their ministration in the camp ;  
Yet not for this their king forgot the strife  
Wherewith he first had threaten'd Peleus' Son,  
But call'd the two quick heralds of the host,  
Talthybius and Eurybates, and said :  
" Depart ye to Achilles ; from his tent  
Bring forth the maid Briseïs ; an he dare  
Forbid you, he shall rue it when I come 380  
With thousands more, to seize her and to hold."

He spoke, and sent them forth with violent charge ;

And loth they moved along the barren sea,  
And gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet.  
There sitting by his tent and galley's side  
They found him ; but he sorrow'd when he saw ;  
Whilst they, for awe and reverence of the chief,  
Stood silent, nor could question him nor speak ;  
Till he, well-knowing in his heart, began :

“ Hail, heralds, messengers of Zeus and men !      390

Draw nearer ; for I blame not you, but him  
Who sent you, Agamemnon, and commands  
To take the maid Briseïs ; therefore haste,  
Noble Patroclus, bring the maiden forth  
And yield her to their hands. And of my wrong  
Be they the witness, in the face of Gods  
And men alike, and of this haughty king ;  
For, oh, if e'er hereafter some sore need  
To save his army from a shameful death  
Should call on me—yea, this infuriate chief      400  
Is death to thousands, nor hath he an eye  
To look before and after, or devise  
How best his people may escape the death !”

He spoke ; Patroclus heard his dear lord's word,  
And brought Briseïs from the tent before them,  
And gave her to their hands. Then pass'd the twain  
Back to th' Achaian fleet, and with them went  
Most loth the maiden. But, aloof withdrawn,  
Alone upon the seashore, all in tears,  
Achilles sate him down, and, gazing far      410

Across the purpling waves, with lifted hands,  
On his own mother cried aloud, and spake :

“ Since, Mother, short the life thou barest me to,  
At least 'twere just Olympian Zeus the while  
Should grant me honour ; yet is all withheld :  
For, lo, Atrides Agamemnon deals  
Foul insult, and hath robb'd me of my meed.”

He ceased in tears ; whose gentle mother heard  
There where she sate beside her agèd sire  
Sunk in the depths of ocean ; and in haste 420  
Rose like an exhalation from the waves,  
And took her seat beside her weeping son,  
Laid soothing hand upon him, and began :  
“ My child, what sorrow this that falls on thee ?  
Speak, hide it not, but share with me thy heart.”

Achilles with deep sigh made answer thus :  
“ Thou know'st ; what need to tell thee that thou know'st ?  
Eëtion's sacred city we destroy'd,  
Thebè, and sack'd it, and bore thence the spoil ;  
The which the Achaians parted, and the maid 430  
Chryseïs fell the lot to Atreus' Son.

But Chryses came, her father and the priest  
Of arrowy Phœbus, 'mongst the mailèd host,  
To loose his daughter, bearing priceless gifts,  
Holding the garland of the arrowy God  
Twined round a golden sceptre ; who besought  
All the Achaians, but address'd his prayer  
Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus' sons.

Whereto all others gave acclaim, and bade  
Revere the priest, and take the splendid gifts      440  
Of her redemption : but ill-pleased the soul  
Of Agamemnon, who despiteful sent  
Empty, with violent words, the priest away.  
In wrath the Elder went and pray'd his God ;  
Whose prayer Apollo (for he loved him much)  
Heard, and straight sent a baleful dart against us,  
Whereby the folk 'gan perish, man by man.  
And long throughout Achaia's spacious camp  
Flew to and fro the burning shafts ; at last  
His oracle was shown us of a seer :      450  
I first gave counsel to appease the God ;  
But Atreus' Son wax'd wroth, and quick uprose  
To threaten what hath now grown very deed.  
The flashing-eyed Achaians send the maid  
Across the seas to Chryse, to her sire,  
With offerings to the God ; but from my tent  
Ev'n now the heralds move who bear away  
My prize Briseïs—whom Achaia's host  
Gave me, my dearest guerdon, she is gone !  
Help, therefore, if thou canst, help thine own child :      460  
Or if thou ever gav'st, by word or deed,  
Delight to Zeus, go now, implore his aid.  
For ofttimes in thy father's halls I heard  
Thy boast that, single of Immortals, thou  
Guardedst an utter ruin from the head  
Of cloudcapt Zeus, what time the other Gods,

Herè, and vast Poseidon, and the might  
Of Pallas, all conspired to bind him down ;  
How thou then cam'st his saviour from their bonds,  
Calling the hundred-handed giant up 470  
Whom Gods name Briareus, but mortal men  
Ægæon ; who exceeds his father far,  
And rose as one refresh'd, and took his seat  
In glory at Kroneion's <sup>1</sup> hand well-pleased :  
The blissful Gods were awed, nor bound their king.  
Go therefore, seat thee near him, call thy deeds  
Back to his mind, and suppliant clasp his knee ;  
So haply may he grant his aid to Troy,  
Conquering th' Achaians, shut against the sea,  
Back to their galley's sterns repell'd, and slain ; 480  
Till all have reap'd their harvest in their king ;  
And he, this wide great ruler, Atreus' Son,  
Hath rued that hour of ruin when he dared  
This outrage on Achaia's noblest son !"

Whom Thetis answer'd (and she wept the while) :  
" Ah me, to have borne and bred thee to this woe !  
The span is narrow of thy length of life ;

<sup>1</sup> Throughout this translation I have occasionally allowed myself the same variations in the names of the several Gods as are used by Homer himself ; but not, I hope, to an extent likely to cause any confusion. Thus Kroneion (or the son of Kronos) will sometimes occur as the equivalent of Zeus ; Phœbus of Apollo ; Poseidaion of Poseidon ; Pallas of Athene ; Cypris of Aphrodite ; and Enyalios of Ares.



Then disembark'd the sacred hecatomb,  
And went themselves upon the shingly shore ;  
With whom Chryseis likewise left the bark.  
Her sage Odysseus to the altar led,  
And render'd to her father's hand, and spake :

“ Chryses, the king hath sent me to restore                    520.  
Thy child to thee, and offer for the host  
A sacred hecatomb to Phœbus here ;  
So to assuage the arrowy Godhead's wrath,  
Whose darts are grievous on Achaia's sons.

He spoke, and gave her to his hands ; with joy  
He took his daughter. But the others ranged  
Quickly their splendid offering, ox by ox,  
Around the well-built altar ; then made clean  
Their hands, and held the salted cake upraised,  
While Chryses cried with outspread arms, and said : 530

“ Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,  
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales  
Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned ;  
Ev'n as of late thou hearkenedst to my prayer,  
And honour'dst me, and smot'st Achaia low,  
So now once more fulfil me my desire ;  
Take from Achaia this thine evil plague !”

Praying he spoke, whose prayer Apollo heard.  
But when their prayer was ended, and the cakes  
Of barley on the victims' forehead thrown,                    540  
They drew the oxen back with throats stretch'd tight,  
And kill'd and flay'd them, and cut off their thighs ;

The which they wrapt in double folds of fat,  
And over these again laid slices raw ;  
The while the priest maintain'd the logs aflame,  
And pour'd libation of bright wine thereon,  
And youths with ready prongs stood near the fire.  
The entrails tasted and the thighs consumed,  
The other parts they sliced, and pierced with spits,  
Then roasted with all care and spread them out. 550  
So, having closed their toil and dress'd their feast,  
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess.

Then, when desire had pass'd of drink and meat,  
Boys crown'd the bowls with wine, and thence in cups  
Gave forth to each, by order of their rank ;  
The while the choicest of Achaia's youth,  
Singing the glories of the silver bow,  
Chanting his heavenly Pæan, soothed the God ;  
All day they sang, whose song rejoiced his heart ;  
Till, when the sun went down, and darkness came, 560  
They slept beside the hawsers of their ship.

Anon, when rosy-finger'd morn arose,  
They set them to return toward the camp :  
To whom Apollo gave a favouring breeze.  
They righted up the mast, and spread white sail  
Thereon ; the wind swell'd full the belling sail,  
And freshly from the prow the purple wave  
Broke sparkling, as the galley made her way ;



Till, when the broad Achaian camp was gain'd,  
On the mainland they haul'd the galley clear, 570  
High up the sands, and stretch'd long props beneath ;  
Then scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark.

But all this while, amongst his swift black barks,  
Fleetfoot Achilles, Peleus' heav'n-sprung son,  
Sate yielding to his wrath, nor made resort  
To council, whence is glory to a man,  
No, nor to war ; whose heart was withering in him  
For thirst of battle and the cry to arms.

The twelfth day dawn'd, and all the immortal Powers  
Together to the Olympian height return'd, 580  
Zeus leading back. Nor Thetis then forgot  
Her son's behest, but, mounting from the wave,  
Rose to Olympus in the morning's mist.  
There mighty Zeus she found aloof withdrawn  
Seated upon the ridge's topmost peak,  
And knelt before him clasping with one hand  
His knee, but laid the other on his beard,  
And pray'd and thus address'd the king supreme :  
" My father, oh if ever amongst the Gods  
I gave delight to thee by deed or word, 590  
Fulfil me my desire, and glorify  
My son ; to whom, though doom'd to early death,  
Yet hath Atrides Agamemnon dealt  
Foul outrage, plundering of his meed beloved.

Therefore, great Zeus, put thou thy wisdom forth ;  
Vouchsafe him glory ; and so long to Troy  
Suffer the triumph, till the Achaians make  
Atonement by full honour and by gifts."

She ceased, to whom the Ruler of the clouds  
Gave not one word, but long in silence sate ; 600  
Till Thetis closer clasp'd his knee, and clung  
About him, and besought once more, and spake :  
" Promise me true ; confirm it by thy nod ;  
Or else deny me ; what hast thou to fear ?  
Speak then, that I may learn and lay to heart  
How far below all Gods I lie disgraced !"

Much moved, the Ruler of the clouds return'd :  
" A troublous task thou chargest ; 'twill enrage  
Herè to many an onset and reproach.  
Already in full conclave of the gods 610  
She chides me that I grant the Trojans aid.  
Therefore, lest she espy thee, haste thee back ;  
And it shall be my care that these things be ;  
Thy faith to strengthen, I vouchsafe my nod,  
Surest of testimony that proceeds  
From Powers above ; no word hath e'er return'd  
Void, or hath guilèd any, thus confirm'd."

Kroneion spake, and o'er his azure brows  
Bow'd down his glorious head ; from off it flow'd  
Th' ambrosial locks ; and all Olympus shook. 620

This counsel closed, they parted, Thetis down

Plunging to ocean off the radiant height,  
But Zeus to his own palace ; as he came  
The Gods before their father from their seats  
Stood ; nor durst any sit ; all rose erect.  
He took his throne ; but Herè, who had seen,  
Well wotting that some counsel had been shared  
With Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,  
Straightway began her taunt, upbraiding thus :

“ Say now, my crafty-hearted Lord, what God      630  
Hath communed of thy counsel ? As of old,  
So now thou lov'st, if I be e'er apart,  
To frame thy crook'd devices, nor to me,  
An thou hadst but thy wish, wouldst tell one word.”

To whom the Father of the world replied ;  
“ Herè, thou art my wife ; yet all I say  
Hope not to know ; such knowledge were thy harm.  
Whate'er 'tis fitting thou shouldst hear, rest sure  
Nor God nor man shall know it ere thou know.  
But whatsoe'er I will to keep apart,      640  
Ask not of that, too curious of my will.”

But royal broadbrow'd Herè thus replied :  
“ Most dread my Lord ! what falls from out thy lips ?  
I ask not oft, too curious of thy will :  
Of me untroubled, tell me what thou list.  
But now have I good cause of utmost fear  
Lest Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,  
Hath guiled thee to say somewhat to our hurt.  
For with this morning's mist she came, and sate

Beside thee, and beseeching clasp'd thy knees. 650  
Wherefore I make conjecture thou hast sworn  
By thine own nod, in honour of her son,  
To slaughter 'mongst their ships Achaia's host."

To her the Ruler of the clouds again :

"Thou mak'st, my wife, conjectures without end,  
Nor lett'st me from thine eye ; 'twill serve thee not ;  
But make me, to thy sorrow, love thee less.  
Be it as thou hast said ; I will it so.

Sit thou in silence, and obey my word :

Else, verily, not all the Gods combined  
Shall save thee, when I raise my arm to ~~chide~~."

660

*Scourge .*

He spoke, and broadbrow'd Herò, all in awe,  
Bent her high heart to silence, and sate still.  
The heavenly Gods 'gan murmur through the hall ;  
To whom Hephæstus, architect in heaven,  
Arose to speak, out of the love he bare  
His mother, Herò of the milkwhite arm :

"All will be wrack and ruin unwithstood  
If thus ye twain for wretched mortal's sake  
Wrangle, disturbing heav'n ; when thus prevails 670  
The evil, e'en in feast is no delight.  
Therefore I bid my mother, though herself  
Wots well without the bidding, rest at peace,  
And do according to the will of Zeus ;  
Lest he again, our father, of his ire,  
Perturb the banquet ; for, an so he list,  
'Twere easy task to him, the lightning's lord,

To hurl us from our seats by might supreme.  
Soothe therefore with thy softest words thy king ;  
And he again will render us his grace." 680

He spoke, and springing forward put a cup  
Into his mother's hand, and added thus :  
"Endure it, O my mother, nor be wroth ;  
Lest, in my love's despite, before all heav'n  
I see thee ill-entreated ; howsoe'er  
I sorrow'd, I could nought avail to help.  
Ill is it to oppose the Olympian's arm ;  
As erst I found, when for my wish to save thee  
He caught me by the foot, and hurl'd me o'er  
The skyey threshold ; all day long I fell, 690  
And dropt on Lemnos with the setting sun ;  
Bare life was in me then ; but, where I fell,  
The Sintians raised and bare me to their homes."

He ended ; Herè of the milkwhite arm  
Smiled, and took smiling from her son the cup ;  
Who straight from right to left to all the Gods  
'Gan pour sweet nectar, drawing from a bowl ;  
And laughter inextinguishable rang  
Amongst their blissful throng, beholding thus  
Hephæstus as 'twere Hebe in their halls. 700

So all day through, to set of sun, they sate  
Feasting, nor any lack'd his share of feast,  
Nor of the lovely lute Apollo held,

Nor of the song the Muses quiring sang.

But when the sun's bright light descended, all  
Scatter'd to slumber, each in splendid home  
Built for him by Hephæstus of his art,  
Half-foot Hephæstus, architect in heaven.  
But Zeus, the lightning-wielder, and their king,  
Mounting the bed whereon he wont to rest 710  
Whene'er sweet slumber seized him, laid him down,  
And gold-throned Herè laid her by his side.



## Eliad II

ALL others, Gods alike and helmèd men,  
Slept the night through ; Zeus only gentle sleep  
Subdued not, who lay pondering how he best  
For the honour of Achilles might dispense  
Death unto thousands in Achaia's fleet.  
This counsel show'd the wisest to his mind,  
To send a Spirit of evil in a dream  
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, their king :  
He call'd, and with wing'd words address'd it thus :  
"Quick hence, thou Spirit of evil ! In false dream      10  
Pass through the fleet to Agamemnon's tent  
And there speak clearly, as I now give hest.  
Bid him throughout the camp to call to arms  
The streaming-hair'd Achaians, now at length  
To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more  
Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;  
But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress  
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus."  
He spoke, whose word the Spirit obeying flew  
Hastening to gain Achaia's camp and fleet ;      20  
There sought out Agamemnon. Him he found



Now slumbering in his tent, for sleep at last  
Had fall'n ambrosial o'er him. At his head  
The Spirit, in guise of Nestor, Neleus' son,  
The Elder by Atrides honour'd most,  
Took stand, and thus in dream divine began :

“Son of brave royal Atreus! Sleep'st thou thus?  
The man who hath the weight of public care,  
The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,  
He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ;      30  
I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,  
Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.  
He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp  
The streaming-hair'd Achaians, now at length  
To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more  
Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;  
But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress  
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus,  
Whose message hold thou fast to mind, nor be  
Forgetful, when sweet sleep hath loosed his hold.”      40

It spoke, and vanish'd, leaving there the King  
Foreshadowing many issues—ne'er to be ;  
Who to his heart gave promise to destroy  
The citadel of Priam ere the eve ;  
Blind, blind ! of Zeus' true counsel unaware ;  
Who destined woe on woe and groan on groan  
Ceaseless to either host in battle's broil.

He woke from sleep ; and cloudlike round him still

Hover'd the voice divine. Upright he sate,  
And donn'd a tunic soft of linen fine, 50  
Newspun, and threw broad mantle thereupon,  
And bound rich sandals to his glistening feet ;  
Then slung his silverhilted sword, and took  
The imperishable sceptre of his race,  
And so pass'd through the galleys of the host.

And Dawn divine had clomb the Olympian steep,  
Harbinger of the day to all in heaven,  
When he the clearvoiced heralds bade proclaim  
A common meeting in the market-place ;  
Who made their proclamation, and the host 60  
Of all Achaia thither flock'd amain.  
But first beneath the Pylian Chieftain's bark  
A senate of their nobler Elders sate ;  
These did their King together call, and laid  
His wise resolve before them in these words :

“ Friends, hear me all. This night a dream divine  
Amid the ambrosial darkness in my sleep  
Came to me : like to noble Nestor most  
The Spirit by its garb and stature show'd ;  
It stood above my head, and thus It spake : 70  
*‘ Son of brave royal Atreus ! Sleep'st thou thus ?  
‘ The man who hath the weight of public care,  
‘ The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,  
‘ He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ;  
‘ I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,*

*'Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.  
'He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp  
'The streaming-hair'd Achaïans, now at length  
'To take broadstretted Troy; for now no more  
'Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers; 80  
'But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress  
'Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus:  
'Whose message hold thou fast to mind—'* It spoke  
And vanish'd; and sweet sleep loosed hold on me.  
Bethink ye therefore how to incite the host  
To don their armour. As beseems my state,  
I first will speak, and of their temper make  
Assay, by bidding all the fleet flee home;  
The which prevent ye, each by strong rebuke."

He ceased, and sate him down. Then Nestor rose 90  
Chieftain of Pylos' sandy-coasted realm,  
Who spoke, and thus began his words discreet;  
"Friends, Chieftains, Captains of Achaia's host!  
Were he some other who declared this dream,  
Perchance we might denounce it false, and put  
The matter from us: but who tells the tale  
Is our liege lord. Rise therefore; in this wise  
Incite Achaia's sons to don their arms."

He ceased, and led the way from council-seat;  
Whereat the sceptred kings together rose, 100  
Obedient to the shepherd of the host,  
And went, where all the people streaming pour'd.

Like bees, that issue ever forth anew  
From out some hollow rock, cloud upon cloud,  
Now clustering on spring flowers, now away  
Hieing in swarms, where'er each swarm may list ;  
Thus from their ships and tents pour'd tribes of men  
Troop after troop fronting the sandy shore  
Into their meeting-place ; amongst them burn'd  
Loud Rumour, sent by Zeus, and bade them go. 110  
With lifted voice nine heralds order'd them  
To silence all loud outcry, and attend  
Their heaven-sprung kings. With earnest ears they sate  
Order'd along their seats, and stay'd their din.  
To whom rose Agamemnon, in his hands  
Holding the sceptre by Hephæstus wrought,  
Wrought by Hephæstus for a gift to Zeus,  
Which Zeus to Hermes gave, the guide in heaven,  
Hermes to Pelops, matchless on the car,  
Pelops to Atreus, shepherd of his realm, 120  
Then Atreus dying to Thyestes gave,  
Thyestes, last, to Agamemnon's hands,  
And sway therewith o'er Argos and the Isles ;  
On this he lean'd, and thus addressed the host :  
" Friends, heroes, labourers in Ares' field !  
Ye see in fetters of how heavy fate  
Great Zeus hath will'd to mesh me—False and cruel !  
Who sware, and by his Nod confirm'd the oath,  
That we should take proud Ilion ere return ;  
Yet hath against me wrought a ruinous guile, 130

Bidding me now to Argos take me back,  
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here !  
Such now I read his will, who oft hath bow'd  
And oft shall bow hereafter low the heads  
Of mightiest cities ; mightier He than all.  
Shall it for shame be told in after-days  
How legions of such mass and spirit high  
As Argos sent us forth, all bootless waged  
An empty war ; albeit the foes they fought  
Were less in number, no good end was shown ? 140  
Were a truce struck, and took both hosts their stand  
Asunder to be number'd—all of Troy  
Gather'd together from their hearths and homes,  
And all the Achaians ranged by tens and tens—  
Then, were each ten to choose a Trojan slave,  
To many a ten no Trojan slave were there.  
Such to our legions I account the foe  
Native to Troy and dwellers in her streets,  
Were these alone ; but with them thousands leagued,  
Aids from afar and battling in their cause, 150  
Who beat me from my haven, and forefend  
Destruction from proud Ilion's lofty towers.  
And now nine years of mighty Zeus are flown ;  
The masts are rotting on our hulks ; the shrouds  
Unravell'd ; yet our children in our homes  
Sit by their mothers wistful for us still ;  
And all for which we came is utter nought.  
Hear, therefore, and obey as I advise.

Let us away to our dear fatherland ;  
Flee, for broadstreeted Troy shall ne'er be ours." 160

He spoke, and reach'd the hearts of all who heard,  
All who shared not his wile ; whereat the crowd  
Was shaken, like the long waves of the sea,  
When bursting from the cloud-girt home of Zeus  
Eurus and Notus lash the Icarian strait ;  
Or as when Zephyr comes in hurricane  
And sweeps a fertile field, and takes with storm  
The corn, and all the ears are bow'd one way ;  
So shook that whole assembly ; thence with shout  
Rush'd to their ships ; in clouds under their tread 170  
The dust arose ; and each to other cried  
To seize and haul his galley to the deep,  
And each 'gan clear his channel through the sands.  
Their homeward-longing cry went up to heaven.  
The props along the keels were quick withdrawn.  
And now in teeth of Fate return to home  
Had happ'd, but Herè to Athenè call'd :

" Child of great Zeus, and peerless Power of war !  
Say, shall the Argives to their fatherland  
Safe on the sea's broad shoulders take this flight, 180  
Leaving the boast to Priam and to Troy  
Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof  
Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n ?  
Nay, haste thee rather to their mailèd host,  
And stay them, as thou mayst, with calming words,  
Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep."

Nor azure-eyed Athenè disobey'd ;  
Down springing from the Olympian height she went  
And gain'd Achaia's fleet : there first she sought  
Odysseus, chief for wisdom like to Zeus : 190  
Standing apart, not laying on his bark  
His hand, by grief and anger piercèd through  
She found him, and address'd him thus, and said :  
    "Odysseus, heavensprung chief, Laertes' son ;  
Is it for refuge to your fatherland  
That thus ye fall upon your wellbench'd barks ?  
And leave the boast to Priam and to Troy  
Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof  
Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n ?  
Nay, haste thee through the ships, nor take thou rest, 200  
But stay *them*, as thou mayst, with calming words,  
Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep."  
She ceased ; and he the voice confess'd divine,  
And hastening cast his cloak away to run ;  
Eurybates the Ithacan, his squire,  
The herald, bare this home, while he sped straight  
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, from whom  
The imperishable sceptre of the race  
He took, and pass'd therewith amongst the ships ;  
Where, if he cross'd a king or man of mark, 210  
He near approach'd, and stay'd him gently thus :  
    " My friend, this cowardlike fear beseems not thee.  
Take seat thyself, and bid the people sit.  
Not yet hath Atreus' Son declared his will :

All were not then in senate when he spake.  
He proves us, but anon will smite us hard,  
And if his ire be kindled, woe to us !  
For heavy is the wrath of heavensprung kings,  
Honour'd of Zeus, of wisest Zeus beloved."

But whomso of the common file he saw 220  
And found in outcry, him with sceptre-stroke  
Away he drove, and sharply threaten'd thus :

"Sit thou unmoved, and hearken to thy chiefs,  
Vile craven—of what note in speech or war ?  
Is every man in Argos crown'd a king ?  
This is not good, that there be many lords :  
O'er us be one Lord only, he to whom  
The Son of crook-wiled Kronos hath vouchsafed  
The sceptre, to deal justice and to reign."

Thus ruling, he to order drave their throng, 230  
Who backward soon from ships and tents 'gan pour  
Into their meeting-place, with sound, as when  
A billow of the deepvoiced ocean booms  
On a great coast, and the sea echoes near.

All others soon, as order'd, sate them down ;  
Only Thersites, unabash'd, remain'd  
Still railing : quick of tongue was he, but gross,  
Distorted ; ribald jeerer at the chiefs ;  
Reckless of what he utter'd, so he roused  
A laugh amongst the host : of all, who came 240  
To Ilion, most mis-shapen ; halt of foot,



One-eyed, with shoulder hump'd and o'er his chest  
Drawn forward, whilst his head above ran back  
Wedge-wise, and close and furry clung the hair :  
Loathed by Odysseus most and Peleus' Son,  
Oftest by him assail'd ; but now, with sharp  
Shrill voice, on Agamemnon's head divine  
He heap'd his foul abuse ; albeit the host  
Disdain'd him, and soon wax'd passing wroth,  
Not less he spoke and gibed against the King. 250

“What new complaint, Atrides? what fresh lech?  
Are not thy tents yet full enough of gold,  
Nor crowded by the damsels rich and rare  
We give thee when our arms have ta'en a town?  
Or wouldst thou rob some Trojan as he comes  
Bearing the ransom of his captive son  
To me, or whosoever won the spoil?  
Or crav'st yet one more damsel to thy bed,  
Thy special dear delight? Yet, sooth to speak,  
Chieftain so honour'd should be surer guide. 260  
O villain crew! Ye women, men no more,  
Disgraces of Achaia! Let us home,  
Home with our ships, and leave this glorious Chief  
To glut his gorge of prizes here alone,  
And know us—whether hindrance or his help!  
Who now hath plunder'd of his honest meed  
And outraged one far better than himself,  
Achilles : pshaw! Achilles too lacks gall,  
Truly a meek, a most forgiving spirit;

Else, tyrant, this oppression were thy last !” 270

Thus at Atrides, shepherd of the host,  
Thersites rail'd ; but Odysseus came near,  
And with a frowning brow replied, and said :

“ Waste not that eloquence, we pray thee, thus,  
Thersites, sweet and copious though thou be,  
In single opposition to the chiefs.

Wretch ! than whom not more loathsome creature came  
'Mongst all who follow'd Atreus' sons to war ;  
And least of all shouldst thou in public place  
Troll the kings' names upon a foulmouth'd tongue, 280  
Or watch occasion of a doubtful flight

To vent this venomous spleen upon the chiefs.

I tell thee, none knows yet how this shall be,  
Whether return be to our good or ill.

Yet sitt'st thou here upbraiding Atreus' Son,  
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,  
That Argos hath been generous to her King !  
But hearken, what shall surely come to pass.

If e'er again I hear thee jabber thus,  
Fall from his shoulders then Odysseus' head, 290  
Telemachus no more salute me sire,

If I then seize thee not, and rend not off  
Cloak, tunic, and the covering of thy shame,  
And send thee yelping back amongst the ships,  
Driven, smitten with all ignominy hence !”

He spoke, and with the sceptre smote the back  
Betwixt his shoulders ; cowering down he crouch'd,

And a warm tear gush'd forth ; beneath the stroke  
All black the vein rose swollen above the skin :  
So, shuddering, sate he there, and wiped his tear,      300  
Pain'd, and with foolish slink, like beaten hound.  
The people, spite their trouble, pleas'd thereat,  
Brake into laughter, and a murmur ran,  
As to his neighbour each would look, and say,  
    " High service by Odysseus render'd oft.

We knew to Argos, plan set well afoot,  
And action stirr'd ; but this the greatest far  
He now hath render'd to Achaia's sons,  
Staying this ribald talker from our gear.  
Long ere his noble spirit again will prompt      310  
To vent his venomous spleen upon the chiefs !"

So spake the people, whilst amongst them rose,  
Sceptre in hand, the kingdom-conquering chief :  
Beside him Pallas, in a herald's guise,  
Call'd loud, and bade the nations to be hush'd,  
That all Achaia's sons from first to last  
Might hear his voice, and ponder well his rede ;  
Who spake, and thus his words discreet began :

    " Truly, Atrides, will Achaia's sons  
Disgrace thee to the lowest pitch of man,      320  
Who break the troth they plighted, when they first  
From horse-abounding Argos set their sails,  
To throw the walls of Ilion ere return.  
But now like widow'd women or weak babes  
They wail to one another for their homes :—

And pain it is, to tarry in this toil.  
The seaman whom dark storm and roughen'd wave  
Have barr'd but one short month from wedded wife,  
Paces the deck with cheerless step and sad ;  
But this the ninth of long revolving years 330  
That sees us lying here. I blame them not  
Nor marvel at their mood. But oh, the shame  
Of this long stay, if empty we return !  
Endure, my friends, endure ; short while shall prove  
The prophecy of Calchas false or true.  
We bear it well in mind ; and all save those  
To whom in lapse of these few days their fate  
Hath borne their deaths, are witness of his word.  
When with its freight of sorrow unto Troy  
The fleet had met at Aulis, and we stood 340  
Gather'd about our altar to the Gods  
Beside the fountain, making sacrifice—  
Under the blooming plane-tree, whence the fount  
Upbubbled, there portentous sign was shown.  
A serpent, purple-back'd and dread to view,  
Sent, I well ween, by Zeus himself to light,  
Glided from 'neath the altar, and upclomb  
The tree ; whereon upon the topmost branch  
Fluttering amongst the twigs a sparrow's brood,  
Late hatch'd, unfledged, were nestling ; eight in all 350  
They number'd, and the mother-bird the ninth.  
And first the piteous-twittering brood he ate,  
Their mother hovering round in vain lament ;

Whom next, upcoiling, by her wing he caught.  
 The brood and mother-bird consumed alike,  
 The sign was made more manifest yet by heaven,  
 For Zeus then changed the serpent to a stone.  
 We gazing marvell'd that such dread portènt  
 From heav'n had broken on our offerings,  
 Till Calchas rose oracular, and spake, 360  
*'Why thus aghast, Achæia's fair-hair'd sons ?*  
*'Mighty this sign of wisest Zeus vouchsafed,*  
*'Late, and of late fulfilment, but whereof*  
*'The fame shall never die. For, as this brood*  
*'Eight number'd, and their mother-bird the ninth,*  
*'And as he swallow'd in his maw the nine,*  
*'So for nine years shall we wage ceaseless war,*  
*'The tenth, shall take the spacious-streeted town.'*  
 He spoke ; which things are ripe to come to pass :  
 Wherefore endure, brave warriors, still endure, 370  
 Till Priam's haughty citadel be thrown."

He ceased ; the Argeians cheer'd, and to their cheer  
 The galleys render'd echo, in acclaim  
 Of sage Odysseus' word : to whom then rose  
 Gerenè's agèd Chief, Nestor, and spake :

"Like very children, with no thought of war  
 Piping ye stand. Oh shame, where now shall end  
 The oaths, the covenants betwixt us sworn ?  
 Shall all our strong resolves be straw to fire ?  
 Our offerings of pure wine, our gagèd hands ? 380  
 Idle this war of words, wherein no cure,

How long soe'er we wage it, will be found.  
Therefore do thou, Atrides, to thy wont  
Maintain thy purpose steadfast, and array  
The Danaans forth embattail'd.—Leave them here,  
These one or two perchance, who would return  
(Poor idle fools!) to Argos, ere we know  
The pledge by Zeus vouchsafed, false or true :  
For truly then upon our enterprise  
Did great Kroneion grant his favouring Nod, 390  
When with a freight of sorrow unto Troy  
The Argives on their galleys swift embark'd,  
And lightnings flash'd across our better hand.  
And signs were shown propitious.—Therefore, ne'er  
Return be urged, ere every man amongst us  
Hath lain by Trojan woman, and avenged  
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.  
Or, if still any feel so sick for home,  
Let him have full permission, an he list,  
To launch his benchèd bark, and quick begone,— 400  
To perish coward by an earlier doom !  
But hear me, King, and be advised withal ;  
Not lightly should my word be cast aside.  
Marshal the host by houses and by clans,  
That clan to clan be neighbour, house to house.  
If so thou orderest and the host obey,  
So shalt thou learn the chieftains and the clans,  
Who brave, who base ; for each will fight apart ;  
And know our triumph, whether stay'd by heaven,

Or by man's cowardice and sloth in arms." 410

Whom answering, sovran Agamemnon spake :

" Ever in council thou excell'st, my Sire,  
All of Achaia ; yea, by the heavenly Powers,  
Pallas, Apollo, and our Father Zeus,  
Were with me ten in wisdom like to thee,  
Soon would great Priam's city fall despoil'd !  
But now hath the Ægisbearer burden'd me  
With sorrow of a strife and fruitless broil,  
With whom Achilles for a handmaid's sake  
Is sore enraged ; yet was the strife perchance 420

Of me provoked, and, if we e'er atone,  
Troy's fate shall linger not a single hour.  
Now break we fast, to bear the fight anon ;  
All spears be sharpen'd, all our shields well set ;  
Our fleet-foot horses fed, our cars repair'd ;  
To try the issue of a daylong fight.  
Rest will be none, not one brief moment's pause,  
Ere night hath come to part us, man from man.  
The belt o' the covering shield about the chest  
Shall run with sweat ; and heavy with the spear 430

The hand shall droop ere nightfall ; nor the horse  
Less with swift drawing of the chariot toil.  
But whomso I espy a coward skulk  
Slinking amongst the galleys from the fight,  
He dies—a prey to ravens and to dogs !"

He spoke, to whom the Achaians shouted, loud  
As wave, that, lifted high by tempest, roars

Against a promontory's cliff-bound coast,  
By billows ne'er forsaken, and by stress  
Of every wind on every side assail'd. 440  
Then quick they rose, and scatter'd through their ships,  
Lit fires amongst their tents, and made repast.

Then every man to some Immortal God  
Render'd his offering, making prayer to scape  
Death and the peril of the battle-field.  
And Agamemnon offer'd unto Zeus,  
The King of men to Zeus supreme of Gods,  
A five-year fatten'd steer ; and thither call'd  
The noblest elders of Achaia's host ;  
First Nestor, then the Chief Idomeneus, 450  
And next the Ajax-twain, and Tydeus' Son,  
And Odysseus, of wisdom like to Zeus.  
With these, unbidden, Menelaüs came,  
Feeling his brother's sorrows as his own.  
They stood about the steer, and o'er its horns  
Held each the salted meal, the while in prayer  
Broad-ruling Agamemnon utter'd this :

“ O Zeus, most glorious, dweller in high heaven,  
Supreme, and cloud-enfolded, hear our prayer !  
Let not the sun go down, or darkness come, 460  
Ere low in ashes I have cast the hall  
Of Priam, and consumed with fire his gates.  
Oh may I crack the corslet with my spear  
On Hector's chest, and may his comrades strewn



Around him prone in anguish grind the dust !”

Whose prayer not yet would great Kroneion grant,  
But of the hallow'd hecatomb partook,  
Yet spared not to increase fourfold his toil.

So, when the prayer was ended, and the meal  
Of salted barley on the victim thrown, 470  
They kill'd and flay'd it, and cut off the thighs ;  
The which they wrapp'd in double folds of fat,  
And laid raw slices of the flesh thereon,  
And burnt them on a fire of faggots sere,  
But held the entrails spitted o'er the flames.  
The entrails tasted and the thighs consumed,  
The other parts they sliced and pierced with spits,  
Then roasted with all care, and set them forth.  
So, having closed their task and dress'd their feast,  
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess. 480

And when desire had pass'd of drink and food,  
To them Gerenè's chief, Nestor, began ;

“ Most glorious Agamemnon, King of men !  
Sit here no longer lingering, nor delay  
The task the God assigns us. But forthwith  
Let heralds summoning gather through the fleet  
From ships and tents Achaia's mailèd host ;  
Whilst we together through the army move,  
To quicken war's keen spirit by our cheer.”

He spoke, nor Agamemnon disobey'd, 490  
But bade the clearvoiced heralds loud proclaim

The gathering of Achaia's sons to war ;  
Who made their proclamation, and the host  
Assembled fast together. But their chiefs  
In band round Atreus' Son sped to and fro  
Parting the clans ; and with them Pallas moved  
Blue-eyed, the priceless Ægis in her grasp,  
Immortal, undecaying ; hung therefrom  
Golden a hundred broideries ravell'd fine,  
And each the value of a hundred herds. 500  
This bearing, flashing through the ranks she pass'd,  
Impelling all to go, in every heart  
Breathing a sateless ardour for the war ;  
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought  
Of battle, than aboard their hollow barks  
Home to their own dear fatherland return.

And as, when flame devouring kindles high  
Some forest huge upon a mountain's crest,  
The blaze shows far and wide ; ev'n so the flash  
From off their gleaming arms shot up to heaven. 510

And as thick flocks of wingèd birds—of cranes,  
Of geese or lithe-neck'd swans—hover and play  
Hard by Cäyster o'er the Asian marsh  
Exultant on their plumes, till, with a cry  
That shakes the earth, they settle on the mead ;  
So from their ships and tents thick flocks of men  
Pour'd on Scamander's plain, so rock'd the earth  
And echoed to the tramp of men and steeds ;

Till there upon Scamander's flowery mead  
Myriads they stood, like leaves or flowers in spring : 520  
In number like as when dense swarms of flies,  
In spring-time, when the milk o'erbrims the pail,  
Throng through the cattle-fold ; so throng'd the host,  
With streaming hair, eager to meet the foe.  
Whose leaders parted them to either side  
In rank and rank, with ease, as goat-herds part  
Their goats, late grazing in promiscuous herd.  
Sovran amongst them Agamemnon shone,  
By eyne and forehead like to Zeus supreme,  
By chest Poseidon, Ares by his girth. 530

As 'mongst a herd the bull appears, of all  
Conspicuous, proud amid the grazing kine,  
Such Atreus' Son was shown of Zeus that day,  
Pre-eminent o'er heroes, and their king.

Now ye whose homes are on the Olympian steep,  
Tell, Muses, tell—(for ye are heavenly born ;  
Ye were amongst them, and all things ye know ;  
*We* hark the rumour only, we know naught)—  
Who were the Danaan leaders, who their kings !  
Their multitude I could nor tell nor name, 540  
Not though ten tongues, ten throats, were mine, nor though  
My voice were adamant, and brass my lungs,  
Save that the Muses, born to Zeus on high,  
Bear record of who came to Ilion's walls.

So may I name the chieftains of their tribes,  
And tell the number of their gather'd ships.

Chieftains of the Bœotians, Peneleus,  
Klonius, Arcesilaus, Leitus,  
And Prothoënor, came. All they who dwelt  
At rockbound Aulis, and in Hyria, 550  
Schoenus, and Eteonus' strongspurr'd hill,  
Thespeia, Graia, Skolus, and the vale  
Of Mycalessus, spacious to the dance ;  
And they who dwelt about Eilesius,  
Harma, and Erythræ, and they who held  
Heleon, and Hyle, and Ocalea,  
Peteon, and Medeon's fencèd citadel,  
Dovehaunted Thisbæ, Copæ by the lake  
Copais, and Eutresis ; they who came  
From Coroneia, Haliartus' meads, 560  
Glissa, Platæa, and from under Thebes ;  
And whose is Poseidaion's hallow'd grove  
Renown'd Orchestus ; Arne's vineclad slopes,  
Midea, sacred Nisa, and the town  
Anthedon on the borders : these had come  
With fifty galleys, and on each embark'd  
One score and hundred of Bœotia's youth.

The dwellers of Aspledon, and who own'd  
Orchomenus of Minyas ;—these had sail'd  
Under Ialmenus and Ascalaphus

570

The sons of Ares ; whom Astyoche  
Bare in the house of Actor Ægeus' son :  
Virgin of man, and pure, and all alone  
I' the upper chamber, had she borne these twins  
To Ares, who unknown had sought her bed :  
Thirty the hollow galleys in their train.

The men of Phocis, whom Epistrophus  
And Schedius led, the sons of Iphitus  
The noble son of Naubolus ;—all they  
From Cyparissus and from Pytho's rock, 580  
From sacred Krisa, and from Panopeus  
And Daulis ; they who held Hyampolis  
About Anemoreia ; they who dwelt  
Beside Cephissus' limpid streams, or near  
His fountains in Lylæa ;—following these  
Came forty galleys ; and their chieftains ranged  
Their legions hard upon Bœotia's left.

The fleetfoot Ajax son of Oileus  
Came leader of the Locrians ; slighter-built,  
No giant like the son of Telamon, 590  
But sparer far ; of stature small, he bare  
Corslet of linen-twist ; but none with lance  
Through Hellas or Achaia show'd his peer.  
Came those who dwelt in Scarphe, Bessa's woods,  
Cyros, Kalliaros, or Opoeis,  
Or on the banks of swift Boagrius' stream,

Tarphe, and Thronium, and the Augean vale ;  
From Locris forty barks their leader led,  
Locris, that faceth on Eubœa's isle.

Next they, who in Eubœa had their home, 600  
From Histiaë, and Eiretria,  
From Chalcis, and Cerinthus by the sea,  
And from the castle on the Dian steep,  
Ceristus, and from Styra's full-throng'd streets,—  
The Abantians, fieriest tribe in battlefray ;  
Of whom came Elephenor in his prime  
Chalcedon's son the chieftain ; on whose steps  
Follow'd the gallant tribe, with tresses long  
Streaming behind them, but their temples shorn.  
Spearmen, and with their levell'd lances keen 610  
To burst the breastplates of their foes asunder.  
Forty the galleys follow'd in his train.

Next they who dwelt in Athens, erst the home  
Of great Erechtheus ; he of Earth the son,  
But nurtured by Athene child of Zeus,  
And laid at Athens in her own rich shrine  
Where still the Athenian youth each circling year  
Soothe him with sacrifice of bulls and lambs.  
Of these Menestheus, Peteus' son, was chief, 620  
Than whom no man was living then on earth  
More skill'd to order steeds and men of war ;  
Nestor alone, his elder, press'd him hard ;

Fifty the galleys follow'd in his train.

Twelve ships great Ajax brought from Salamis  
And ranged them, where the Athenian army stood.

Then they from Argos, and Tyrinthe's towers,  
From Asine, Hermione, and all  
The bay which these embosom ; Eione ;  
Træzene ; Epidaurus clad with vine ;  
And they, the flower of all the Achaian youth,                   630  
Who dwelt in Mase and Ægina's isle :  
Of these the chiefs were, first, brave Diomed,  
Then the dear son of far-famed Capaneus,  
Sthenelus, and, the third, Euryalus,  
Son of Mecistus Talæion's son,  
Kingborn, a godlike hero : but o'er all,  
Chief of their chiefs, was valiant Diomed,  
And fourscore galleys follow'd in his train.

Next, they who held Mycenæ's fencèd walls,  
Or dwelt in wealthy Corinth, or the streets                   640  
Of strong Cleonæ ; or who 'habited  
Orneia, and the Aræthyrean vale,  
Or Hyperesia, or Gonðe's steep,  
Pellenæ, Ægium, spacious Helice,  
And all the borders of Ægialus ;—  
A hundred barks these number'd, and their chief  
Was royal Agamemnon, Atreus' son ;

His were the noblest nations, and the most ;  
And with them now he girt his dazzling mail,  
Glorying amongst the heroes, that he show'd 650  
Most glorious, and the king of widest rule.

Next, they who 'habited the vale profound  
Of Lacedæmon, Sparta's citizens ;  
With those from Messe, haunt of murmurous doves,  
From Pharis, Brysia, and Augea's dale ;  
And from Amyclæ, Helas on the sea,  
Laas, and Ætylus :—of these the chief  
Was Menelaus, brother of the King ;  
Sixty his galleys ; and his troops apart 660  
Were girding on their armour ; whom himself  
Moved quickening unto battle, earnest most  
In his own cause, and yearning to avenge  
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.

Then they from Pylos, Opus' well-built streets,  
Amphigeneia, Helos, Pteleon,  
And Thyron, where is great Alphæus' ford,  
And Cyparissa, and Arene's vale,  
And Dorium—where of old the Muses met  
And stay'd for ever Thracian Thamyris  
From song thereafter, when the Æchalian land, 670  
Descending from the realm of Eurytas,  
He left, but late had vaunted, how, albeit  
The maiden Muses born to Zeus on high



Appear'd in song against him, his the palm :  
Therefore in wrath they struck him blind, and reft  
Sheer from him all his gift divine of voice,  
And made him clean forgetful of his art.  
—Of these Gerenian Nestor was the chief ;  
Ninety in number were the barks he ranged.

Next, they who round the tomb of Æpytus 680  
Dwelt in Arcadia, 'neath Cyllene's cliff,  
Men staunch to stand in battle side by side :  
Or from the land of flocks, Orchomenus,  
Windswept Enispe, Ripe, Stratie,  
Tegea, or Mantinea's lovely dale,  
Stymphelus, Pheneus, or Parrhasia ;—  
Of these was royal Agapenor chief,  
Ancæus' son ; threescore their ships, and each  
Full-mann'd with gallant warriors to the fight ;  
But Agamemnon had bestow'd the ships 690  
Furnish'd to bear them o'er the purple main,  
Seeing that they themselves knew not the sea.

Then they who dwelt on Elis' sacred plain  
And in Buprasium ; all that region, held  
Within Aleisium and the Olenian rock,  
Hermine, and the bound of Myrsinus ;  
To these four chiefs, and, following each, had sail'd  
Ten galleys, with the Epeian tribes on board.  
Of part were Thalpius and Amphimachus

The leaders, *this* the son of Ctæatus, 700  
And *that* of Eurytas Actorion ;  
Diores, Amarynces' valiant son,  
Led third, and godlike Polyxeinus fourth,  
Son of Agasthenes, King Augeus' son.

They from Dolichium and the sacred isles  
Hight Echinæ, which lie across the sea  
From Elis, face to face ;—of these the chief  
Was Meges, peer to Ares, Phyleus' son :  
Whom Phyleus in his own far realm begat,  
But who for wrath against his father fled 710  
And settled in Dolichium ; in his train  
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Odysseus led the Cephallenian troops  
Who dwelt upon the isle of Ithaca,  
Or in the forests of Mount Neritus,  
In Krocyleia, or rough Ægilips ;  
Or from Zacynthus came, or Samos, or  
Epirus, and the parts across the sea ;  
Twelve were the redribb'd galleys in his train.

The Ætolians Thoas led, Andræmon's son ; 720  
The men of Pleuron, craggy Calydon,  
Pylene, Olenus, and Chalcis' coast ;  
For noble Æneus' sons were now no more ;  
Æneus had fall'n and Meleager eke ;

Therefore to Thoas was Ætolia's throne ;  
And forty galleys follow'd in his train.

Famed for his spear Idomeneus led next  
The Cretans ; from Gortona's fencèd town,  
From Cnossus, Rhytium, and the populous streets  
Of Phœstus, white Lycastus' gleaming wall, 730  
Miletus, and the hundred-citied isle.  
Idomeneus led these, and with him still  
His faithful follower, brave Meriones ;  
Fourscore the galleys following in their train.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,  
A mighty man-at-arms, nine galleys brought  
Of haughty Rhodians from their island Rhodes.  
Apportion'd in three clans they dwelt in Rhodes,  
Lindus, Ilyssus, and white Camyrus.  
Famous in war Tlepolemus, their chief, 740  
Son of Astyoche and Hercules ;  
Astyoche, whom Hercules had borne  
Captive from Ephyre and Selle's streams,  
What time the city of many a Zeus-born youth  
Fell by his hostile arm. In whose great house  
Tlepolemus was rear'd to man's estate,  
Till of mischance he slew his father's friend  
And mother's brother in his green old age  
Lycimnius loved of Ares : whereupon  
He built him ships and gat much people to him 750

And sail'd a banished man across the seas,  
For that the sons and kin of Hercules  
Threaten'd revenge ; and at the last arrived,  
Wearied with toils and wanderings long, in Rhodes.  
There clan by clan they portion'd out the isle,  
And settled, holpen and beloved by Zeus  
The King supreme of mortal and of god,  
Who shower'd a boundless plenty on their heads.

Nireus from Syme three good galleys brought,  
Nireus, whose mother was Aglaia 760  
And father Charops ; Nireus, of all men,  
Who came to Ilion in the Danaan host,  
Comeliest and fairest, next to Peleus' Son ;  
Nathless of small account, and scant of men.

They of Nisurus, and of Krapathus,  
And Cos, the city of Eurypilus,  
And Casos, and the isles, Calydnæ hight ;—  
These the two sons of Thessalus (the son  
Of royal Hercules) Phcidippus led  
And Antiphus ; and thirty were their barks. 770

And now of those who dwelt in Alope,  
In Argos of Pelasgos, in the vale  
Of Phthya, and in Alos ; or where stands  
Trachis ; or in the garden of fair maids  
Broad Hellas : Hellens thence, and Myrmidons,  
Named, and Achaians :—of their fifty barks

Achilles came the chieftain : but, alas,  
No more they turn'd them to the war ; for now  
Was none to set them forth in battle-line.  
The heavenly fleetfoot hero lay, withdrawn 780  
And sullen for the maid Briseis' sake ;  
Her whom from strong Lyrnessus by sore toil  
He won, and plunder'd fenc'd Thebes, and slew  
Her princes, Megnes and Epistrophus,  
Sons of Evenus, King Salepius' son :—  
For her he chafed ; yet was soon to rise !

Next, they who dwelt in Phylace, and own'd  
Demeter's sacred garden, Pyrasus,  
And Iton, teeming mother of fat flocks,  
And Antron's coasts, and Pteleon deep in turf :— 790  
Of these Protesilaus came the chief,  
Long as he lived : whom now black earth contains.  
And his dear bride in Phylace forlorn  
Tears her soft cheeks for sorrow ; and their house  
Stands there half-built ; for by a Dardan hand  
Leaping to shore the first of all he fell.  
Nor, though they mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long  
A leader ; for Podarces, flower of war,  
Son of Iphiclus, Phylax' son, array'd  
Their forces ; brother he, but younger born, 800  
To slain Protesilaus : so, albeit  
The elder brother was the better man  
And still the host lamented for his death,

They lack'd not a good leader ; in whose train  
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Then they who dwelt in Bœbe, on the brink  
Of the Bœbaic lake, in Glaphyræ  
And well-built Ialcos ;—chief of these  
Eumelus, King Admetus' son beloved,  
Led their eleven galleys : him, the flower 810  
Of womankind, the fairest of the house  
Of Pelias, ev'n the queen Alcestis, bare.

They from Methone, rugged Olizon,  
And Melibæa, and Thaumacia ;—  
Of these was Philoctetes erst the chief,  
Himself most perfect bowman ; and aboard  
His seven good galleys were array'd in each  
Fifty good oarsmen, all well skill'd to aim  
Their arrows, and to battle might and main.  
But now in sacred Lemnos, where the host 820  
Had left him, in his anguish still he lay,  
Stung by the deadly Hydra ; rack'd with pain  
He linger'd still ; yet on his name anon  
The Argives will bethink them in their need !  
Nor, though these mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long  
A leader ; Medon, son of Oileus,  
Array'd them ; him fair Rhene bastard bare  
To town-destroying Oileus, her lord.

Then they who dwelt in Triikka, and possess'd

Ithomus' mountain-range, with those who held      830  
Æchalia and the land of Eurytas ;—  
These Podaleirius and Machaon led,  
Sage leeches both, and Æsculapius' sons ;  
Thirty the hollow galleys they array'd.

They from Argissa, and Gortone's town,  
And Oloosson's white far-gleaming walls,  
And Orthe, and Elone ;—chief of these,  
Son of Pirithous son of mighty Zeus,  
Came warlike Polypætēs : to his sire  
Farfamed Hippodameia bare him then,      840  
Ev'n on the day when he obtain'd revenge  
On the wild shaggy Centaurs, and perforce  
Drove them from Pelion to the Æthic land :  
He came not aidless ; for Leontes brave,  
Son of the haught Coronos, Cæneus' son,  
Led with him ; forty were the barks they led.

Gæneus from Cyprus led one score and two ;  
With whom the Erienians, and the tribe  
Of brave Peræbi : they who had their homes  
Round hoar Dodona, and who till'd the plain      850  
Wash'd by the lovely Titaresius' stream,  
Who flows into Peneius, but may ne'er  
Mix with Peneius and his silvery breaks,  
But glides upon his surface, even as oil,  
Being a branch of inviolable Styx.

The Chieftain of Magnesia, Prothous came,  
Teuthredon's son, and led, who dwelt about  
Peneion, and in Pelion's nodding woods ;  
Forty the galleys follow'd in his train.

These were the Danaan leaders, these their kings. 860

Say further yet, O Muse, of all who came  
With Atreus' sons to battle, steeds and men,  
Who were pre-eminent ! Pre-eminent  
Amongst the horses those, Eumelus drave,  
In colour one, and one in age, and twinn'd  
In height as by a level, swift as birds,  
Mares both, and breathers of dismay in war,  
Bred by the Bender of the silver bow  
Apollo in his smooth Pierian haunt.  
Of men, held Ajax the pre-eminence 870  
The son of Telamon ; whilst Peleus' Son  
Remain'd in wrath aloof : for none was peer  
To great Achilles, nor could match his steeds.  
But sullen now amongst his swift black barks,  
Anger'd with Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
He lay withdrawn ; and on the 'dented shore  
With play of quoit or javelin, or with bow,  
His men disported ; idly stood their steeds,  
Each by his chariot cropping from the marsh  
Lotos or parsley : or within their tents 880  
His captains' cars lay empty ; and themselves,  
Lamenting their lost leader, through the camp



Roam'd listless to and fro, but went not forth.

But forth the host now moved, and, as with fire,  
The ground was eaten up before their tread :  
Earth groan'd beneath them, as when Zeus hath wax'd  
Wrathful and struck the earth at Arimi  
Round Typhon, where they rumour Typhon laid :  
So 'neath their tramp, as on they came, all earth  
Groan'd loudly ; and they swiftly scour'd the plain. 890

Then flew windfooted Iris swift to Troy  
Sent by great Zeus to bear the evil news.  
She found the Trojans young and old alike  
In council gather'd round King Priam's gates,  
And drawing near address'd them : like in voice  
She made her to Polites, Priam's son,  
Their scout, who, trustful in his speed of foot,  
High upon ancient Æsyetes' tomb  
Sate to espy the onset from the fleet.  
Guised in his image, fleetfoot Iris spake : 900

“ My Father, out of season, as in peace  
So now, thy words ; resistless comes the war.  
Oft have I enter'd battle, yet till now  
Such and so vast a host I ne'er beheld.  
Like leaves or sand for multitude, they come  
Across the plain to fight beneath our walls.  
Hector, on thee I therefore lay this charge ;  
Great the Alliance now in Priam's streets ;

Many their tongues, and men of various race.  
Therefore let each prince signal to his own ; 910  
Whilst thou their chief array'st the men of Troy."

She spoke, and Hector knew the voice divine,  
And straight dispersed the assembly ; all to arms  
Rush'd, and the gates flew ope, and forth they stream'd  
Footman and horse ; loud rose the din of war.

Before the town a column sheer upstands  
Far on the plain, uncumber'd either side,  
By men named Batieia, but the Gods  
Know it the Amazon Myrina's cairn ;  
Round this the allies and Trojans ranged their troops. 920

The Trojans Hector of the glancing helm,  
The mighty son of Priam, led to war.  
His was the troop most numerous, and withal  
The bravest, hot to ply their deadly spears.

The Dardans brave Æneas led, the son  
Of Prince Anchises ; whom on Ida's knolls  
Immortal Aphrodite, by the side  
Of mortal lying, to Anchises bare :  
With him Archelochus and Acamas,  
Sons of Antenor, and adroit in arms. 930

Then those who dwelt on Ida's farthest foot,  
Rich men, who drink the black Æsepus' stream,  
The Trojans of Zeleia :—These were led

By Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son,  
Gifted by Phœbus with the bowman's art.

Who dwelt in Adrasteia, and the town  
Of King Apœsus ; who possess'd the mount  
Of steep Tereia, and Piteia's vale ;—  
These Amphius (in a linen corslet arm'd)  
Led with Adrastus ; sons of Merops, King 940  
Of Percos : he of all mankind most skill'd  
In divination, and forbade his sons  
From this fell leaguer ; but they would not hear,  
Borne onward by their dooms to early death.

Next, who in heavenly-built Arisbe dwelt,  
Percote and Abydos, Practium's walls  
And Sestos ;—These the son of Hyrtacus  
Asius commanded, prince of men : ev'n he,  
Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, who came  
Drawn from Arisbe and from Selle's streams 950  
By fiery chestnut horses, large and strong.

Led by Hippothous the Pelasgian tribes,  
Spearmen, who in richglebed Larissa dwelt ;  
These the two sons of Lethos (he the son  
Of Teutnus of Pelasgos) led to war,  
Pylæus and Hippothous, brave and young.

Next, those by Hellespont's strong tide confined,  
The Thracians, Acamas and Peiroos ranged.

Son of Trœzenus, Zeus-sprung Ceas' son,  
Euphemus, brought the brave Ciconian troop. 960

Far from broadflowing Axius (stream of streams  
Most bounteous that o'erspread the fruitful earth)  
Led by Pyræchmes, arm'd with crookbent bows,  
Came the Pæonian troop from Amydon.

From Paphlagonia (whence the breed of mules  
Wildest to break) the Enetians came ; with those  
From Seranus, Cytorus, and the domes  
Of farfamed Kromna on Parthenius' stream ;  
Ægialus ; and the Erythinian hills :  
To these the guidance of Pylœmenes. 970

Far from the silver mines of Alybe,  
By Hodius and Epistrophus array'd,  
Came to the war the troops of Halizon.

The Mysians Chromius led, and Ennomus,  
The seer, who knew the tokens of all birds :  
Yet not that knowledge guarded off his head  
Black fate, but by the sword of Peleus' Son,  
Where in the stream so many fell, he fell.

Next, from Ascania Phorcys ranged the bands  
Of Phrygia ; and with him Ascanius led, 980  
A godlike chieftain : strong their hearts to war.

Sons of Talæmenes, and near the lake  
Of Gyge born, Mesthles and Antiphus  
Led the Mæonians, and with them that tribe  
Mæonian, which 'neath Tmolus hath its birth.

The Carians, men of most barbarian speech,  
Whose is Miletus, and the forest-flank  
Of Pthyros' mountain, and Mæander's stream,  
And Mycale's steep cliff, Amphimachus  
And Nastes led, Nomion's glorious sons : 990.  
Nastes, who girl-like, in a suit all gold  
Came forth to battle—Fond ! for not his gold  
Could guard a fell destruction from his head,  
But in the stream by Peleus' fleetfoot Son  
He died ; and great Achilles stripp'd his gold.

From Lycia and from Xanthus' silvery breaks  
The Lycians Glaucus and Sarpedon brought.

### Iliad III

**A**NON both hosts were marshall'd with their chiefs.  
Moved then the Trojans, with a clamour and cry,  
Birdlike, as is the cry of cranes, that flee  
The winter's snows and rainfloods to the stream  
Of ocean, clanging loud before high heaven,  
And bearing through the morning's mists a war  
Baleful against the Pygmies, and their death.  
But silent, breathing wrath, the Achaians moved,  
Steadfast, and loyal-hearted, man to man.

And like a fog the west-wind oft hath shed 10  
Round a hill-crest, most hateful to the hind,  
But dearer than night's darkness to the thief,  
When, far as stone-cast only, eye can ken ;  
Such rose the dust in whirl beneath their feet  
Advancing, whilst they quickly clear'd the plain.

When each had near'd the other on the field,  
Then foremost champion of the Trojan van  
Show'd godlike Alexander ; o'er his back  
A panther-skin was swung, and crookbent bow

And sword beside ; a spear in either hand                    20  
Steeltipt he brandish'd, whilst he challenged loud  
The bravest of the Argeians to oppose  
His onset in dread battle, hand to hand.

Whom Menelaus, Ares-loved, beheld  
Thus stalking with wide stride before the throng,  
And joy'd, as hunger-bitten lion joys  
'Lighting on some huge carcass of wild goat  
Or antler'd stag ; for fierce he rends and eats  
Though hound and hunter press upon his heels ;  
Such joy had Menelaus seeing there                                30  
Before him Alexander's beauteous form ;  
And said at heart, The debtor now shall pay,  
And from his chariot, all in arms, leapt down.

But when the other view'd him in the van  
So nigh, his false heart smote him, and he slunk  
Back deep within the ranks, and fled from fate.  
As in a mountain-glade who sees a snake  
Recoils and starts away, with quivering limb,  
And cheek blanch'd pale with fear, and quick departs ;  
So back within the Trojan ranks recoil'd                                40  
In fear of Atreus' Son their beauteous Prince.

Whom Hector saw, and bitter spake reproach ;  
" Paris, thou curse ! For women madman mere !  
So fair and false ! Oh hadst thou died unborn

Nor ever wedded—would 'twere so—yea, 'twere  
Better for thine own self, than thus to live  
The byword and foul proverb of the world !  
Hear'st thou that laugh ? The Achaians deem the skulk  
Foremost of Trojan champions ; for, in sooth,  
Thou hast the show of bravery, not the heart. 50  
Thou was it who couldst voyage bold aboard  
Thy galley with a gallant company  
On venture to far lands, and ravish thence  
So fair a woman and a warrior's wife ?  
And on this realm a ruin thou couldst bring,  
Woe on thy father, and on all thy race,  
Shame on thyself, and to our enemies joy ?  
Yet darest not now encounter Atreus' Son :  
So haply shouldst thou learn what manner of man  
He, whose fair wife thou holdest, shows in arms. 60  
Little with him would 'vail thee that sweet lyre,  
The gifts of Aphrodite, curlèd locks,  
And beauty, when thou hadst fallen smirch'd in dust.  
Truly is Troy most loyal to her Kings ;  
Else had a stony raiment been thy doom."

And Paris, graceful as some God, replied :  
" Too true thy chide, nor passeth my desert.  
For, Hector, thine own heart is temper'd true,  
As axe, which, in a woodman's hand who shapes  
A vessel's plank, cleaves sheer the stem, and turns 70  
His strength to treble use ; like temper lies  
In thine undaunted spirit. But, I pray,



Judge me not thus ; nor cast the priceless gifts  
Of golden Aphrodite in my teeth.  
Not to be scorn'd are those bright gifts of heaven,  
Bestow'd by Gods ; no wish can win the like.  
Howbeit, since thou wouldst wish me battle thus,  
Bid all th' Achaians and the Trojans else  
Sit down, and in the centre, face to face,  
Plant me with Menelaus, there to fight 80  
For Helen and the booty ta'en withal.  
And, whoso conquering shows the better man,  
With her and with the booty let him go  
Unhinder'd home ; but ye the rest swear truce  
Faithful o'er victims slain, and all in peace  
Inhabit fruitful Troy ; whilst they return  
To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,  
And the famed women of Achaia's land."

He spoke, whom Hector hearing felt o'erjoy'd  
And moving to the centre signall'd back, 90  
With spear grasp'd halfway down the staff, his host  
Who halted all. Against him standing thus  
The Achaians drew their bows to the arrows' heads  
Or aim'd to hit with stones ; but loudly call'd  
Their sovereign Agamemnon, and forbade :

" Hold back, Argeians ; hold, Achaia's youth,  
Strike not ; for Hector would demand a parole."

He spoke, and they from battle held them back,  
Still'd in a moment ; whilst brave Hector thus :

" Hear, Trojans, and Achaian men of war ! 100

Hear from my lips what Alexander saith,  
The author of this strife. He bids all else  
Doff their bright arms and lay them on the earth,  
Whilst he with Menelaus in our midst  
Fights hand to hand for Helen and her wealth :  
And whoso conquering shows the better man,  
With her and with the booty let him go  
Unhinder'd home ; whilst we the rest swear truce  
Faithful o'er victims slain, and part in peace."

He ceased ; in silence mute awhile they sate, 110  
Till gallant Menelaus spake, and said :

" Likewise hear me ; for deepest in my heart  
Hath this grief pierced. But now I hail the end,  
When, after all their sufferings in my cause  
For Alexander's wrong original,  
Troy and Achaia can be sunder'd free.  
Perish of us the one whose death is doom'd,  
But ye thereafter all in peace depart.  
Bring therefore Troy two lambs, one white, one black,  
*This*, Earth's, and *that*, an offering to the Sun, 120  
And we a third for Zeus. And summon forth  
The majesty of Priam, who shall strike  
With his own hand the pledges of our truce :  
Whose sons are faithless, by their pride o'erbrimm'd,  
And foully might transgress the oath to Zeus.  
For youth is passionate ever, and unsure ;  
But where an elder bears a part, he looks  
Before and after, to the good of all."

He ended ; and who heard rejoiced with hope  
Of rest from battle and the baleful war. 130  
They rein'd their steeds in line, and left the cars,  
And doff'd their arms and laid them on the earth,  
And short the space was bare betwixt the hosts.

Then Hector sent two heralds to the town  
Swiftly to bring the lambs and call the King ;  
So likewise sovran Agamemnon sent  
Talthybius to the galleys, thence to fetch  
Third lamb for Zeus ; who quick as bidden went.

Meantime to white-arm Helen came from heaven  
Iris, and seen'd Laodice, the wife 140  
Of Helicaon, prince Antenor's son,  
The loveliest of the daughters of the King.  
She found her weaving on her loom a web  
Double of purple dye, and in the cloth  
Embroidering many a labour of the host—  
The burden borne of anguish for her sake :  
Whom windfoot Iris near approach'd, and said :  
“ Come forth, dear Nymph, and view the godlike deeds  
Of Trojan and Achaian mailèd men ;  
Each on the other they but-now advanced 150  
Bearing the tearful spirit of stern war  
With hot desire of battle o'er the plain ;  
But now sit silenced (and the strife is stay'd)  
Reclined upon their bucklers, with their spears

Planted in earth beside them. In their midst  
Paris and Menelaus, Atreus' son,  
Will meet in single battle match'd for thee ;  
Who conquers, his dear wife wilt thou be then."

Speaking the Goddess in her heart instill'd  
A strong fond yearning for her olden lord,                   160  
Her parents, and the city of her home.  
In a white glistening veil she veil'd her form  
And left her chamber, tears upon her cheek ;  
Nor uncompanion'd ; but went with her forth  
Two handmaids, Æthra, Piteus' daughter fair,  
And broadbrow'd Klymene. Quick pass'd the three  
Far as the bulwark o'er the Scaen gate.

There with Thymœtes, Panthous, and the prince  
Lampus, and Hicetaon flower of war,  
And Clytius, sate Antenor by the side                   170  
Of old Ucalegon ; sage elders both,  
Kept from the war by age, but garrulous  
Of wise discourse. So sate upon that tower  
The elders, as cicalæ on a tree  
Filling the forest with a slender sound  
Sweet as the breath of lilies : so they sate,  
And saw fair Helen mounting to the tower,  
And softly each to other whisper'd thus :

" No blame, no marvel, for such woman's sake  
The hosts endure this suffering ; for in sooth                   180  
The beauty of Immortals is her dower.

Yet would, despite her beauty, she were gone,  
And this dread trouble with her from our sons ! ”

Thus they ; but Priam call'd her to his side :  
“ Draw near, mine own dear child, and seat thee here ;  
Whence thou mayst look down on thine olden lord,  
Thy kith and kin, and friends. For not to thee  
I give the blame, but to the Powers of Heaven,  
Of this dread quarrel and the woes of war.  
But name to me that mighty man-at-arms, 190  
The Achaian, who uptowers so vast and strong ;  
Though others seem the taller by the head,  
None see I else so noble, or his peer  
For majesty,—from heel to helm a king.”

Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :  
“ Father, I love—revere, thee, yet must dread !  
Oh had it pleased Death take me, ere I came  
Following thy son, and for his sake forsook  
My marriage-bed, my husband, and my kin,  
Mine only child, and all I loved in youth ! 200  
This might not be ; and therefore shall I waste  
In endless tears. But hear what thou hast ask'd ;  
That chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Not less as man-at-arms than king renown'd,  
Once mine own brother—woe be on my shame ! ”

She ceased ; the Elder wondering o'er him spake :  
“ Most blest art thou, Atrides, to high state  
Born, by thy fortune happy and thy wealth !  
I fared to Phrygia long years since, and there

Saw Phrygians numbering thousands, all the realm    210  
Gather'd of Otreus' and of Mygdon's sway,  
Chariots and horses glancing to and fro,  
In camp upon the banks of Sangarus ;  
With them, what time the Amazons came o'er  
To war with man, was I the chosen aid :  
Yet not were they, as is thy marvellous host."

Anon he saw Odysseus, and he ask'd :  
"And who, my child, stands yonder? What his name?  
Whose head stands lower, than doth Atreus' Son's,  
But chest and shoulders broader to the view.    220  
His arms lie doff'd upon the fruitful earth,  
Whilst he moves through the legions—like some ram ;  
Yea, I would liken him to a full-fleeced ram,  
Moving majestic midst a snow-white flock."

Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :  
"That is Laertes' son, sage Odysseus ;  
In the wild isle of Ithaca born and bred,  
Yet is he most the master of all arts,  
And of the ways and wisdom of the world."  
To whom Antenor then began address :    230  
"Lady, thou speakest truly. Once for thee  
In embassy divine Odysseus came  
With warlike Menelaus to our town :  
Whose host was I, and, entertaining, learnt  
Their feature, and the manners of their minds.  
They enter'd both our council ; as they stood,

Then Menelaus much outtopp'd his friend,  
Taller by head and shoulders ; as they sate,  
Odysseus own'd the more majestic presence.  
And, when the subtle web of speech began, 240  
The one spoke out in rapid manly fashion,  
Scantly but clearly, sparing of his words,  
Nor miss'd his scope, albeit a youth in years.  
Anon Odysseus rose, the prince of craft,  
Sprang to his height, but standing paused, with eyes  
Riveted to the ground, nor sway'd his staff  
Hither or thither, held it stiff and still ;—  
Half senseless, or some peasant churl, he seem'd ;  
It was but for a moment ; when he pour'd  
His deep bass voice from out his chest, and words 250  
Fell fast as snow along a winter's wind,  
We knew Odysseus peerless in debate ;  
That day we dwelt no more upon his form."

Anon the King saw Ajax, and he ask'd :  
" And who is yon Achaian, tall and fair,  
Outtopping all by head and shoulders broad ?"  
And Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :  
" A very bulwark to Achaia's host,  
Great Ajax : on whose farther side I see  
Idomeneus amongst his Cretans stand 260  
Godlike, and round him all the Cretan chiefs.  
Him oft would Menelaus to our home  
Make welcome, whenso'er he came from Crete.

Alas, so many I behold, and know :  
But two not less of mark, I nowhere see,  
Castor a matchless champion on his car,  
And Polyduces, peerless in the ring,  
My brothers—yea, one mother bare us all.  
Perchance they have not follow'd o'er the sea  
From lovely Lacedæmon ; or, though here,                   270  
They shrink from showing on the battle-field,  
Of me and all the deep dishonour shamed !”  
She spake, unknowing ; Earth, life-gendering Earth,  
Held them long-since in Lacedæmon laid,  
Ev'n in their own dear country, far away.

Meantime two heralds through the streets had brought  
The lambs, the offering of their pledge to heaven ;  
And wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,  
Earth's richest juice, in goatskin held they bore ;  
Also Idæus bare a polish'd bowl                               280  
With golden goblets ; and beside the King  
Standing address'd him thus with wingèd words :  
“ Rise, Priam, son of great Laomedon !  
For either's chieftains call thee to the plain  
To strike the sacred pledges of their truce.  
Then Paris hand to hand 'gainst Atreus' Son  
Will fight with steeltipp'd lances for their wife.  
Who conquers, his the wife and all her wealth ;  
But we the rest in everlasting peace  
Dwell then in fruitful Troy ; whilst they return                   290



To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,  
And the famed women of Achaia's land."

He spoke ; and Priam shudder'd for his son ;  
But bade his steeds be yoked ('twas soon obey'd),  
Then mounted, gathering to the car the reins :  
With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,  
And forth together to the plain they drave.

Ere long they gain'd the hosts, and, off the car  
Dismounting, up the lane betwixt them moved ;  
Whom Agamemnon seeing, rose to greet. 300  
The while the noble heralds nearer brought  
The sacred pledges of their oath to heaven,  
And in the bowl mix'd wine, and water pour'd  
On the King's hands ; whilst Atreus' Son drew forth  
The knife, that by the scabbard of his sword  
Hung ever, and shore off the first-fruit hairs  
From the lambs' heads ; and these the heralds took  
And gave to all the chieftains, part to each :  
Then loud with outspread hands Atrides cried :

"O Thou, who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus, 310  
Supreme, most glorious ! And to thee I cry,  
O Sun, who seest all things, hearest all,  
And ye, O Rivers, Earth, and who below  
Wreak the fell vengeance of an oath forsworn,  
Bear witness all, and guard this sacred vow !  
If Menelaus falls by Paris' hand,  
Be Helen left to Paris with her wealth ;

But, if by Menelaus Paris fall,  
Restored be Helen and her wealth by Troy,  
And such atonement to our host withal, 320  
As may be bruited in far times to come.  
But if Dardanian Priam or his sons  
Withhold the atonement on their champion's fall,  
I swear in endless battle for that price  
To keep me, till I gain the goal of war."

He spoke; and through the lambs' throats pass'd the steel  
Ruthless, and laid them quivering on the earth,  
Gasping their last; the knife had ta'en their lives.  
Chief after chief in goblets from the bowl  
Then drew the wine, and pour'd libation forth, 330  
With prayer perchance thus utter'd to the Gods;

"Hear us, O Thou most glorious, Zeus supreme,  
Hear us, all Powers of Heaven! What man soe'er  
First doth the other wrong against this oath,  
Be his heart's blood forth-spatter'd on the earth,  
His and his father's blood like this wine shed,  
And be his wife a prey to unknown men!"

Not yet would great Kroneion grant their prayer.

But Dardan Priam then address'd them thus :  
"Trojans, and ye, Achaia's mailèd men ! 340  
Hear me ; I would to windswept Ilion back.  
Not mine the heart to see before mine eyes  
My son with Menelaus singly match'd.  
Zeus knows, the Immortal Powers only know

To whom the doom is of a destined death."

The godlike hero ceased, and to his car  
Bade lift the bodies of the slaughter'd lambs ;  
Then mounted, gathering to the seat the reins ;  
With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,  
And back the twain together drave to Troy. 350

Odysseus then with Hector Priam's son  
Measured the lists, and in a brazen helm  
Shook lots, who first should launch his pointed spear :  
While all the people lifted high their hands  
In supplication utter'd to the Gods :

" O Thou who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus,  
Supreme, most glorious ! Whoso of these twain  
First wrought the deed that caused the other's wrong,  
Let him now perish into Hades' gloom,  
Whilst we thereafter swear eternal peace." 360

They thus ; the hero of the glancing helm  
Great Hector shook the lots, and turn'd his eyes  
Aloof : the lot of Paris leapt to light.  
Then all sate down in rank, where each had stay'd  
His prancing steeds or laid enamell'd arms ;  
While godlike Paris, golden Helen's lord,  
'Gan don about his shoulders shining mail.

And first the greaves about his legs he girt  
Beauteous, with silver anklets bound below ;  
And round his chest his brother's corslet braced, 370

Lycaon's, but it clasp'd him like his own ;  
By baldric from his shoulder next he slung  
The silver-studded hilt and brazen blade ;  
But set a helm above his stately head,  
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),  
And tighten'd round a beamy spear his grasp.

And gallant Menelaus donn'd like arms.

Shortway beyond the throng they girt their mail,  
Then enter'd both the space betwixt the hosts  
Each eyeing fierce the other ; and amaze 380  
Seized all who saw. Within the measured lists  
Each wroth with each they stood and aim'd their spears ;  
First Alexander threw his shadowing lance  
And struck Atrides full on the orbèd shield  
Yet brake not through ; for in the buckler's plates  
The point was backward bent. Thereon, in turn,  
Uprose great Menelaus, Atreus' son,  
Aiming his spear, and call'd on Father Zeus :  
" Grant me that now on Alexander's head  
I visit with this vengeance the foul deed 390  
He did me, and o'erthrow him by my arm,  
That latest generations shrink appall'd  
From crime disloyal to a generous host."

He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear,  
And struck the orbèd shield of Priam's Son :  
Strong through the gleaming buckler pass'd the lance,  
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven

Pierced ev'n the under-tunic by his hip ;  
Yet, sideway writhing, he escaped the death.  
Then Atreus' Son, with silver-hilted sword 400  
Unsheath'd and high uplifted, smote his crest ;  
Yet on the helmet splinter'd dropt the blade :  
Whereat he raised his eyes, and groan'd forth this :  
    "O most of Gods injurious ! Father Zeus !  
On Paris I had thought to avenge his sin ;  
But, lo, the sword is broken in my hand,  
And vainly without smiting sped the spear."  
    He spoke, but sprang upon his foe, and gripp'd  
His plummy helm, and tow'rd the Achaian side  
Dragg'd him perforce : under the tender throat 410  
The broider'd brace, the fastening of the helm  
Tight-strain'd below his chin, 'gan choke the breath ;  
Yea, he had dragg'd him off, and gain'd a fame  
Unbounded, had not Aphrodite seen  
Their plight, and snapp'd the leathern brace, though tann'd  
From the tough sinews of a slaughter'd ox :  
And empty went the helmet in his grasp.  
The which the hero whirling o'er his head  
Cast to the Achaians, and his loyal friends  
Bare off the trophy ; yet himself sprang back 420  
Seeking his foe, and held a second spear.  
But of her might divine and with all ease  
Had Aphrodite caught her Paris up,  
Folded him in thick mist, and set him far  
In the warm fragrant chamber of his home.

Herself then went to call fair Helen to him ;  
And found her still upon the lofty tower  
With women gather'd round her ; by the skirt  
Of her long fragrant robe she touch'd and pull'd ;  
And spake, in likeness of that aged dame 430  
Who comb'd her wool for weaving, and had oft  
Of old in Sparta to her hands prepared  
Fair fleeces, and aye loved her as her child ;  
In image like to her the Goddess spake :

“ Follow ; for Paris calls thee to his side.  
There in his chamber on the carved couch  
Glistening in beauty and attire he lies ;  
Nor couldst thou deem him from a mortal fray  
Hardly return'd, but rather issuing forth  
To dance, or resting in the pause of dance.” 440

She spoke, and strong in Helen moved the wrath.  
But when she knew the Goddess, by the neck  
Transcendent seen, and by the glowing eyes,  
And by the ambrosial bosom—all in awe,  
She yet made answer free, and spake, and said :

“ What pleasure, Goddess, to beguile me thus ?  
Hast thou some second minion dear elsewhere  
Into whose arms to cast me, in a town  
Of Phrygia or Mæonia more remote ?  
Or is it that Atreus' Son hath overcome 450  
Paris, and now would take me back to home—  
Receive me back, all loathsome though I be—  
That therefore thou hast brought me this false tale ?

Nay, go there thou, cleave to his side, for him  
Forsake the paths of heaven, and know no more  
The pavement of Olympus 'neath thy tread ;  
But tend and weep upon him, till he deign  
To make thee wife—or leman ! I go not ;  
'Twere shame to me again to lie with him,  
The mock of every woman till I die ! 460  
Ah me, my heart is breaking with these woes."

But Aphrodite all in wrath return'd :  
"Thou Fool ! Incense not me ; lest in mine ire  
I leave thee, and, as erst hath been my love,  
Such then my hate be tow'rd thee—passing-great.  
'Twixt either host in common could I sow  
Loathing of thee ; and terrible were thy death."

She spoke, and awed the lovely child of Zeus ;  
Who with white glistening veil about her drawn  
Pass'd on in silence where the Goddess led ; 470  
Nor any Trojan woman knew them pass.

They enter'd Alexander's palace-home ;  
The handmaids turn'd them busy to their tasks,  
As she, the flower of women, went right through  
Into the inner chamber lofty-roof'd :  
There laughter-loving Aphrodite set  
A seat, and placed her on it, face to face  
With Alexander. So fair Helen sate,  
Of mighty Zeus the daughter, yet with eyes  
Averted, and upbraided thus her lord : 480

“Return’d from battle! Aye, but would to Heaven  
Thou hadst died rather by the strong right arm  
Of him mine olden husband! Oft wouldst boast  
Thyself than Menelaus by thy mould  
And might and fence the better : forth then, forth,  
And give defiance to a second fight!  
But I, who know thee, bid thee rather rest  
Quiet from war, not reckless dare to meet  
Atreus’ fair Son in single combat more ;  
Haply the second time he slays thee quite !” 490

To whom with gentle answer Paris thus :  
“Provoke me not, my wife, with these hard words.  
This while hath Menelaus won, by help  
Of Pallas ; mine will be some future hour ;  
Not all deserted is our cause of heaven.  
But let us to sweet dalliance of our love ;  
For ne’er before hath such desire of thee  
Inflamed my heart—not ev’n when sails I set  
Bearing thee o’er the seas aboard my bark  
From lovely Lacedæmon—no, nor when 500  
I first in Cranæ’s isle knew all thy charm—  
As this delicious longing thrills me now !”

He spoke, and led the way, with whom she went ;  
And, side by side, they laid them on the couch.

Meantime Atrides, fierce as some wild-beast,  
Roam’d to and fro, if haply he might find  
The beauteous form of Paris in the throng ;



Whom none of Troy or of her Aids renown'd  
Could to his foe discover ; not for love  
Had any, who could see him, then conceal'd ;                   510  
They loath'd him, as they loath'd black Fate or Death.  
And soon rose Agamemnon, king of men :  
    “ Hear me, ye Dardans, Troy, and Troy's Allies !  
Victory is manifest unto the arm  
Of Menelaus ; therefore yield ye up  
Argeian Helen and her wealth withal,  
And likewise such atonement to our host  
As shall be bruited in far times to come.”  
    He spoke ; and all his army gave acclaim.

## Iliad 10

THE Gods meantime upon their golden floor  
Sate feasting, and maintain'd discourse with Zeus ;  
Amongst whom stately Hebe moving gave  
The nectar, and in golden goblets each  
Pledged other, and all turn'd their eyes on Troy.  
And Kronos' Son soon sought to kindle wrath  
In Herè with edged words and sidelong taunt :

“ Two are there, sworn to Menelaus' aid,  
Two Goddesses, Argeian Herè one,  
The other, Pallas, peerless in the fray : 10  
Aloof, as joying in the sight, they sit ;  
Whilst laughter-loving Aphrodite clings  
Close to her Paris, guarding off his doom,  
Yea, saves him at the very point of death.  
Nathless the victory lies with Atreus' Son ;  
Counsel me therefore what we now decree ;  
Whether again we kindle to its height  
The battle's fury, or the hosts atone.  
Let then, if so it seemeth good to all,  
If thus it please ye—let King Priam's walls 20  
Stand as of old, and Menelaus take

The Argive Helen to his home once more."

He spoke ; but Herè groan'd in spirit wroth  
And with her Athenaiè, where they sate  
Each by the other, brooding ill to Troy.  
Athenè utter'd nought, but silent still  
Sate, not the less indignant with her Sire,  
And fierce the passion shook her ; but not so  
Herè ; she not contain'd her ire, but spake :

" Most dread our Lord ! What falleth from thy lips ? 30  
Hast thou the heart to make of no avail  
The toil, wherewith I sweatè<sup>1</sup> to and fro,  
The labour—yea, my chariot's steeds wax'd faint  
With those my wanderings to collect this host,  
To work this woe on Priam and his sons ?  
So be it ; it is thy will ; thy will is law :  
But know that of us all no God applauds."

In wrath return'd the Ruler of the clouds :  
" And, prithee, what such wrong now do to thee  
Priam, and Priam's children, that thou ragest 40  
Pitiless to abolish Ilion's towers ?  
Make then the breach thyself, and enter in,  
Gorge on the flesh of Priam and his sons

<sup>1</sup> This expression is strong, as are also those used in the following speech ; but the effect of the words used in the original is certainly not less jarring to our ears. It would be juster to Homer to remark how seldom any jars of such violence recur throughout the poem. With his anthropomorphic ideas of deity, they might have been expected to be far more frequent than they are.

And all his people ! Sate so thy spite !  
Yet, as thou sayst, so be it ; lest this brawl  
Wax to an endless feud betwixt us twain.  
But hear and ponder wherewithal I cease ;  
When I so will destruction to some town  
Hereafter, though her folk to thee be dear,  
Seek not to stay mine anger, leave me free ;       50  
Ev'n as this while I yield to thee thy wish,  
Of mine own will, but with a heart most sore ;  
For that of all the cities built by men,  
Under the sun, under the starry sky,  
By me most honour'd in my heart is Troy,  
Her King, and all the people of her King.  
There never hath mine altar lack'd its due  
Of incense, or the steam of victim's flesh ;  
Daily all dues have we partaken thence."

And royal broadbrow'd Herè gave reply :       60  
" Three cities most beloved by me on earth,  
Sparta and Argos and Mycenæ stand ;  
Destroy them, whensoever thou hat'st like me :  
I will not stir a foot nor grudge their fall.  
Nor, though I grudged my bitterest or forbade  
Their ruin, could I gain against thy might.  
Yet to *my* labours also have regard ;  
Who likewise am a Goddess, and whose birth  
Is whence was thine ; and first, by either count,  
Kronos begat me, eldest by my birth,       70  
And highest, as being thy spouse, and thou art King.

So each to either we will somewhat yield,  
And all the Gods will follow as we guide.  
Bestir thee then to send Athenè forth  
Into these armies in their dread array,  
There to devise how best may Troy assail  
The Achaïans in their now o'erweening mood,  
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."

The Father of Immortals and of men  
Hearken'd, and straight address'd Athenè thus : 80

"Depart, and haste thee down to either host,  
There to devise, how best should Troy assail  
The Achaïans in their now o'erweening mood,  
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."

He spoke, and kindled in Athenè's breast  
A wrath, erst flaming high, to higher flame ;  
Down from Olympus' heights she sprang, and seem'd  
Some flaming meteor, sent by Zeus, a sign  
To seamen, or to army wide outspread,  
Long, bright, and many sparkles stream therefrom ;  
Such show'd Athenè, springing thence to earth, 90  
Into their midst : and who beheld were all  
Smit with amazement, charioteers of Troy,  
And mail'd Achaïans likewise ; each would look  
Astonied in his neighbour's eyes, and say :

"Be sure, that either all the war accursed  
Begins anew, or haply Zeus, who holds  
The battle in his hands, now grants us peace."

Thus, each to other, men in either host.

But in the guise of brave Laodicus, 100  
Antenor's son, she moved, and wander'd through  
The Trojan camp, seeking a noble wight,  
If haply she might find him, Pandarus.  
She found him, great Lycaon's blameless son,  
Standing amidst the strong shield-bearing band,  
His brave companions from Æsepus' streams ;  
Near to his side she came, and spake, and said :  
    " Brave scion of Lycaon's noble house !  
Wilt thou obey me, and collect thy heart  
To aim an arrow swift at Atreus' Son ? 110  
No Trojan, but would give thee thanks and praise ;  
And of all Trojans Paris most, the prince :  
Costly the guerdon first of all the host  
From him wouldst thou receive, if e'er he saw  
The dreaded son of Atreus, Menelas,  
Quell'd by thy dart, and stretch'd upon his pyre.  
At whom undaunted therefore take thine aim ;  
Yet to Apollo first, the Child of Dawn  
And most renown'd Archer, vow his due,  
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs, 120  
If home to sacred Zelia thou return."  
She spake, and quite beguiled his foolish soul.

Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn  
Of that wild bounding ibex, pierced one day,  
From where he couch'd in ambush, as it stepp'd  
Down from a rock, sheer through the very heart,

So that it fell prone on the selfsame rock :  
By measure sixteen hands the horn upgrew ;  
The which a cunning craftsman deftly pared,  
And polish'd all its length, and tipp'd with gold. 130  
This now he strung, and with all care laid down  
Flat on the earth, while still his followers held  
Their shields a screen before him, lest perchance  
Some of Achaia should descry and spring  
Upon him, ere their chieftain could be struck.  
Next off his quiver he upraised the lid  
And took therefrom an arrow, fresh, and fledged  
To drive black anguish deep. This bitter shaft  
He fitted with quick finger to the string ;  
Nor then forgot to make the vow prescribed 140  
Unto Apollo, Child of Dawn divine,  
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs,  
If home to sacred Zelia he return'd.  
The arrow's lips and leathern string he held  
Together, and so drew them ; to his breast  
He drew the string, and to the bow the barb ;  
Round to a circle curved the giant bow ;  
It twang'd, and long the tense string murmur'd on ;  
But springing through the crowd the arrow went,  
Keen-darted, thirsting to the taste of blood. 150

But not unmindful then the blissful Gods  
Of thee, great Menelaus ! In thy front  
First She, Zeus-born, the Spoiler of the slain,

Athenè, stood, and half repell'd the dart ;  
She brush'd it from his form, as from her child  
Lapp'd in sweet sleep a mother might a fly ;  
And guided it to where the golden clasps  
Met on his belt, and down in double fold  
The corslet reach'd : the bitter arrow dropt  
Full on the close-drawn broider'd belt, and pass'd 160  
Onward, and through the corslet's richwrought mail,  
And through the under doublet, that he bare  
Next to his body, and his inmost guard—  
Ev'n this it pierced, and prick'd the skin beneath ;  
So that black blood gush'd clouding from the wound.  
Then like some piece of ivory, deep-distain'd  
By Carian or Mæonian maiden's hand  
With purple, for a cheekpiece to a horse ;  
Soon in a treasure-chamber stored it lies ;  
And, though to gain it many a man hath long'd, 170  
Still it lies there, the glory of a king,  
The chariot's jewel, and the driver's pride :  
Ev'n such, O Menelaus, blood-distain'd  
Show'd thy white thighs, thy greaves, and shapely feet.

But when the King his brother saw blood flow  
Black from the wound, a shudder shook his frame ;  
Brave Menelas himself had fear at first ;  
But, marking soon the binding and the hooks  
Of the sharp barb outside his armour still,  
His heart collected in his breast return'd. 180



Whose hand King Agamemnon nathless caught,  
And deeply groaning spake amongst the host ;  
(Whose followers render'd back the groan around)  
    " Ah ! dear my brother ! Vow'd I then thy death  
Vowing this treaty, when I set thee forth  
To fight alone with Troy for all our sakes ?  
For, lo, how they have struck thee, of their oaths  
Regardless, trampling down their own pledged words !  
But not all vain those oaths, the lambs' blood shed,  
The offerings of pure wine, the clasp'd right-hands, 190  
Wherein we duly trusted : ev'n though Zeus  
Fulfilleth not their import all this day,  
Yet of a surety shall fulfilment come  
How late soever ; and the price shall fàll  
The heavier, ev'n their own lives, and the lives  
Of all their wives and children : yea, I speak  
That which I know, and hold it most assured ;  
The day will come when Ilion's sacred towers,  
Their King, and all the people of their King,  
Shall perish utterly for evermore : 200  
When Zeus, enthroned in upper air supreme,  
And judging thence the wicked deeds of men,  
Shall in his anger for this foul deceit  
Shake the dread Ægis and appal all eyes.  
These words shall not be let to pass away.  
But, if thou diest, if *thou* hast now fulfill'd,  
My brother, the short measure of thy life,  
Cruel were my sorrow, happier then than I

The vilest of my subjects might return  
To drought-enduring Argos: since the host                   210  
Would straight remind them of their fatherland ;  
And we should leave to Priam and to Troy  
The boast of Argive Helen : but the earth  
Would rot thy bones, in this far land reposed,  
In Troy reposed, and all thy work undone !  
And on thy tomb some haughty Trojan then  
Might leap insultant, and outvent his vaunt :  
    *'Ev'n in this wise may Agamemnon wreak*  
    *'His vengeance aye on others, as on us,*  
    *'What time he brought to Troy an idle host:                   220*  
    *'Back to his fatherland with empty ships*  
    *'He hath sail'd home—but left his brother here !'*  
So might some man of Troy exulting boast ;  
May the broad Earth have gaped to hold me first."  
    Whom to make cheer his brother answer'd thus :  
    " Be cheer'd thyself, nor thus affright the host ;  
    No mortal part hath this sharp arrow reach'd :  
    The broider'd belt, and the mail'd corslet's edge  
    Beneath it, and the doublet, next my skin,  
    Boss'd with the armourer's brass, have saved my life." 230  
    To whom in answer Agamemnon thus :  
    " May it but be so, Brother most beloved!  
    The leech shall salve the sore, and lay thereon  
    Such drugs as shall beguile thee of black pains !"  
    Then to the sacred herald turn'd, and said :  
    " Talthybius, summon with thine utmost haste

The sage physician, Æsculapius' son,  
Machaon, straight to come and tend the wound  
Of Menelaus our most noble chief ;  
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy, 240  
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced :  
To him the glory, and to us the pain !”

Nor him the herald hearing disobey'd,  
But hasted through Achaia's mail-frock'd host  
Peering for brave Machaon in the crowd.  
He found him, midmost of the shielded ranks  
From Trika's horse-abounding pasture-lands ;  
And near approach'd, and spake these wingèd words :

“ Arise and follow me, Asclepius' Son :  
The King great Agamemnon calls thee hence 250  
To Menelaus our most noble chief ;  
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy,  
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced :  
To him the glory, and to us the pain !”

He spoke, and strongly moved Machaon's heart.  
Through the broad camp together back they went ;  
And when they gain'd where Menelaus stood,  
On the same spot (but all in circle now  
Were gather'd who were bravest of the host,  
That Godlike chieftain in their midst erect) 260  
Forth from the belt Machaon drew the shaft.  
It issued ; in the belt the barb was snapt.  
The rich belt then, and the mail'd corslet's edge  
Beneath it, and the doublet brass-emboss'd,

Loosening, he bared the place whereon had fall'n  
The bitter shaft, and stanch'd the blood, and laid  
His soothing salves upon it, of the art  
Taught to his father by old Cheiron's love.

But whilst in ministration round their prince  
Those chieftains stood, the shielded troops of Troy 270  
Advanced **them** nearer ; whereupon *they* too  
Adverse donn'd arms, and turn'd to battle blithe.  
Nor listless at that moment, nor in fear,  
Nor loth to battle—rather earnest-bent  
Upon the charge, the glory of a man—  
King Agamemnon wouldst thou there have mark'd.  
His horses and his chariot brass-inlaid  
He left, where brave Eurymedon might hold  
(The son of Ptolemæus Peiraus' son)  
The steeds aloof, but with behest, **whene'er** 280  
Fatigue should fall upon the King, on foot  
Marshalling his thousands—to be nigh at hand.  
Thence he advanced in survey of their ranks ;  
And whomso of that noble host he saw  
Keen to the cry of battle, him he cheer'd  
Approaching, and address'd with winged words :  
“ Heroes of Argos ! Let not now relax  
Your wonted mettle : not to falsehood's side  
Will Father Zeus incline him. Soon, I ween,  
Shall they, who first forsworn transgress'd the truce, 290  
Be torn by ravening vultures limb from limb,

Leaving to us to bear across the seas  
Their wives and children from their homes despoil'd ! ”  
But all who slacken'd to the pains of war,  
Them with rebuke he chode and wrathful spake :  
“ Feel ye no shame ? O ye to evil doom'd,  
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name !  
Why droop ye, frozenhearted, ev'n as fawns  
That with a flight exhausted o'er the plain  
Droop at the last, all strength within them gone ;      300  
So droop ye, frozenhearted, loth to war.  
Or would ye tarry till Troy makes her way  
Far as your galleys' anchors on the shore,  
Tempting great Zeus—if he will save ye there ? ”  
Thus, passing through their ranks, he muster'd all.

And soon, in passage through the host, he gain'd  
The Cretans, now engirding them in mail  
Around their warlike chief, Idomeneus.  
Their chief, in vigour like a wild tusk'd boar,  
Stood in their van, whilst brave Meriones      310  
Work'd in the rear, and quicken'd there the troops.  
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld  
Rejoicing, and address'd with honied words :  
“ Of all the Danaans in these swift-horsed tribes,  
I honour thee the most, Idomeneus,  
Whether in battle, or in other act,  
Or at the banquet, where the glowing wine  
Is by the noblest-born of Argos mix'd

For tendance to their elders in the bowl.  
Then, though to all the longhair'd chieftains else 320  
The wine is dealt by measure, yet to thee,  
Ev'n as to me, the cup stands alway brimm'd,  
To drink, whene'er the heart within us bids.  
Arouse thee therefore to thy vaunted wont !"

And answer thus the Cretan chief return'd :  
" Atrides, as of old I pledged my word,  
So will I cleave to thee thy faithful friend :  
But go, enkindle others ; as thou mayst,  
Incite the longhair'd Argives to the war ;  
Since to confusion Troy hath brought the peace : 330  
Therefore shall ruin and an utter death  
Be theirs, who first forsworn transgress'd their oaths."  
He spoke ; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.

And next, in passage through the host, he came  
To where the Ajax-twain together stood  
Arming ; and at their backs a cloud of foot.  
As when a goatherd watches from a rock  
A cloud across the ocean by the stress  
Of Zephyr<sup>2</sup> fast advancing ; where he stands  
Far off, to him it showeth black as pitch, 340  
Moving above the waters, in its breast  
Bearing the whirlwind ; at the sight he shrinks  
And in beneath the cavern drives his flock ;

<sup>2</sup> It may be noted that the Greek conception of this wind differs entirely from that held by the Latin Poets. It is the south-west quarter which is indicated by the name.

So dark, with bucklers bristling and with spears,  
Moved to dread battle the collected mass  
Of noble heroes with the Ajax-twin.

Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld  
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :  
" To you, twin-chieftains of the mail-frock'd host,  
To either Ajax, needs not I enjoin 350  
( 'Twere ev'n presumptuous ) to bestir their men ;  
Who keen without my bidding cheer them on.  
Yea, by Apollo and our Father Zeus,  
Would that your spirit reign'd in every heart !  
Quickly would Priam's city then be ta'en,  
Under our conquering arms despoil'd and strewn."  
He spoke, and left them, and to others pass'd.

To Nestor next he came, the sweet-tongued chief  
Of Pylos, now arraying to the fight  
His followers, all around brave Chromius group'd, 360  
Alastor, and the giant Pelagon,  
Æmon the prince, and Bias royal-born.  
In front, the charioteers, their steeds and cars,  
Behind, the footmen many and strong, he ranged,  
To be the battle's mainstay ; but he drave  
All he misdoubted to the centre close,  
Where men, how loth soc'er, perforce must fight.  
And first he gave the charioteers his charge,  
To hold, nor cumber in a throng, their cars :

“ Let none too headstrong of his art and strength 370  
Seek in the van of all alone to fight ;  
Neither let any slacken pace behind ;  
For so shall ye be scatter'd to assail.  
And, when a man hath near'd his enemy's car,  
Still seated, let him stretch and take his aim,  
Not first alight ; the seat is better far :  
For thus, and with this counsel in their hearts,  
Did men of old spoil many a fencèd town.”

Thus urgent spake the Elder, with the skill  
Of many a year expert ; the King beheld 380  
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :

“ My Father, would that, as the heart within,  
Such were thy youthful vigour, unimpair'd :  
But age now wears thee, as it weareth all ;  
I would that others suffer'd so, not thou !”

To whom Gerene's chief made answer thus :  
“ And mine own self, Atrides, would most blithe  
Be what I was, then when I singly slew  
Renownèd Ereuthalion : but the Gods  
Grant not together all their gifts to man. 390  
Young was I then, and now in turn am old.  
Yet will I show conspicuous, with my voice  
And counsel, where the chariots thickest throng ;  
Old age hath still that honour. Let the young,  
Men of the generation after me,  
Point their spears right, and trust the strength of youth.”  
He spoke ; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.



Next to Menestheus Peteus' son he came,  
With whom the men of Athens ; And, hard by,  
Stood sage Odysseus leader of the band 400  
Of Cephallenians : no weak troop were they,  
But moved not yet ; their ears had not yet caught  
The cry to arms : the ranks of either host  
Perturb'd they saw and swaying to and fro,  
And paused expectant till some nearer band  
Make the first onset and renew the fight.

Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked  
Beholding, and address'd with wingèd words :  
    "Son of Zeus-nurtured Peteus, and King-born !  
And Thou, of mind fullstored with ill device, 410  
Odysseus, petty-hearted ! Why aloof  
Stand ye, and look in fear till others move ?  
Rather 'tis yours to seek the foremost rank,  
And meet the burning battle, face to face.  
For ever when the Achaians make high feast  
In honour of their Elders, to my board  
Ye twain the first are call'd, and there ye love  
To eat rich meats and long as e'er ye list  
Drink from full cups of honey-tasted wine.  
But now were yours no sorrow, tho' ten squares 420  
Enter'd the fight before ye, sword in hand."

Sternly Odysseus frown'd, and made reply :  
"Sayst thou, Atrides ? What new saying this,  
Hath slipp'd the ivory portal of thy teeth ?  
How durst thou say that we are slack to war ?

Oft as against the Trojan men of might  
We raise the cry of onset, mayst thou see  
(If these things are indeed thy care at all)  
The own dear father of Telemachus  
Conspicuous in the vanmost of their van. 430  
Tush ! For this talk is of thy folly mere."

But, when he knew him wroth, the King smiled soft,  
And spake again, and thus withdrew his words :  
" Nay, Prince Zeus-born, Laertes' son most sage !  
Needs not I chide thee nor exhort thee much ;  
I know the heart within thy bosom full  
Of gracious counsels ; as my will, such thine.  
Haste, therefore, on ; and, if I spoke thee ill,  
Let us atone hereafter ; and meantime  
May the Gods render, that I said, unsaid." 440  
He spoke ; and left him, and to others pass'd.

Next to high-hearted Diomed he came,  
The son of Tydeus, standing up in arms,  
Amongst his horses and their wellbuilt cars ;  
And Sthenelus at his side, Capaneus' son ;  
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked  
Beholding, and address'd with wingèd words ;  
" Of noble Tydeus O degenerate son !  
Surveyest *thou* thus the battle from afar ?  
Not such faint shivering was to Tydeus dear, 450  
But foremost of his comrades aye to show.  
Such their report, who knew him in the fray ;

I knew him not nor saw him ; but they tell  
He far exceeded others ; how he came  
With godlike Polynices—not in arms,  
But on that mission against sacred Thebes,  
Asking an army, to Mycenæ's walls ;  
And much besought Mycenæ to give help ;  
Who gave it, and consented, as he bade.  
But Zeus by portents shown from heav'n adverse      460  
Turn'd them, albeit already far advanced  
As grassy-bank'd Æsopus : therefore thence  
Tydeus alone in embassy they sent.  
Alone he went, and feasting in the hall  
Of their great King Eteocles he found  
Many their nobles gather'd. Then, albeit  
A solitary stranger in their throng,  
The gallant Tydeus falter'd not in Thebes ;  
But challenged all to combat, and in all  
The combats proved the victor ; by his side      470  
Pallas Athene stood, and bare him through.  
Wrathful thereat the chiefs of Cadmus set  
An ambush strong against him, on the road  
Whereby he left returning ; fifty men  
Under two leaders, Mæon, Hæmon's son,  
And Lycophontes of Autophonus.  
These all did Tydeus hurry to their deaths ;  
These all he slew ; one only would he spare  
To bear the tidings back : to heavenly signs  
He bow'd, and sent the godlike Mæon home.      480

Such was Ætolian Tydeus in his day :  
Better than he the son, whom he begat,  
In council, but in action poorer far !”

He spoke ; nor Diomed replied at all,  
For reverence to his lord the King's rebuke ;  
But Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, rejoin'd :

“ Atrides, speak not false, who knowst the truth ;  
More than our fathers we may boast to be.  
For, though our leaguer of the fencèd town  
Was less in number, yet we quite o'erthrew 490  
(Holpen by Zeus and favouring signs from heaven)  
That ancient seat of seven-gated Thebes,  
Where they, our fathers, perish'd in their pride.  
Rank them not, therefore, in like place to us !”

But dauntless Diomed frown'd stern, and said :  
“ Seat thee in silence, friend, and wait my word.  
To Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,  
I give no blame, that, as he may, he speaks  
To rouse to war Achaia's mailèd men.  
To him will be the glory, should we take 500  
Proud Ilion, and destroy the host of Troy ;  
And his the heaviest sorrow, should we fail.  
Haste rather ; put we on our olden might.”

He spoke, and off the chariot, all in arms,  
Leapt to the earth ; and dreadful, as he moved,  
Rang the brass coat upon the chieftain's breast ;  
How brave soe'er a foe had fear'd him then.

As, when a blast of Zephyr drives the deep,  
Billow on billow to an echoing shore  
The sea upswoll'n advances ; and, at first, 510  
Far-out the wave is crested, but anon  
Breaks, thundering on the coast, and over-arch'd  
Curls round the headlands, flinging far the foam ;  
Legion on legion so the Danaans came  
Endless to battle ; and their chiefs gave word  
Each to his own, but else in silence all  
(Thou 'dst said that if the power of speech was there,  
So vast a number could not move so mute)  
Advanced, awaiting still their leaders' signs ;  
Whilst round about them flash'd the splendid arms, 520  
Wherein empanoplied, they moved, array'd.

But Troy—as ewes in some rich shepherd's fold  
Thousands by thousands stand at milking-hour  
Ceaselessly bleating to their lambs' fond cry ;  
Such rose the din confused through Troy's broad line.  
Nor cry of battle nor their speech were one,  
But their tongues mix'd, and men of every clime.  
*These* Ares led : but *those* the blue-eyed Maid  
Athenè ; Flight was there, and dread Dismay,  
And Strife, of rage insatiate ; sister She 530  
And fast ally to Ares ; low the head  
She lifts at first, but, gathering height anon,  
Treading the earth yet strikes against the skies.  
And now amid the throng, and trebling all

The warriors' woe, and foe alike to both  
She moved, and 'twixt them cast the brands of hate.

And soon they charging met ; together clash'd  
Spears, bucklers, and the might of mailèd men :  
Smote each on each the bosses of the shields ;  
Rose loud the din of onset ; prayer and groan, 540  
The cries of dying men and of their slayers,  
Alike were there ; and the earth ran with blood.  
As rivers swollen by winter on the hills  
Dash into one huge hollow the strong streams  
Pour'd from their mighty fountains down the bed  
Of some ravine ; and swain in uplands far  
Hearkens the roar of waters ; such the roar,  
The thunder, and the terror of their charge.

First Nestor's son Antilochus assail'd  
The Trojan van, and slew Thalucius' son, 550  
The noble Echepolus ; for he struck  
Full on the vizor of the horseplumed helm  
Piercing his brow ; and on within the skull  
Pass'd the brass point, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
So in the battle, like some tower, he fell ;  
Whom Elephenor, King Chalcedon's son,  
Chief of the great Abantian tribe, beheld  
Fallen, and catching by the feet 'gan draw  
From out the shower of darts with keen quick hand  
To strip him of his mail : short, short his speed, 560

For brave Agenor saw, and through the ribs  
(Shown bare beside his buckler, as he stoop'd)  
Smote him with brass-spiked spear, and loosed his limbs.  
So the breath left him ; but above him wax'd  
The bloody business fiercer 'twixt the hosts ;  
Like wolves, each leapt on other, foe sought foe.

And Ajax, he of Telamon, smote down  
Anthemion's son, Simoisius, a brave youth  
In his fresh prime ; whom near to Simois' stream  
His mother bare, descending down one day, 570  
Following her parents, shepherding their flocks,  
From Ida ; and they named him from the stream.  
Ne'er he requited to his parents dear  
Their pains of rearing ; but his days were short  
Under the spear of Ajax there subdued :  
Who struck him in mid onset through the chest  
Near the right nipple ; through the shoulder sheer  
The point pass'd ; to the ground in dust he dropt  
Prone, as a poplar grown upon the marsh  
Of some broad meadow ; trim the trunk, but high 580  
About its summit branching ; with bright axe  
Low hath a chariot-builder laid it strewn,  
To fashion thence a goodly chariot's rim ;  
Long on the river's bank it lies and fades :  
So fell Simoisius, brave Anthemion's son,  
By heav'n-sprung Ajax strewn. On Ajax then  
Antiphus, of the glancing corslet, son

Of Priam, through the mellay aim'd his spear ;  
But err'd ; yet of Odysseus' train struck one,  
Brave Leucus, in the groin, in act to draw 590  
A corse towards him ; o'er the corse he fell,  
And from his hand it dropt. Thereat most wroth,  
Odysseus through the vanmost champions strode  
Full-arm'd in blazing brass, and near the slain  
Took stand, and round him look'd, and poised his spear,  
Aiming ; the Trojans cower'd before his aim ;  
Nor vain the javelin sped ; Democöon,  
A bastard son of Priam (late arrived  
From rich Abydos, where his father's mares  
Were stabled, and he bred them for the King)— 600  
Him did Odysseus, wrathful for his friend,  
Strike in the temple ; and the brazen point  
Passed through the fellow-temple, that he died.  
He fell, and loudly round him rang his arms.  
Thereat bright Hector and their van gave way ;  
But loudlier cheer'd the Achaïans, and regain'd  
The corses of their dead, and push'd right on.

Apollo, looking down from Pergamus,  
Beheld indignant, and appealed to Troy :  
" Chieftains of Troy, oh rouse ye to the war ! 610  
Yield not to Argos in the fight this day :  
Not stone their flesh nor iron, proof to blows,  
Let spear or sword but strike them ! Know, withal,  
No longer doth the fairhair'd Thetis' son,



The dread Achilles, range in fight, but now  
Broods in his galleys, sullen, and withdrawn."

So from the city's citadel the God  
Raised his dread voice ; whilst through the other throng  
Pallas Athene moved, and cheer'd their host,  
Child of high Zeus, his third and greatest born. 620

Anon Fate caught Dioces in her chain,  
The son of Amarynces ; for he fell  
Struck near the ancle on the dexter greave  
With a rough stone by Peirōus, the son  
Of Imbrasus, and leader of the tribes  
Of Thrace from Ænos : and the ruthless stone  
Crush'd either side the tendons ; prone in dust  
He dropt, outstretching to his friends his hands,  
Rendering the ghost ; but, who had cast it, ran  
Close, even Peirous, and beside him plunged 630  
His javelin in his navel ; all the bowels  
Gush'd forth abroad, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Then Thoas of Ætolia charged in turn  
On Peirous as he rush'd away, and struck  
His chest above the nipple ; sharp the spear  
Pierced to the throat ; and Thoas at his side  
Pluck'd the lance back, but drew a sharp bright brand,  
And smote him on the belly, that he died ;—  
But stripp'd not off his armour, round their chief [640  
The scalp-lock'd Thracians, spear in hand, throng'd fast,

And thrust back Thoas from them (man-at-arms  
Brave though he was, and strong, and high-renown'd)  
And back a little space, rough-shaken, he fell ;  
And by each other left those chieftains twain,  
The King of Epè by the King of Thrace,  
Whilst slaughter'd fell around them many more.

Had Pallas then led any through the throng,  
Scathless, and safe, and guarded by her hand,  
Passing so woundless in the storm of darts,  
Not lightly had he reck'd the work there done. 650  
Prone on that day so many ground the dust,  
Trojans and brave Achaians, side by side.



## Iliad 8

THEN most on Diomedes Tydeus' son  
Pallas Athene breathed a strength and heart,  
To lift him high above all Argives else  
Achieving glorious name. From off his helm  
And buckler she made burn a quenchless fire :  
Bright as the brightest of the stars of heaven  
Fresh from the Ocean comes the Autumn-star ;  
Such from his shoulders and his crest the fire  
She kindled ; and she urged him through the fray  
Into the midst, where thickest throng'd the war. 10

A certain man amongst the Trojans dwelt,  
Dares, of substance rich and blameless life,  
Priest to Hephæstus : he begat two sons,  
Phegeus and Idas, either skill'd in war.  
These two, parted from their own array,  
First met him face to face ; on chariot these,  
But he on foot, assailing from the ground.  
And they had near'd each other on the field,  
When Phegeus first discharged his shadowing spear ;  
Erring the point above the shoulder pass'd 20

O'er Tydeus' Son, nor struck him. Then in turn  
Tydides hurl'd his lance, nor from his hand  
Sped the shaft vain, but 'twixt the nipples struck  
The breast, and from his chariot cast him down.  
Whereat brave Idas leapt to earth and left  
The carven car, nor round his brother slain  
Durst rally ; nor himself had next escaped  
Black Fate, had not Hephæstus in thick mist  
Enwrapt him and deliver'd, lest his priest  
Should in one day be utterly forlorn. 30  
But noble Tydeus' Son drave off their steeds,  
And gave them to the galleys to be led.

Beholding that defeat of Dares' sons,  
One vanish'd, and the other in his blood,  
The hearts of all the Trojans sank within them.  
But Pallas took fierce Ares by the hand  
Apart, and spake her wingèd words, and said :  
"Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,  
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge !  
Were it not our better part to leave these hosts 40  
(Whether to Argos or to Troy Zeus grant  
The victory) still to battle, but ourselves  
Departing so avoid our Father's wrath ?"  
She spoke, and led fierce Ares from the fray,  
And set him on Scamander's meadowy bank.

Then every Danaan Chieftain slew his man,

And broke the line of Troy. The king of men  
Atrides first down from his chariot cast  
Great Hodius, of the Halizonians chief ;  
For, as he wheel'd, he hurl'd his spear, and pierced 50  
His spine, and 'twixt the shoulders drave it through ;  
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Idomeneus slew Phæstus, Borus' son,  
A Lydian, who from fertile Tarne came :  
Whom on his chariot-step, at point to mount,  
Idomeneus with far-famed spear transfix'd  
Through the right shoulder ; from the step he fell,  
And hideous night enwrapt him ; whose bright arms  
The followers of Idomeneus straight stript.

And Strophius' son, Scamandrius, by the spear 60  
Perish'd of Menelaus Atreus' son ;  
A mighty hunter, master of the chase ;  
Whom Artemis herself had taught her art  
To strike whatever breathes in wood or hill :  
But now nor arrow-loving Artemis,  
Nor the great archery, he was famed withal,  
Avail'd him ; but Atrides pierced his spine  
Betwixt the shoulders, as he fled before him,  
Driving the spear right onward through the breast :  
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms. 70

Next by Meriones Phereclus fell,

The son of the renown'd Harmonides  
The artificer : who knew all curious work  
To fashion, for Athene loved him much :  
He was it also who for Paris built  
The galleys, the beginning of their hurt,—  
Hurt to all Troy, and to his own self death,  
Who knew not of the prophecies from heaven !  
Whose son Meriones now follow'd, and pierced  
Through the right buttock ; onward driv'n the point 80  
Travell'd along the bladder 'neath the bone ;  
Groaning he fell, and death enwrapt him round.

And Meges slew Pedæus ; he the son  
Of Prince Antenor, bastard-born, but rear'd  
By fair Theano as her very own,  
Out of the grace she bare unto her lord.  
Him the famed Son of Phyleus drawing near  
Smote on the head above the nape ; and on  
Under the tongue the point shore through the teeth,  
That closed against the cold steel, as he fell. 90

Eurypilus Evemon's son o'erthrew  
Noble Hypenor ; he the son of great  
Dolopion, to Scamander priest ordain'd  
And honour'd by the people like a God.  
Him did Eurypilus Evemon's son  
O'ertake, pursuing as he fled before him,  
And at the shoulder strike, dissevering sheer

The heavy arm ; bleeding the arm to earth  
Dropt and there lay ; whilst o'er his eyes came fast  
The purple gloom of Death and violent Fate. 110

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

But of Tydides—with which host he shared,  
Whether he fought for Argos or for Troy—  
Thou hadst not known ; so wildly o'er the field  
He ranged : like some full river winterswollen  
Scattering before it every dam and bar ;  
Nor the close-clamp'd weirs may hold it more,  
Nor the walls buttress'd to the vineclad banks,  
What time in sudden flood it comes, and rain  
Hath thick from Zeus descended ; but it bears 110  
Many a strong man's labour far away ;  
So throng'd before Tydides fast were borne  
The Trojans, nor, though thousands, durst they stand.

Whom when Lycaon's noble son beheld  
Throughout the plain thus ranging, and their troops  
Routed in mass before him, quick he stretch'd  
His bended bow, and struck him in mid-charge.  
On the right shoulder at the hauberk's edge  
He hit him, and the bitter arrow press'd  
And pierced right through. Besprinkled with his blood  
The hauberk show'd ; and loud Lycaon's Son 121  
Exulting lifted up his voice and cried :

“ On, Trojans, on ! And forwards prick the steeds !



The bravest of the foe is smitten now.

Nor long, methinks, will he endure the pain,

If of a truth Apollo King Zeus-born

Prompted me, when I set from Lycia forth."

Boasting he spoke ; but not by that swift dart

Was Tydeus' Son subdued. A little space

He drew him back, and stood before his car ; 130

And to the Son of Capaneus he said :

"Quick down, my friend ! Quick from the car dismount  
And draw this bitter arrow from the wound."

He spoke, and Sthenelus leapt down to earth,

And, standing by him, from the shoulder drew

Right out the bitter arrow ; whence the blood

Upspouted, and bedew'd the chain of mail.

Then noble Diomed made prayer and said :

"Hearken, untiring Daughter of great Zeus !

If ever by my father's side thou stoodst 140

Most gracious in the peril of the fray,

So now, Athene, show thy grace to me.

Grant me to come within the reach of spear

And slay the man who hath forestall'd me now

And vaunts so loudly, it shall ne'er be mine

To see the sunshine of another day !"

He pray'd, whose prayer Athene heard, and made

His foot and limbs below, his arms above,

Lithe, supple ; and approaching stood, and said :

"On, Diomed, to battle, with good cheer ! 150

Fear not : thy father's spirit in thy breast,

The dauntless spirit Tydeus had of old  
When arms he wielded, I have breathed on thee :  
And from thine eyes have moved the mist, that hung  
Upon them erst, that thou mayst surely know  
Who mortal, who immortal. If a God  
Descend assailing, face not thou the Gods  
In battle, save one only : but if She,  
If Zeus-born Aphrodite venture forth,  
Spare not to wound her with thy pointed spear." 160  
Thus spake the Azure-eyed, and pass'd away.

But Tydeus' Son, so cured and whole, again  
Mix'd with the foremost champions of the fight.  
His heart had erst been ardent to the war ;  
But now a spirit drave him thrice as fierce ;  
Like to a lion by a shepherd grazed  
Whilst leaping o'er the hurdles on a flock,  
Grazed, but with no subduing blow, and stung  
To greater wrath thereby ; whereat the man  
Flees fearing to the hut, and leaves the flock 170  
Forlorn, and close-confounded, sheep on sheep ;  
Till of the prompting of his own fierce will  
The lion from the fold at last leaps back :  
Like fury drave Tydides on the foe.

Hypenor then the shepherd of his realm  
Fell with Astynöüs ; for o'er the breast  
He pierced Astynöüs with a steel-spiked spear,

But smote Hypenor, where the shoulder meets  
The collar, with huge sword dissevering sheer  
The shoulder from the throat and neck and back. 180

These leaving, fast he followed on the steps  
Of Abas and Polædus ; they the sons  
Of old Eurydamas, the seer of dreams ;  
But not to them their father, ere they came,  
Had read their dreams, for Diomed slew them both.

Xanthus and Thoon next he quick pursued,  
The sons of Phænops, sons of his old age ;  
With years he long was wasting, nor begat  
Another, to be heir to all his wealth.  
These Diomed likewise slew, and took the life 190  
From both, but to their father woe bequeath'd,  
Sorrow, and lamentation ; who would ne'er  
Receive them welcome from the war again,  
But strangers parted all his wealth amongst them.

Anon he caught Echemon, and with him  
Chromius, together on one car, two sons  
Of Dardan Priam. As a lion springs  
Upon a herd, and, lion-fashion, breaks  
The neck of cow or heifer where they graze ;  
So from their chariot-settle Tydeus' Son 200  
Dash'd down those two, most loth, in evil plight,  
And stripp'd their arms, and to his comrades gave  
Their horses to the galleys to be driven.

Whom thus in devastation of Troy's ranks  
Æneas mark'd, and through the throng of spears  
Made passage, peering for a Godlike chief,  
If haply he might find him, Pandarus.  
Whom soon he found, Lycaon's blameless son,  
And standing straight before him, spake and said :  
    " Pandar, where now the arrows, and the bow,      210  
And that renown, wherein none here can vie,  
Nor any in broad Lycia challenge thee ?  
Rise therefore, and uplift thy hands to Zeus :  
And then at yonder hero send a shaft,  
Who lords it through the battle and hath wrought  
Such evil unto Troy ; many and brave  
The men, whose limbs he hath beneath them loosed ;  
Unless it be some God in wrath with Troy ;  
For sore the anger of a God to men."

    Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus :      220  
" Giver of wisest counsel to the host,  
Æneas ! Him in all points make I like  
To Tydeus' martial Son ; for by the shield  
I know him, by the crested cone I know,  
And when I view his chariot. Yet indeed  
If God he be, I hold not quite assured.  
For, though he be the man I say he seems,  
The warlike Son of Tydeus, not without  
Some God he owns this fury ; by his side  
Stands some Immortal in a cloud conceal'd,      230  
And turn'd my dart at point to pierce him through.

Already have I shot, and struck him full  
On the right shoulder through the hauberk's edge,  
And vaunted I should send him ere his time  
To Hades, yet subdued him not at all :  
Some God, be sure, is anger'd with us now.  
Nor car nor horses here are mine to mount.  
Chariots eleven in my father's halls  
Stand idle, fair to view, and newly wrought,  
Late-built ; and by the side of each two steeds 240  
Champ of white barley and of spelt their fill.  
And oft the old Lycaon laid on me  
His warning, ere I left his highroof'd home,  
And bade me with my horses and my cars  
Come mounted, so to lead in battle here.  
It had been better ; but I hearken'd not,  
Sparing my steeds, lest haply in a town  
Beleaguer'd they should lack their wonted food.  
Therefore on foot, and leaving them behind,  
I came to Ilion, trusting in this bow 250  
And arrows—naught the good I gain from them !  
Twice have I aim'd against their bravest two,  
Atrides and Tydides ; twice have drawn  
Blood bursting clear ; yet have but fired them more.  
Therefore with evil fortune from its peg  
Took I this crookbent bow, what time I left  
To render grace to Hector and to lead  
Under fair Ilion's walls a Trojan troop ;  
And if I e'er again return to see

My country and my wife and highroof'd house,      260  
Then may some stranger straight behead me there,  
If I myself then break it not to shreds  
And cast the splinters on a blazing fire :  
So idly in my hand it shows this day !”

Æneas, prince of Troy, made answer then :  
“Nay, speak not thus. But this is true, our plight  
Will scarce be alter'd, ere we two, conjoin'd  
And both in arms with horses and with car,  
Go forth together to assay this man  
And meet him face to face. Mount then with me      270  
This chariot, and behold the steeds of Troy  
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro  
To skim the plain for flight or for pursuit.  
And ev'n if Zeus bestow on Tydeus' Son  
The victory, these will bear us home secure.  
Rise therefore, take the glossy reins and thong,  
Whilst I descend to meet him hand to hand ;  
Or thou meet him, whilst I attend the steeds.”

Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus :  
“The steeds are thine, Æneas ; hold the reins      280  
Thyself ; it is thy wont, and they will draw  
(Should we be turn'd to flight by Tydeus' Son)  
This richwrought chariot straighter by thy hand :—  
Lest too they stray unbidden, or be slow,  
Missing thy wellknown voice, to bear us back,  
And give occasion to Tydides then  
To spring upon us swift and slay us both,

And drive them also, trophy to the ships.  
Keep manage therefore of thy steeds thyself,  
Whilst I await him with a sharp-tipt spear." 290

They spoke, and mounting to the carvèd car  
Together down upon Tydides bore  
In strength combined. The Son of Capaneus  
Beheld, and from the chariot call'd, and said :

"Tydides ! Thou in whom is my delight !  
Two men, of might unbounded, I descry,  
Two heroes, both together bent on thee ;  
And one is Pandar, master of the bow,  
Who boasts to be the great Lycaon's son ;  
Æneas the other, who Anchises names 300  
His father, but fair Cypris gave him birth.  
Withdraw we therefore on the car awhile ;  
Nor thus, I pray thee, in their champions' van  
Range singly, lest perchance thou lose thy life."

Sternly frown'd Diomed, and made reply :  
"Counsel me not to flight ; thou mov'st me not ;  
Not to my birth accords it, or to shun  
The battle, or to show a craven there.  
My limbs are firm beneath me ; therefore loth  
Were I to mount the chariot. As I stand, 310  
I go to meet them ; Pallas from all fear  
Forbids me. Yea, though one of these perchance  
Escapes my hand, yet both secure away  
Their horses scarce shall carry. Hear my word,  
And mind it well : should She, the blue-eyed Maid,

Giver of all wise counsel, now vouchsafe  
The glory of the deaths of both my foes,  
Fast to the rim draw up thy reins, to stay  
This chariot here, and leave it, and spring forth  
Mindful to seize and to the camp drive off 320  
These horses of Æneas. For their birth  
Is of that stock which mighty Zeus erst gave  
To Tros, the price of Ganymede his son :  
Best therefore were they of their kind on earth,  
From sunrise unto sunset unsurpass'd ;  
And unto them Anchises brought his mares,  
By stealth, and to Laomedon unknown,  
Secretly to be served ; whence six were foal'd  
All of this noble breed within his stalls.  
Four doth he keep, and nurture with all care, 330  
But two, these breathers of dismay, bestow'd  
Upon his son Æneas ; and, could we  
Achieve them, noble were the name we won."

Thus spoke they, each to other, whilst the two  
Lashing their steeds now bore upon them nigh ;  
And first Lycaon's noble son began :

"Bravehearted warrior ! Glorious Tydeus' Son !  
My dart, the bitter arrow, quell'd thee not ;  
Now, only let me strike thee, feel the spear !"

He spoke, and whirl'd the shadowing lance, and hurl'd,  
And struck Tydides' buckler ; quivering through [340  
Pass'd on the brazen point, but at the breast  
Before the corslet stay'd ; and loudly cheer'd



Piercing the shield Lycaon's noble Son ;

“ Struck thro’ the heart, nor long, I think, to live !  
And great the glory thou on me bestow’st.”

But answer undismay’d made Diomed :

“ Nay, for thou hast not hit, but miss’d thy mark :

And for you twain, I doubt an ye will end

This boasting, ere the one or the other glut 350

The thirsty maw of Ares with his blood.”

He spoke, and threw ; Athene guided down

The dart upon the face beside the eye ;

Through the white teeth it went ; the frayless edge

Clove the tongue’s root, nor ere it pass’d the chin

Was slacken’d ; from the car he fell ; and loud

The enamell’d arms clash’d round him where he fell.

Started the affrighted steeds, whilst from their lord

The spirit and the strength were loosèd quite.

But fearful lest the Achaians gain his corse, 360

Shield and long spear in hand, Æneas sprang

Down from the car, and round him, lionlike,

Strode in huge strength exultant ; in his front

He held the spear and orbèd shield, and stood

Ready to slay whoever durst assail,

With terrible outcry. But Tydides took

A stone, a giant matter, such as two

Of living generations might not lift,

But he with single hand uppoised aloft ;

With this Æneas on the groin he struck, 370

There where the thigh is jointed to the groin ;

Men call the joint the socket ; this he crush'd  
And brake beside the tendons ; all the flesh  
The jagged edge tore off ; and on his knee  
The hero falling, sunk, one moment stay'd  
By his broad hand—then darkness veil'd his eyes.

Whereby the Chief had perish'd, had not She  
(The Child of Zeus who erst on Ida's knolls  
Lay with Anchises where he grazed his kine),  
His mother, Aphrodite, seen his plight. 380  
Around her son she shower'd her two white palms  
And cast her glistening raiment to enfold  
And screen him from this danger, lest perchance  
Some Danaan see and strike him to the heart.  
So half conceal'd she 'gan withdraw her son.

But not unmindful of the pact, whereto  
Brave Diomed had enjoin'd him, Sthenelus  
Rein'd back, from all the turmoil well aloof,  
His own strong steeds, and to the chariot's rim  
Made the reins fast ; thence sprang, and drave away 390  
The horses of Æneas, prey and spoil,  
Clear from the Trojan to the Achaian lines ;  
And gave them to Deipolus (the friend  
Most loved, most honour'd, by him of his peers,  
With whom he was as one in heart and mind)  
Back to the hollow galleys to be driven ;  
Then quick remounted to his own, and seized

The glossy reins, and drave the strong-shod steeds  
Hot with all haste behind his lord again.

For now Tydides press'd with pitiless spear      400  
Assailing Aphrodite ; her he knew  
A Goddess feeble, not of those who hold  
The helm of battle, over men supreme,  
Athene, or Enÿo, Queens of war.  
Therefore advancing through the throng of men,  
Near her he took his aim, and springing forth  
Struck with his spear her tender nerveless hand,  
Wounding its edge ; and through the skin the point  
Grided, dis severing near the wrist the robe  
Ambrosial, broider'd by her Graces' hands.      410  
And forth such heavenly Ichor stream'd apace,  
Such blood, as in the veins of Gods may flow,  
Who eat not corn, nor drink of glowing wine,  
Are bloodless therefore, and Immortal named.  
With a loud shriek She cast her son away,  
Whom Phœbus in a purple cloud received,  
Lest haply some one strike and take his life :  
Whilst after her Tydides sent his voice :

“ Yield thee, Zeus-born, and from the war withdraw :  
Enough for thee weak women to beguile.      420  
But, if thou darest to range this field again,  
Thenceforward thou shalt dread its very name.”

He spoke ; she moaning fled ; for deep the smart ;  
Whom windfoot Iris took, and from the throng

Guided (in anguish, and her lovely skin  
Discolour'd) where upon the battle's left  
She found fierce Ares sitting ; all in mist  
Enwapt, his spear was standing and his car :  
Then She upon her knees besought, and begg'd  
His gold-trapp'd horses of her brother dear : 430

“ Dear Brother, save me, and vouchsafe thy steeds,  
To bear me to Olympus, throne of Gods.  
For deep the anguish of this wound, wherewith  
A mortal hath dared smite me, ev'n the Son  
Of Tydeus, who would now face father Zeus.”

She spoke, and Ares gave his gold-trapp'd steeds.

Heartstricken she ascended ; by her side  
Iris ascended likewise to the car,  
And took the reins, and thong'd the rapid steeds.  
Nor loth they flew aloft, and quickly gain'd 440  
The height o' the Olympian steep, the throne of Gods.  
There windfoot Iris loosed them from the yoke,  
And threw ambrosial food before their feet.  
But heavenly Aphrodite on the lap  
Of her fair mother, Queen Dione, fell,  
Who raised her daughter to her arms, and laid  
A gentle hand upon her ; and she spoke :

“ Who of the Gods hath dared entreat thee thus,  
My child, as chiding thee for open fault ?”  
And thus the Queen of laughter made reply : 450  
“ The son of Tydeus, Diomed, in his pride

Hath dared this outrage ; for that I assay'd  
To rescue from the battle mine own son  
Æneas, dearest of all men to me.

'Twixt Troy and Argos is the war no more ;  
But Argos battles with the Gods of heaven !”

To whom Dione Queen in heaven replied :  
“ Be patient yet, my child, and bear thy pain.

For oft perforce at hands of men have we,  
Whose homes are on Olympus, yet endured 460  
The sorrows, which we each to other cause.

Patient was Ares, when Aloeus' sons  
Otus and Ephialtes bound him down  
With a huge chain ; full thirteen months he lay  
Chain'd in a brazen vessel ; yea, had died,  
Ev'n Ares, the insatiate king of war,  
Had not Aëribœa, of his foes

The stepdame, fairest of her sex on earth,  
Told Hermes of his plight ; and Hermes came  
And stole him forth, though wasted nigh to death ; 470  
So hardly pressing on him bore that chain.

Patient was Here likewise, through the breast  
Pierced by a three-fork'd arrow from the hand  
Of Hercules, Amphytryon's great son,  
Albeit a cureless anguish wrung her then.

Patient was Hades also, even as they,  
The ancient Giant, when the selfsame man,  
Sprung of high Zeus, smiting him amongst the dead  
In Pylos, gave him wholly up to pain.

Anon heart-broken, piercèd through and through 480  
With anguish, to the Olympian hall of Zeus  
He mounted ; but the arrow quivering bode  
In his huge shoulder, torture to his soul.  
There Pæon spread upon it soothing salves,  
And heal'd him : not for Death was He create.  
Insolent terrible Doer of those deeds !  
Who durst raise violent arm and with his shafts  
Torture Immortal Gods ! So now on thee  
Hath azure-eyed Athene raised this man  
Tydides : fool ! who knoweth not that short, 490  
Short is the life of him who fights with Gods :  
Him never shall his children round his knees  
Greet, their dear father, from the war return'd !  
Yet let him think, how great soe'er he be,  
Lest he assail more powerful foe than thou :  
Else surely shall the wife of Diomed,  
Chaste child of great Adrastus, the beloved  
Ægialeia, wake some night erelong  
Startling from slumber with a piercing cry  
Her household, shrieking for her first dear love, 500  
Her husband, and the noblest of his race !”  
She spoke, and staunch'd the ichor from the wound ;  
The hand was heal'd ; the racking pains were soothed.

Whom Here and Athene saw, and thus  
With gibing words began their taunt to Zeus ;  
And azure-eyed Athene spake, and said :

“Father, wilt Thou be anger’d, if I speak?  
Behold how Cypris with a fond caress  
Beguiling for her minion race of Troy  
Some long-robed Argive to desert her home 510  
Hath scratch’d against the broach her tender hand!”  
She spoke; the Father of the world thereat  
Smiled, and call’d golden Aphrodite near:  
“Not thine, not thine, my child, this warlike work;  
Sweet work of wedded love, be that thy care;  
To Pallas and to Ares leave the war.”  
This was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

Meantime, though Tydeus’ Son was well aware  
How that Apollo had stretch’d forth his arm  
To save Æneas, nathless still he sprang 520  
Onward, nor reck’d of that great God, but sought  
His enemy, and to strip the famous arms.  
Thrice of a furious heart he made the charge;  
And thrice Apollo, pressing heavenly hand  
Against his shining buckler, dash’d him back;  
But when the fourth time, more than man, he came,  
The God uplifted thus an awful voice:  
“Warn thee, Tydides, and withdraw thee hence:  
Match not thyself in thought the peer to Gods.  
Likened not unto men who walk the earth 530  
The immortal generation of the Gods.”

He spoke, and Tydeus’ Son some space withdrew,  
Shunning the wrath of Him who smites from far.

Then Phœbus bore Æneas from the throng  
Aloof to sacred Pergamus (where stands  
The temple of the God), and in that shrine  
Leto and arrow-loving Artemis  
Heal'd him, and o'er his form a glory shed.

But on the battlefield Apollo set  
A Phantom, wrought most like Æneas, like 540  
In stature, like in arms ; and all around  
The Phantom wax'd the struggle 'twixt the hosts,  
Trojans and brave Achaïans cleaving through  
The bull-hide shields or targes light as wings  
That shelter'd many a breast : whilst Phœbus moved  
Apart to where fierce Ares stood, and spake :

“Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,  
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge !  
Enter the battle, if thou wilt, and draw  
Tydides thence, this terrible monstrous man, 550  
Whose heart would lift him now to fight with Zeus !  
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist  
He wounded, and hath now dared charge on me.”

He spoke, and to the top of Pergamus  
Retired and sate, whilst through the Trojan ranks,  
In likeness of the Thracian Acamas,  
Wide-wasting Ares moved, enkindling all,  
And on the Sons of Priam call'd by name :

“Sons of Zeus-nurtured Priam, crownèd King !  
How long will ye be patient to behold 560



Your nation falling by Achaia's sword ?  
Or wait ye, till the war be at your doors ?  
For lo, whom not than noble Hector less  
We honour'd, brave Æneas lieth slain,  
The son of great Anchises : charge then, charge,  
Rescue his body from the battle home ! ”  
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

Strongly Sarpedon chode brave Hector then :  
“ Where, Hector, now the daring that was thine ?  
Daring thou hadst, and oft wouldst vaunt, alone, 570  
Without thy people and without allies,  
Alone thyself, thy brethren and thy kin,  
To hold the city safe. Alas, I look  
And see of these not one ; aloof they hold  
Like curs from off a lion ; we, who are  
The strangers, we fight on unaided still.  
Of whom am I ; from distant lands I came ;  
For distant far is Lycia and the stream  
Of eddying Xanthus ; there I left behind  
My wife, my infant son and all my wealth 580  
Coveted by the needy.—Not the less  
I cheer the Lycians forth, and, though in Troy  
Is naught of mine that Argos can despoil,  
Myself am keenest still to meet the foe.  
While thou stand'st idle, caring not to cheer  
Thy people, though their wives are now at stake.  
Oh warn thee, lest perchance soon caught within

The meshes of an all-devouring net  
Ye fall before your enemies' spoil and prey,  
And this your glorious town be desolate ! 590  
Nights long and days should this be thy one care,  
The chiefs of all these nations to beseech,  
To stand, and put aside this great disgrace."

He spoke, whose speech stung Hector to the quick ;  
Lightly he leapt in armour to the earth,  
And, with two javelins brandish'd, through the line  
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved :  
They rallied : nathless still the Achaians stood,  
Unshaken, unrecoiling, unappall'd.

As winds bear chaff along the hallow'd floors 600  
Where men thresh, and Demeter yellow-hair'd  
With winnowing breeze parts grain from husk, and all  
The space beneath grows white in mounds of chaff ;  
So were they whiten'd with the dust, struck up  
Under the tramp of steeds to the brazen vault  
Of heaven by that rally and the charge.

Back wheel'd the charioteers and turn'd their cars ;  
The warriors by their side bare straight the strength  
Of their right arms extended ; whilst all round  
Fierce Ares wrapt the battle in thick night, 610  
Hither and thither ranging, aiding Troy,  
Obedient to the golden-sworded God,  
Apollo, and fulfilling his behests,

Who bade him, when he saw Athene gone  
(Pallas Athene, Argos' surest aid),  
To kindle high the heart of Troy once more :  
Whilst his own self from out the fragrant shrine  
Brought back Æneas, set him in their midst;  
And breathed a dauntless spirit on the chief.

Thus reappear'd Æneas 'mid his men 620  
Suddenly standing ; whom when they beheld  
Alive, undaunted, glorious in his strength,  
They marvell'd and rejoiced, yet ask'd not aught,  
Other the labour then, nor suffer'd pause,  
The which the Bender of the silver bow  
And Ares pest to men and bloody Strife  
Bestirr'd amongst them.—But adverse array'd  
The Ajax-two and Diomed and brave  
Odysseus cheer'd the Danaans to the fight :  
Nor needed they the bidding, nor themselves 630  
Fear'd or the Trojan strength or Trojan shout ;  
But stood, like clouds, which on a windless noon  
Zeus hath bestrewn amid a mountain's peaks  
Motionless, whilst the might of Boreas sleeps,  
And all the blasts, which with tempestuous breath  
Scatter the cloudy vapours when they blow ;  
Thus stood unmoved the Danaans, undismay'd.

Through whom with strong behest Atrides went :  
' Be men, my friends, keep brave your hearts within.

Think of your honour in this deadly strife. 640

Who cling to honour fast, their lives are long ;  
Flight is but shame, nor will it 'vail men aught."

He spoke, and fiercely launchèd out his spear,  
And struck a vaward chief, Déicoön,  
Æneas' follower, and the son renown'd  
Of Pegasus, whom like to Priam's sons  
The people honour'd, ever first in arms.  
His shield did royal Agamemnon's spear  
Now strike, nor paused, but through it pass'd, and through  
The belt and navel to his belly pierced ; 650  
Who fell, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Two of the Danaan noblest then in turn  
Fell by Æneas, sons of Diocles,  
Orsilochus and Krothon. Passing-rich  
Their father dwelt in Phæra's crowded streets ;  
Whose generation from Alphæus came,  
The bounteous River, who through Pylos spreads ;  
For He begat Orsilochus, the king  
Of many folk around ; Orsilochus  
Begot brave Diocles ; from whom these two 660  
Orsilochus and Krothon had their birth,  
Both well expert in battle.—In their prime,  
Ardent to gather fame upon the cause  
Of Atreus' Sons, aboard their swift black barks  
They came to meadowy Ilion with the host ;  
And there Death, closing all, enwrapt them round.

As two young lions by their dam are nursed  
High mid a mountain's summits in the glens  
Of a deep forest, but anon descend  
Harrying fat sheep and oxen, ranging free 670  
The folds of men, till slain at last they fall  
By the sharp javelins in their enemies' hands ;  
Thus by Æneas overthrown those two  
Fell, and lay prone like lofty poplars hewn.

Their fall Atrides Menelaus mark'd  
And pitied, and betwixt the foremost strode  
Fullarm'd in flashing arms with brandish'd spear :  
Whose spirit fierce Ares kindled, yet at heart  
Meaning his death before Æneas' lance.

But Nestor's son Antilochus beheld 680  
And through the foremost made his way ; for much  
He fear'd for that brave Shepherd of the host,  
Lest aught of ill befall him ; such mishap  
Would beat them from the scope of all their toil.  
Therefore, whilst they stood face to face, with arms  
And pointed spears adverse, in act to throw,  
Antilochus to Menelaus' side  
Forced passage, and stood there : Æneas saw  
The two together, nor, though brave he was  
And strong, durst then assail them ; but secure 690  
They drew the bodies to the Achaian ranks,  
Gave the two wretched brothers to the hands

Of their own men, then turn'd to war again.

And first Pylæmenes they met and slew  
The Chieftain of the Paphlagonian troop.  
Spear-famèd Menelaus Atreus' son  
Pierced him with javelin striking in the neck ;  
Whilst Nestor's Son o'erthrew the charioteer  
Mygdon, Atymnius' son, a gallant wight,  
Striking him, as he wheel'd his horses round, 700  
With a huge stone upon the elbow's joint.  
The reins, with ivory bosses white their length,  
Slid 'twixt his fingers to the dusty earth ;  
Whilst close the other sprang and cleft his skull.  
Gasping for breath and headlong to the plain  
From the well-fashion'd car he dropt, yet show'd  
Some short while on his shoulders and his head  
Supported (for he lighted on deep sand)  
Till his steeds struck and laid him flat on earth.  
The steeds Antilochus drove then away. 710

Hector beheld them through the embattled lines  
And shouting moved toward them : in whose steps  
Follow'd Troy's legions strong, and at their head  
Ares and Queen Enyo ; by the hand  
Loud Tumult, shameless Sprite of war, She led ;  
Whilst Ares brandish'd giant spear, and ranged  
Now in the van of Hector, now behind.

Tydides knew him, and in awe retired ;  
As when some simple peasant-drudge afoot  
Halts in a wide plain's centre on the bank 720  
Of some swollen river hurrying to the main,  
He sees it murmuring up with threatening foam,  
And gets him well away ; so Tydeus' Son  
Retired, and to his host address'd him thus :

“ Marvel we often, friends, how Hector shows  
Brave man-at-arms and warrior flush'd with hope :  
But ever one or other of the Gods  
Stands by his side and guards away the death ;  
And yonder now is Ares there, in guise  
Of mortal man : I bid ye therefore yield ; 730  
Retire awhile, yet facing still the foe ;  
Nor venture battle with a God in arms.”

He spoke ; and nearer still the Trojans drew.

Then two together on one car fell slain  
By Hector, Mnesthes and Anchialus,  
Of prowess famed ; whom falling Ajax mark'd  
(The son of Telamon) and pitying sped  
Towards them, launching out a gleaming spear  
And striking Amphias son of Selagus  
Who dwelt in distant Pæsus. Rich was he 740  
By substance, rich by booty ; yet had Fate  
Brought him to war for Priam and his sons :  
Whom now great Ajax son of Telamon  
Struck in the girdle, and the shadowing lance

Into the belly through the navel pass'd.  
His arms around him clash'd ; and to his side  
Bright Ajax ran to strip him of his mail.  
Then down the Trojans rain'd a shower of spears,  
Sharp, glittering ; many on his shield he caught  
And gain'd the corse, and stamping with his heel 750  
Pluck'd back his own sharp spear ; but could not strip  
Aught of the other armour from the slain,  
So heavy bore the darts ; but fear'd himself  
To be encompass'd by the many brave,  
Who, spear in hand, press'd round him, and, despite  
His giant mould and might and high renown,  
Repell'd him, that, rough-shaken, back he fell.

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

Next on the godlike Chief Sarpedon's spear  
Fate, violent Fate, hurl'd brave Tlepolemus, 760  
The giant son of far-famed Hercules :  
For each approach'd the other—one, the Son,  
The other, the Son's Son, of Father Zeus ;  
Of whom Tlepolemus began address :  
" Sarpedon, Lycia's Counsellor and King !  
Why needs must thou, weak warrior as thou art,  
Travel so far to show a dastard here ?  
Falsely they name thee gotten of great Zeus :  
For much thou lack'st to be of count with those,  
Who in the generations of old time 770



From Zeus the Ægis-wielder drew their birth.  
Of sort far other Rumour still speaks clear  
My father Hercules, and his renown,  
Strong to endure, and of a lion's heart.  
He likewise came to Ilion (on behest  
To gain the horses of Laomedon)  
With six ships only, and a scantier host,  
Yet sack'd the town and widow'd all her streets.  
But *thou* art poor of heart ; thy people waste  
Uncared for ; nor shall Troy be help'd one whit,      780  
How strong soever thou may'st boast thyself,  
By this long journey ; since by me subdued  
This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass."

Sarpedon Lycia's King made answer thus :  
"Tlepolemus, thou sayest it. *He* destroy'd  
The sacred towers of Ilion, wrought thereto  
By the false folly of Laomedon,  
Who with ill words requited his good deeds,  
Nor render'd up the steeds for which he came.  
But not to thee such triumph ; but thy death,      790  
Death and black Fate predestined, shall be wrought  
By me this day ; and thou shalt render up  
Thy ghost to Hades, and to me renown."

Sarpedon spoke ; the while Tlepolemus  
Upraised his ashen spear. Together both  
They hurl'd the heavy lances from their hands.  
Sarpedon struck the neck ; the deadly point  
Pass'd through the slender throat ; and hideous night

Came shower'd around his eyes. Tlepolemus  
Struck the right thigh ; the point rush'd joyous through, 800  
Grazing the bone ; his life his Father saved.

And straight the godlike Chieftain's noble train  
'Gan draw him from the battle ; the long spear  
Trail'd heavy from the limb ; that spear had none  
Yet heeded, nor had thought from out the wound  
To pluck ; but all their care was on the car  
To lay him, and so hard were they bested.  
So on the other side his mailèd men  
'Gan bear the body of Tlepolemus.  
Which things divine Odysseus saw, and kept 810  
Steadfast his heart, though hotly burn'd his blood.  
Standing he ponder'd in his secret soul,  
Whether to press that wounded Son of Zeus,  
Or of the Lycian rout to take the lives.  
Not to Odysseus was the fame vouchsafed  
To slay a heav'n-sprung Son of mighty Zeus ;  
Whom therefore Pallas on the Lycians turn'd.  
Chromius, Alastor, Cœranus, he slew,  
Alcander, Prytanus, and Halieus ;  
And more had slaughter'd, had not Hector seen, 820  
Great Hector of the glancing helm, and swift,  
Full-arm'd in dazzling brass, through the throng strode  
A terror to the Danaans. As he came  
Nearer, Sarpedon saw him, and was joy'd,  
And faintly cried his name, and utter'd this :

“Suffer not, Son of Priam, that I lie  
Spoil to the Danaans ; save me from that shame ;  
Let what will come, come after, and my life  
Leave me within your city. Not for me  
Return to home or to my native land, 830  
To gladden there my wife and infant son.”

He ceased ; nor helmèd Hector spake reply,  
But by him dash'd, enkindled to repel  
The Argives, and to smite them hip and thigh.  
The noble comrades of the Lycian chief  
Then laid him 'neath the beauteous beech-tree's shade,  
To Zeus, the Ægis-bearer, dedicate ;  
And Pelagon, his brave companion dear,  
Thrust through the mouthèd wound the ash-spear out ;  
He swoon'd, and o'er his eyes came shower'd a mist ; 840  
Yet he recover'd, and around him blew  
A gale of Boreas, and to life refresh'd  
Recall'd him, gasping, sobbing, for his breath.

Meantime, by Hector and by Ares press'd,  
The Argives, neither routed tow'rd the fleet,  
Nor holding firm the battle, rearward still  
Withdrew them, knowing Ares with their foes.

Who first, who last, fell, done to bloody death,  
'Fore brazen Ares and 'fore Priam's Son ?  
Gallant Orestes, Teuthras, peer to Gods, 850  
Træchus, a warrior from Ætolia's hills,

The Son of Ænopus, brave Helenus,  
Ænomaüs, and, known by cincture bright,  
Oresbius ; he with heart on riches set,  
Erst dwelt in Thyle, neighbour to the lake  
Cephisus, and, hard by, Bœotia's tribes  
Dwelt with him, settled in a rich domain.

Here perceived them thus by Ares slain,  
And therefore to Athene turn'd, and said :  
    " Shame on us ! Child of Zeus, eternal born !      860  
Void is the word we pledged to Atreus' Son,  
To throw the walls of Ilion ere return,  
If thus infuriate through the field to range  
We suffer Ares. Forth then, forth with me,  
To show example of our olden might."  
Nor azure-eyed Athene disobey'd.

First Here, ancient Goddess, eldest-born  
Of mighty Kronos, to the gold-trapp'd steeds  
Turn'd and began their harness. Hebe there  
Upon the iron axle 'neath the car      870  
Slung the round wheels, eight-spoked, and wrought of brass :  
Their tires were incorruptible of gold ;  
But round within the gold ran brazen rims  
Apt to the spokes, a marvel to behold ;  
Of silver were the boxes either side ;  
By golden and by silvern thongs the car  
Was hung above the axle ; round it ran

A double rail ; and thence the pole outstretch'd  
Of silver, at the tip whereof she bound  
A jewell'd golden yoke, and strung therein 880  
The traces, likewise golden : 'neath the yoke  
Herè herself then brought the fleetfoot steeds  
Thirsting for battle and the cry to arms.

The while the Virgin Goddess, favour'd Child  
Of mighty Zeus, upon her father's floor  
Shower'd the delicate robe, the broidery soft  
Of her own hand, and in the stead thereof  
Attired her in a corslet, and to war  
Begirt her in the arms of heavenly Zeus.  
The fringèd Ægis round her shoulders first 890  
She threw—the dreaded Ægis, all enwreath'd  
With Terror ; Strife sits there enthroned, and Strength,  
And chilling Rout ; and there of feature grim,  
Portent of heavenly wrath, the Gorgon's head.  
Golden the helm she planted o'er her head,  
Four-crested, double-coned, of compass huge  
For the chosen champions of a hundred towns.  
Then to the fiery car she moved, and shook  
The beamy spear, wherewith She moweth down,  
Strong in her father's might, the embattled ranks 900  
Of heroes, upon whom her wrath hath fallen.

But Here with quick ardour o'er the steeds  
Leant with the lash ; heaven's gates with murmur moved

Spontaneous ; there the Hours are set in ward,  
Holding Olympus and broad Heaven in charge,  
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.  
This way, and through these gates, they prick'd their steeds.

On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak  
They found Kroneion from the Gods aloof ;  
And there the Goddess of the milkwhite arm 910  
Staying the steeds address'd her Lord supreme :

“ O Zeus, our Father ! Now on Ares' head,  
Visit with indignation the foul deeds  
Wherewith he hath so mightily oppress'd  
The Achaians, cruelly, of his own wild will,  
Against all order, and in my despite !  
Though Cypris haply and the Silver-bow  
Sit joying to have slipp'd upon the field  
This monster, recking of no reason's law.  
Be not thou anger'd therefore, though I smite 920  
And drive him with all ignominy thence !”

And thus the Ruler of the clouds replied :  
“ Against him take Athene, Queen of spoil,  
Who oft hath neighbour'd him to deadly pain.”

He spoke, nor white-arm'd Here disobey'd,  
But thong'd the steeds, nor loth they flew aloft,  
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky.  
Far as a man upon a headland's peak  
Looking across the dark wine-colour'd sea  
Can ken through aery distance with his eyne, 930

So far one spring of those high snorting steeds.

But when they gain'd the rivers near to Troy,  
Where Simois and Scamander join their streams,  
There white-arm Here stay'd them, from the yoke  
Loosed them, and shed a cloud of mist around,  
Whilst Simois bade them graze ambrosial herb.

But on together, wing'd like quivering doves,  
Eager to battle for the Argive host,  
Pallas and Here flew, and quick arrived  
Where round the manly might of Diomed 940  
Throng'd thickest stood the bravest, like for strength  
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars ;  
And loudly Here shouted, in the guise  
Of Stentor, for his brazen voice renown'd,  
Such voice as fifty others could not raise :  
    " Shame on ye ! Noble to the eye alone !  
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name !  
Of yore, when great Achilles came to war,  
Never beyond the Dardan gates durst Troy  
Adventure ; such the terror of his spear ; 950  
Now from the city to your fleet they range."  
She spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

But meantime to the side of Tydeus' Son  
The Maiden Goddess sprang, and found the Chief  
Standing hard by his horses and his car,

Cooling the sweat that Pandar's arrow gave ;  
For 'neath the broad belt of the orbèd shield  
The dew of his great labour pain'd him much :  
It pain'd him, and had wearied now his arm ;  
Therefore he lifted up the belt, and stood 960  
Staunching the black blood off. She laid her hand  
Upon the horses' yoke, and spake, and said :

“ Poor shows the son whom noble Tydeus gat,  
Tydeus, small-limb'd and slight, but brave in heart ;  
Who ev'n though I forbade him from the war  
And stay'd his love of onset (then, what time  
Alone in embassy he came to Thebes  
Amongst the sons of Cadmus gather'd strong),  
And though I bade him feast with them in peace,  
Yet of his prowess and his wonted heart 970  
Would challenge all to contest, and in all  
The contests proved the victor without pain :  
Such by his side I stood, and bare him through.  
And such by thee I stand, and guard thee safe,  
Prompting thee, might and main, against the foe.  
But either hath the labour to and fro  
Foredone thee, or thy heart hath sunk with fear.  
Not this the son to Ceneus' peerless Child.”

To whom made gallant Diomed reply :  
“ I know thee, who thou art, O Child of Zeus ; 980  
And tell thee therefore all, nor aught conceal.  
Not of my fear nor of misdoubt my heart  
Sinks, but I mind me of thine own behests :



Who badest refrain from moving 'gainst the Gods  
In battle, save one only ; but if She,  
If Zeus-born Aphrodite, came to war,  
Freely to wound her with my pointed spear.  
And for this cause myself have drawn me back,  
And bidden all the host in phalanx firm  
Likewise withdraw them hither ; for I saw  
Fierce Ares yonder in the war supreme "

990

And azure-eyed Athene made reply :  
" Tydides, thou in whom is my delight !  
Nor Ares, nor of all the Immortal race  
Fear any ; loyal to thy side I cleave.  
Yea, on this very Ares guide thy steeds.  
Strike a homestroke upon him ; reverence not  
A wild insensate Power, create of ill,  
False Traitor double-dyed ! who yesternorn  
To mine own self and Here pledged his faith  
To aid the Argives and assail their foes,  
Yet now, of those forgetful, fights for Troy."

1000

She spoke, and by the hand drew Sthenelus  
Backward from off the car ; adown he leapt  
Quick as the spoken word, and up the step  
The enkindled Goddess mounted to the side  
Of noble Diomed. Beneath the weight  
Groan'd loud the ashen axle ; for it bare  
A Goddess by a Hero. Thong and rein  
Athene seized and straight on Ares drave  
The hoovèd horses.—He just then had slain

1010

The giant Periphas, Ochoesius' son,  
The bravest of the Ætolian men-at-arms ;  
And was despoiling of the arms the corse ;  
Whilst Pallas donn'd the invisible helmet dark  
Of Hades, lest fierce Ares know her there.

But when the bloodstain'd Pest of men beheld  
Diomed so near, he left huge Periphas  
To lie where he had fall'n before his spear,  
And straight against the other moved in arms.  
They near'd each other on the field, and first 1020  
Across the yoke and reins fierce Ares cast  
A brazen spear, infuriate for his life.  
But azure-eyed Athene caught the spear  
With her own hand and turn'd it off the car  
To fall wide-darted. Next with brazen lance  
Brave to the battle-cry Tydides threw ;  
Athene lent her strength and drave the point  
Into the girdle, where the quilt is braced.  
Just there she struck him, biting through the skin,  
The heavenly skin, then back quick pluck'd the spear. 1030  
And loud blared Ares' bellow, loud as when  
Nine thousand or ten thousand men of war  
Uplift their voices in the shock of arms ;  
And Trojans and Achæians, all alike,  
Knew trembling ; such the roar of Ares rose.  
As showeth from the clouds a thick black mist,  
Bred of the vapourous heat by sultry winds,

Such brazen Ares show'd to Tydeus' Son,  
All in thick clouds, ascending up to heaven.  
Who straightway sought the Olympian throne of Gods, 1040  
There, sorely moaning, took his seat by Zeus,  
Show'd streaming from the wound the heavenly blood,  
And from a stricken heart complain'd, and said :

“ Father, beholding these fell deeds of wrong  
Waxest thou not in wrath ? For by the spite  
We each to other bear, and by the grace  
We do to man, we suffer endless harm ;  
And for this cause are all adverse to thee ;  
Who broughtest forth this Virgin, Fury fierce,  
Insensate, studious to all impious deed. 1050  
All else, who on Olympus have their homes,  
Obey thee, and are humbled to thy might ;  
Her only spar'st thou from rebuke or pain  
And loosest to her will ; because thyself  
Begatt'st her, most pernicious, thine own child.  
Now the haught son of Tydeus Diomed  
Furious against Immortals hath she raised.  
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist  
He wounded, and hath since, as if a God,  
Dared charge on me ; my swift feet bare me off, 1060  
Hidden away ; else truly had I borne,  
Fell'd down amongst the bodies of the dead,  
Long agonies, or lain in swoon perchance,  
Alive, but stricken senseless by his spear.”

To whom with stern-set brow his Father thus :

*Hath Mon been Son of any other God,*

---

BOOK V.]

*Homer's Iliad.*

153

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“ Not to my side, false Traitor, whining come.  
Most of the Olympians loathe I thee, whose care  
Is all of blood and battle, strife and death.  
On thee thy mother's mood accursed hath fallen,  
Still stubborn, insupportable, untamed, 1070  
Whom scarce by hardest words can I subdue :  
Yea, in thy suffering I behold her work.  
Yet will I bear not that thy anguish last ;  
My Child thou art, and of thy mother mine ;  
~~Ay, wert thou of another gotten Son,~~  
Long-since such ruinous Pest had fallen from Heaven.”  
He spoke, and bade Paæon tend his wounds ;  
Who spread his pain-beguiling balms, and heal'd  
His anguish ; not for Death was He create.  
As when within a vessel of white milk 1080  
A juice is stirr'd and makes coagulate  
The liquid, by the mingling fast congeal'd ;  
So quickly were the wounds of Ares closed.

And Hebe laved him, and in bright array  
Clothed him, who then by great Kroneion's side,  
Exultant of his glory, sate enthroned.

Likewise those others, Here, Argos' Queen,  
And Athenaiè Alalcomenis,  
Returning sate them in the hall of Zeus,  
After the let of Ares from the war. 1090



## Iliad VI

THUS was the field abandon'd of the Gods,  
The ringing battle left to mortal men.  
And hither, thither, o'er the plain, betwixt  
The streams of Simois and Xanthus, sway'd  
The tide of war ; and each on each aim'd fierce  
His steel-spiked spear. But giant Ajax first  
Up-towering brake the array of hostile Troy,  
Brake Troy, but cheer'd the hearts of his own men,  
Smiting a hero noblest born in Thrace  
The son of Eussorus, Acamas, 10  
A mighty man-at-arms. But him he smote  
Full on the vizor of the horse-plumed helm ;  
Piercing the brow and crashing through the skull  
Pass'd the brass-point ; and darkness veil'd his eyes.

And Diomed slew Axylus ; he the son  
Of Teuthranus, and in Arisbe dwelt,  
Rich of much substance, and beloved by men :  
Who had his house upon the roadside built,  
And welcomed all, who would, to enter there :  
But now was none to guard dark death away, 20

Or take that onset off him ; both fell slain,  
He, and his chariot's driver at his side,  
The brave Callesius—both by Diomed,  
And both together sinking to their graves.

Nor less Euryalus laid Dresus low  
And Ophelt, and thence turn'd to Pedasus  
And Æsep, brethren twins, whom of old time  
The Naiad-nymph Abarbareia bare  
Her offspring unto King Bucolion  
(Bucolion, whom his mother bastard bare, 30  
In secret, eldest to Laomedon).  
To him amongst his flocks the Naiad came,  
Met him, and yielded, and conceiv'd twins.  
Yet now their noble children's bright-mail'd limbs  
Were loosed beneath them by Mekistus' Son,  
Who straight 'gan strip the armour off the slain.

Likewise by warlike Polypoetes struck,  
Perish'd Astyalus ; and Pidytes  
Of Porcos by Odysseus' brazen spear,  
And royal Aretaon by the hand 40  
Of Teucer ; whilst Antilochus the son  
Of Nestor fell'd Ablerus with bright lance,  
And Agamemnon cast down Heletus  
(Who came from rocky Pedasus, beside  
The banks of Satnoeis' smooth gliding streams) ;  
And Hero Leitus o'ertook the flight

Of Phylax, and destroy'd him : also fell  
Melanthius, smitten by Eurypilus.

Then gallant Menelaus captive took  
Adrastus, for, distraught upon the plain, 50  
His steeds had dash'd against a tamarisk-trunk,  
And snapt the pole short on the curvèd car,  
And loose had gallop'd, whither all the host  
Were fleeing of their panic, toward the town.  
But from his seat their lord beside the wheel  
Lay headlong hurl'd, face downward in the dust ;  
O'er whom Atrides Menelaus stood,  
And cast the shadow of his spear upon him ;  
Adrastus clasp'd his knees and pray'd, and cried :  
    " Spare me, O Son of Atreus, spare my life ! 60  
And take of my redemption ample price ;  
Great substance hath my father, in whose halls  
Wrought iron and brass and gold are storèd up :  
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee,  
Then when he knows me captive in the fleet."

His prayer was winning path into the heart  
Of Menelaus, who perchance had given  
The captive to his squire to lead alive  
Back to the harbour of Achaia's barks ;  
But Agamemnon saw, and swiftly came 70  
Before him, and with shout upbraiding spake :  
    " Sparest thou the Trojans ? Menelaus, thou  
My brother ! Suits it thee to show this ruth ?



They dealt by thee forsooth so graciously,  
Thou needs must thus reward them ! Nay, let none  
Escape the bloody ruin that we bring ;  
Fighting or fleeing, perish all alike ;  
Mothers, and infants in the womb unborn !  
Perish from off the earth the accursèd race,  
Uncoffin'd, swallow'd up in endless night !" 80

Thus chode the King, and turn'd his brother's heart ;  
He thrust Adrastus off him, whom the King  
Smote thro' the flank, and backward dead he fell.  
Then, with heel stamp'd full on the dead man's chest  
The King pluck'd back his weapon.

Next rose loud

The voice of Nestor calling on the host :

" Heroes, my comrades, ye, who love the work  
Of Ares ! Now let no one lag to lay  
Hands on the spoil, or bear it to the fleet, 90  
To win a costlier portion to himself.  
Slay, slay ! so likewise shall ye reap the spoil,  
Gather'd, without disturb, from off the dead."

He spoke, and quicken'd every heart to war.

Thus had all Troy, with failing strength o'erborne,  
Once more up Ilion's steep before the host  
Of Argos' warrior-sons fled headlong driven,  
Had not the son of Priam, Helenus,  
Greatest of all her prophets, ta'en his stand  
By Hector and Æneas, thus to speak : 100

“Æneas! Hector! ye, the twain from whom  
The burthen of the commonweal of Troy  
And Lycia heaviest hangs; for ye, of all  
And through all haps, are best in word and deed;  
Halt now, and moving quick throughout the line,  
Here rally ye the people as they pause  
Before the city gates, or e'er their flight  
Cast them pell-mell into their mothers' arms,  
The mockery and the laughter of their foes.  
But, when ye so have quicken'd every rank,                   110  
We still will wage the battle as we may,  
Worn though we be to death; for sore the need.  
But go thou, Hectôr, to the city; there  
Seek her, who is my mother and thine own;  
And bid her gather in Acropolis  
A train of noble matrons to the shrine  
Of spoil-bestowing Pallas, there to ope  
With sacred key the sacred doors, and lay  
Across fair-hair'd Athene's knee the robe  
That is of amplest fold amongst her hoard,                   120  
Most precious, and most prized by her own self:  
Likewise there in that holy shrine to vow  
Blood-offering of twelve yearling heifer kine,  
Unbroken to the yoke; so may She show  
Her mercy on our city, and our wives,  
And children, and withhold from Ilion's towers  
This wondrous, ruthless, terrible-handed foe;  
Mightiest I deem him of Achaia's sons;

For not Achilles' self, whom goddess-born  
They boast, and prince of men, e'er fill'd our souls 130  
With panic like This Man, whose spirit flames  
Infuriate, nor in battle finds he peer."

Nor Hector disobey'd his brother's word ;  
Lightly from car to earth full-arm'd he leapt,  
And, waving high his spear, throughout the line  
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved :  
They rallied and against their foe stood firm ;  
The foe recoil'd and stay'd their hands from blood ;  
So marvellous in their eyes that rally show'd,  
Their thought was, that some God from starry heav'n 140  
Had dropt to rescue Troy. But Hector, ere  
Departure, shouted loud with cry to all :

" Now show ye of what mettle ye are bred !  
Stand fast ; be men ; mind ye of all your might ;  
The while I go to Ilion, there to bid  
The elders of the council and our wives  
Pray for us, and vow hecatombs to heaven."

Speaking, the hero of the glancing helm  
Departed ; at his ancles and his neck  
The black-tann'd hide, that ran the outward rim 150  
Round his orb'd shield, struck rattling as he sped.

Meantime the son of famed Hippolochus,  
Glaucus, and Diomed great Tydeus' son  
Met midway 'twixt the hosts ; and either knew  
His blood run burning in him for the fray.

M

ie which he bade him carry to the hand  
the father of Anteia—so to die.

went, but under heavenly conduct safe.

l when he came to Lycia's streams, the King  
re gave him welcome, and for nine full days

l feast, and in his honour slew nine bulls;

when the tenth rose-finger'd morning came,

uestion'd him, and craved to read, if aught

in gs from Anteia's spouse he bare ;

220

ok the evil cipher in reply :

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ll Chimæra ; She unearthly born ;

l goat's body, but a lion's head,

ragon from her waist ; and from her lips

reath was as the blast of flaming fire ;

yet with heavenly signs he met and slew.

in fulfilment of a second task,

ight the far-renownèd Solymi ;

ercest (so he said in after-days)

230

his battles : then the Amazons,

ie third task, he vanquish'd in their war.

ove the King another web of guile

t him thence returning, and selected

oravest in broad Lycia to be laid

nbush on the road whereby he went ;

whom not one return'd to tell the tale ;

iless in arms Bellerophon slew all.

en the King knew him sprung of Gods, his might

To whom the Son of famed Hippolochus :  
"Why would Tydides of my birth enquire ?  
The race of man is ev'n as the race of leaves ;  
The wind sheds some to the ground ; but others bud  
Fresh on the tree, and multiply at spring ;  
So some fair lines bud fresh, but others die.  
But, wouldst thou have this knowledge, hear, and learn 190  
The famous generation of my race.  
In horse-abounding Argos stands withdrawn  
The town of Ephyrè ; and there was bred  
Sisyphus, of the race of Æolids,  
The sagest of mankind ; he gat a son,  
Glaucus ; and he begat Bellerophon ;  
Bellerophon, the peerless, and endow'd  
With a most perfect manhood by the Gods ;  
But Prætus being the mightier in those days,  
And throned in Argos by the hand of Zeus, 200  
Wrought him much hurt, and drave him from the land :  
Whose lovely wife Anteia had cast her eyes  
On the fair youth, and woo'd him to her lust ;  
Yet might not so beguile Bellerophon :  
Wherefore with feignèd lips she spake, and said :  
"Die, Prætus, thine own self, or slay this youth,  
*Who hath desired thy wife, to lie with her.*"  
She spoke, and wrath possess'd the King, who heard ;  
Who yet had scruple to betray a guest  
In his own house ; and therefore sent him thence 210  
To Lycia, with a folded scroll of ill,

The which he bade him carry to the hand  
O' the father of Anteia—so to die.  
He went, but under heavenly conduct safe.  
And when he came to Lycia's streams, the King  
There gave him welcome, and for nine full days  
Held feast, and in his honour slew nine bulls;  
Till, when the tenth rose-finger'd morning came,  
He question'd him, and craved to read, if aught  
Of tidings from Anteia's spouse he bare ; 220  
He took the evil cipher in reply :  
Whereat he bade him first go forth to slay  
The fell Chimæra ; She unearthly born ;  
A wild goat's body, but a lion's head,  
And dragon from her waist ; and from her lips  
The breath was as the blast of flaming fire ;  
Whom yet with heavenly signs he met and slew.  
Then, in fulfilment of a second task,  
He fought the far-renownèd Solymi ;  
The fiercest (so he said in after-days) 230  
Of all his battles : then the Amazons,  
For the third task, he vanquish'd in their war.  
Yet wove the King another web of guile  
About him thence returning, and selected  
The bravest in broad Lycia to be laid  
In ambush on the road whereby he went ;  
Of whom not one return'd to tell the tale ;  
Peerless in arms Bellerophon slew all.  
Then the King knew him sprung of Gods, his might

Divine, and held him there, and gave to him 240  
His daughter, with her, half his realm and state :  
Whose people portion'd out a rich demesne,  
Land of their best and vintage—there to dwell.  
Three children to her warlike lord she bare,  
Laodamia, and Hippolochus,  
And brave Isander. Zeus himself espoused  
The fair Laodamia ; and she bore  
Sarpedon, now broad Lycia's helmèd Chief.  
Yet ev'n Bellerophon before his death  
Grew hateful to the Gods ; and thenceforth driven 250  
Desolate, and away from human path,  
And eating out his heart, he roam'd the waste  
Named of his wanderings to this day. Whose son,  
Isander, fell by Ares' bloody scourge  
In battle with the glorious Solymi ;  
And the fair sister perish'd by the wrath  
Of golden-quiver'd Artemis transpierced.  
Sole of the race Hippolochus survives,  
And of his loins I boast me to be sprung ;  
Who oft, what time he sent me forth to Troy, 260  
Would charge me, how my birth lays most on me,  
Still to outshine all others, and excel ;  
And still to keep unshamed the old renown  
Of my great fathers, peerless through the breadth  
Of Lycia, and in Ephyrè of yore.  
Such is my lineage ; this the blood I boast.”  
He spoke, and gladden'd Diomed, who heard,



And, hearing, pitch'd his spear erect in earth,  
And gently thus bespake the Lycian chief :

“ By old hereditary right I claim 270

Thee friend to me ; for Æneus of old time  
With welcome entertain'd within his halls  
Bellerophon, the peerless, twenty days.

Fair pledge of hospitable tie they took  
Each from the other : Æneus girdle gave  
Radiant of purple tinct ; Bellerophon

A golden chalice with a double cup,  
Safe still within my palace, ere I left.

But Tydeus I remember not, nor knew ;

I was but infant when he went to stay 280

Achaia's rout round Thebes. Be thou my friend

Therefore in Lycia when perchance I come,

And I am thine in Argos. Likewise here

Let each the other shun amid the throng.

Many of these far nations and of Troy,

Cast on my sword by heaven, or in their flight

O'ertaken, I can slay without a pang ;

So too slay thou of Argos whom thou mayst.

Rather let us make interchange of gift,

Thy arms for mine ; so all the host shall know 290

Us friends, even as our fathers were before us.”

Thus spake those two, and springing to the ground

Each grasp'd the other's hand and pledged his faith.

So blind was Glaucus, witless for the while,

Stricken by father Zeus, he changed away

To Diomed his armour—gold for brass ;  
A hundred oxen worth, for worth of nine !

Meantime great Hector on his hest had pass'd  
The beech-tree, and up through the Scæan gates ;  
Round whom the wives and daughters of the host      300  
Ran, asking of their husbands or their sons,  
Their brethren or their kindred ; each in turn  
He told, and bade her pray for them to heaven.  
Many were they, on whom some sorrow had fallen.  
But quick he sought the palace of the King,  
Porch'd with smooth pillars and exceeding fair.  
In it were fifty chambers, roof to roof,  
Built close of polish'd marble, and therein  
The fifty sons of Priam wont to lie ;  
And face to face with these were other twelve      310  
For the King's daughters ; there were wont to lie  
Their husbands by the daughters of the King ;  
Thence came his gentle mother forth to greet him,  
And led with her Laodicè, of all  
Her house the fairest : there she met her son,  
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :  
    " Why com'st thou thus, my child, and leav'st the fray ?  
Well know I that Achaia's baneful sons  
Press ye around the city nigh to death.  
Perchance thy heart hath prompted thee to come,      320  
And off the summit of the citadel  
Lift high thy hands in prayer to Father Zeus.

Yet for a while here tarry, till I bring  
Sweet draught of wine ; that thereof thou mayst pour  
Libation unto all the Powers of heaven,  
And, after, drink thyself, and be refresh'd ;  
For wine is strength unto a wearied man,  
And thou art wearied for thy brethren's sake."

To her the Hero of the glancing helm :  
" My mother, not for me draw tempting wine ;      330  
Lest I be slacken'd through my limbs and nerve.  
Nor durst I with unwashen hands pour forth  
Libation of bright wine to Father Zeus.  
From me, thus spatter'd o'er with dust and blood,  
No worship may proceed to his high throne !  
But thou go up with all thine aged train  
Of matrons bearing offerings to the shrine  
Of spoil-bestowing Pallas ; and, what robe  
May be of amplest fold amongst thy hoard,  
Most precious and most prized by thine own self,      340  
That lay across bright-hair'd Athene's knee ;  
Likewise make vow to offer heifers twelve,  
Yearlings, to yoke unbroken ; so may She  
Have mercy on the city and our wives  
And children, and withhold from Ilion's towers  
The ruthless terrible hand of Tydeus' Son.  
Do thou thus take thee to Athene's shrine,  
Whilst I will seek and summon to the war  
Paris, if haply he will hear my call ;  
For whom I would that earth would ope her jaws,      350

And take him in for ever ; rear'd by heaven  
To be a curse to Priam and his sons,  
And a most deadly ruin to all Troy !  
Could I behold him sinking to his death,  
My heart might for a while forget these woes !”

He ceased ; she went again within and call'd  
Her handmaids, to haste forth throughout the town,  
And summon train of matrons ; but herself  
Enter'd the fragrant closet, where were shut  
Fair robes of rich embroidery, enwrought 360  
By women of soft Sidon, ravish'd thence  
By Paris in his voyage o'er the seas  
With Helen, from her great forefather's shores.  
From these now Hecuba uplifting one,  
Of amplest fold and loveliest broidery,  
That glitter'd 'mongst its fellows like a star,  
Of all the wardrobe freshest, bare it forth  
An offering to Athene ; then she made  
Procession, and the matrons with her moved.  
They gain'd the upper city and the shrine ; 370  
To whom fair-faced Theano oped the doors,  
Theano, brave Antenor's wife, and born  
In Cisse, priestess now ordain'd in Troy.  
There all in lamentation toss'd their hands  
Before the Goddess ; but the priestess took  
And laid across Athene's knee the robe,  
And pray'd the mighty daughter of high Zeus :  
“ O Thou, who savest cities, hear, oh hear !

Athene, Queen of Heaven, most adored !  
And break the spear of Diomed, and grant                   380  
Before the Scæan gates his utter fall :  
So vow we at thine altar heifers twelve,  
Yearlings, to yoke unbroken ; so but Thou  
Have mercy on our children and our homes."  
They spake ; but Pallas wrathful frown'd, unmoved.

And, whilst the matrons and their queen made prayer,  
Hector had gain'd the shining palace, rear'd  
By Alexander with the artificers  
Most cunning of their craft in wealthy Troy.  
There had they built fair chamber, hall, and court,                   390  
For dwelling of their prince, i' the upper town,  
Hard by the homes of Hector and the King.  
And there the hero much beloved of Zeus  
Now enter'd ; in his hand a spear he held  
Of length eleven ells, and far the point  
Before him gleam'd, of brass, but where it join'd  
The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.  
He found him studying in his home secure  
The beauty of his mail, and brightening gay  
The shield and hauberk, and his bended bow ;                   400  
While midmost of her maidens Helen sate  
There with him, ordering all their lovely tasks.  
Hector beheld and bitter spake reproach :  
" Up, up, my brother ! shame on this thy mood !  
Lo round the city all beneath the walls

The people perish, battling for thy sake  
For thee, for thee are all these ringing cries.  
I well believe that, if thou e'er beheld  
Another skulking thus from mortal fray,  
Thyself wouldst strike him down. Up then, and help, 410  
Lest Troy soon know the scorch of flaming fire !”

Whom godlike Alexander answer'd thus :  
“ My brother, just thy chide, nor passeth bounds ;  
Therefore I freely make confession to thee ;  
Hear me, and ponder all, and grant me grace.  
’Tis not of sullen mood or temper high,  
Or shame of Troy, that here I sit withdrawn ;  
But that I may awhile give grief full way.  
And now my wife had turn’d me from these thoughts  
With gentle words, and bade me forth to war ; 420  
Which likewise seems to me the better part,  
For victory shifteth oft from man to man.  
Then tarry, till I don my warlike mail ;  
Or go ; I follow and shall quick o’ertake.”

He spoke ; nor Hector deign’d to him reply ;  
Whom Helen then with sweet address bespake :

“ O Brother ! shamèd woman that I am !  
Outcast and loathed of men, and pest to all !  
Would, would that, when my mother gave me birth,  
Some whirling wind had swept me far away 430  
Naked upon a hill, or plunged me deep  
Into the roaring waves, and there a wave  
Had drown’d me, ere these woes could come to pass !

Or, if indeed the Gods ordain'd these ills  
To fall upon my life, yet would a man  
Of nobler sort had found me—one with heart  
To feel the shame and all the wide dishonour ;  
But this man's soul not now continueth,  
Nor ever will continue on one stay ;  
Haply there is a harvest for such heart ! 440  
But enter thou, my brother ; on this seat  
Rest thee ; for still of all the heaviest care  
Hath girt thee round with sorrows for the sake  
Of shamèd Helen, and the lust accursed.  
So sad the fate that Zeus hath laid upon us,  
'Twill serve undying song to after times."

To her bright-helmèd Hector gave reply :  
" Loving thou art, fair Helen, and of love  
Thine offer ; but thou mov'st me not to rest. •  
My heart is in the battle with my host, 450  
Who now have longing of mine absent arm.  
Rather do thou uprouse thy mate, that he  
May likewise haste, and quick o'ertake my step,  
Or e'er I leave the city. For I first  
Shall go to mine own home, that I may see  
My dearest—with my infant son my wife.  
For how know I, that I shall e'er return,  
Nor fall, of Gods o'erwhelm'd by Argive hand ?"

Speaking, the hero left her there, and gain'd  
Swiftly his palace and his numerous house, 460  
But sought white-arm'd Andromache in vain ;

For with her babe and one rich-robèd maid  
High on the watch-tower had she taken her stand,  
Sobbing the while, and breaking into tears ;  
But when he found not there his spotless wife,  
He went and stood upon the threshold stone  
And spake amongst her handmaids :

“ Tell me true,

Ye maidens, on what hest Andromache  
Went forth from home : on visit to the house      470  
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife ?  
Or wending to the shrine where other dames  
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power ? ”

To whom the matron of the maids replied :  
“ O Hector, for thou bidd'st us tell thee true,  
Know, that nor on a visit to the house  
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife,  
Nor wending to the shrine where other dames  
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power,  
But straight to Ilion's watch-tower hath she sped ;      480  
For that she heard that Troy was pressèd hard,  
And great the mastery of Achaia's sons ;  
Therefore she rush'd forth to the battlements,  
Most like a Mænad, with a bursting heart ;  
And with her went the nurse, and bare the child.”

The matron spoke ; and Hector straight rush'd back  
By the same road, adown the well-built streets,  
Till thridding all the city he arrived  
Before the Scæan gates, through which his path



Would be anon to battle on the plain. 490  
But there his wife came hasting back to greet him,  
Andromache, the daughter dowried rich  
By her brave father, ev'n Æetion  
Who 'neath the wooded hill of Placos ruled  
O'er the Cilicians in Cilician Thebes ;  
His daughter helmèd Hector had to wife.

She met him ; with her moved a maid, and bare  
The infant son of Hector, babe in arms,  
His only child, fair as a single star ;  
Whom first his father named Scamandrius, 500  
But all the people call'd Astyanax,  
" *Prince of the City* ;" for by Hector stood  
Ilion, by him alone, else soon to fall.  
Silent, he stood, and smiling on his child ;  
But near him, all in tears, Andromache  
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :  
" Hector ! This daring needs must be thy death ;  
Nor tak'st thou thought of this thine infant son,  
Nor me, thy wife most pitiable, to live  
Thy widow ; for the foe shall soon assail 510  
And slay thee at some vantage. Oh for me,  
Better, forlorn of thee, to die forthwith !  
For, when thou on thyself hast brought thy fate,  
No other comfort can be in this world.  
Nor father nor dear mother live to me ;  
My father fleet Achilles slew, and sack'd

The city of Cilicia, lofty Thebes ;  
Yea, slew Æetion my father there ;  
Yet honour'd, nor despoil'd him of his arms,  
But laid him, all in harness, on a pyre, 520  
And heap'd high mound above his urn ; the nymphs,  
The heavenly Oreads, set elms around.  
Seven brothers once were in my home ; but all  
That day departed, whence is no return ;  
There, mid their slow-paced herds and fleecy flocks,  
Together by the fleetfoot hero slain.  
My mother, erst a queen on Placos' mount,  
He bore away, with all else, spoil and prey,  
Yet for some priceless ransom set her free,  
Vainly. She fell by shaft of Artemis. 530  
But, Hector, all in thee they yet survive ;  
Father, and mother, and brethren, thou to me,  
All, more than all—the husband of my heart !  
Have pity, therefore, and remain within ;  
Lest this thy child thou render fatherless,  
And me thy wife a widow. Nay—behind  
Yon figtree, where th' ascent with lowest wall  
Slopes gentlest, there now station thine array.  
Thrice hath the flower o' their force assail'd thee there.  
The Ajax twain, and brave Idomeneus, 540  
And Atreus' sons, and gallant Diomed,  
Know and have led against it—taught the spot,  
Or by wise seer, or by their own brave hearts.”  
To her the hero of the glancing helm :

“Yea, wife ; and all thy cares are mine. But shame—  
Women and men alike would cry me shame,  
If I recoil’d a craven from the war.  
Nor doth my heart so prompt me. Rather have I  
Train’d myself ever to be foremost, brave  
Amongst the bravest, so to keep unstain’d 550  
My father’s glorious name, and win mine own.  
But, oh, too well and deeply I forebode !  
The day must come, when Ilion’s sacred towers,  
Priam, and Priam’s kingdom, needs must fall.  
Woe then to Troy ! woe, woe to Hecuba !  
And to my father and my brethren brave,  
Trampled in dust beneath their foes ! yet not  
The thought of all their woe so weigheth on me  
As thought of thee ; then when some mailèd chief  
Shall bear thee weeping off, and close for aye 560  
The light of freedom from thee, soon to weave  
In Argos task’d at alien loom, or bear  
From Hypereia or Messeia’s fount  
Burthen—most loth ; but fate constrains thee sore :  
And seeing tear upon thy cheek, some churl  
May taunt thee—‘ *Lo, the wife of Hector, erst  
Bravest of all Troy’s chiefs, when battle raged  
Round Ilion !* ’—and upon his taunt thy tears  
Shall flow afresh, to think that thou art lorn  
Of him who should have saved thy slavery. 570  
For oh, may I be fathoms deep in clay,  
Or e’er I hear thy cries, or know thee torn away !”

*The father smiled ; the mother laugh'd aloud ;*

He ceased, and stretch'd his arms to take his child,  
But, startled by the dazzle of his mail,  
And frighted by the horsehair plumes above,  
Nodding a terrible nod from topmost crest,  
The babe shrank nestling backward with a cry.  
~~The father and the mother laugh'd aloud ;~~  
But Hector quickly bared his head and laid  
The glittering helm upon the ground, then took 580  
The child, and toss'd him to and fro, and pray'd :

“ Grant to me, all ye heavenly Powers, that this  
My child may be, as I, far-famed in Troy,  
Valiant, as I, and rule with might the people ;  
That all may cry when he returns from war—  
*‘ The son is nobler than the sire ;’* and he,  
Bearing the blood-stain'd spoils of warrior slain,  
May make his mother's heart to leap for joy.”

He spoke, and gave the infant to the hands  
Of his loved wife. She to her fragrant bosom 590  
Press'd it, and smiled betwixt her tears ; but pity  
Fell upon Hector watching her ; he laid  
A gentle hand upon her, saying soft :

“ My dearest, mourn not for me overmuch.  
My span of life hath been allotted to me ;  
Of this be sure, no man can cut it short.  
But never breathed, or be he brave or base,  
Who 'scaped the death ordain'd from his birth.  
But go thou home ; there occupy thy thought  
With old familiar duty, distaff, loom, 600

She gain'd her home and handmaids, and in all  
Awoke the spirit of grief. Though still unscathed,  
~~In his own house they mourn'd as he were dead,~~

BOOK VI.]

*Homer's Iliad.*

177

And lay their daily tasks upon thy maids.  
Man's duty still is war; and, of all men  
Troy-born, that duty lies on me supreme."

Speaking, the hero lifted from the earth  
The horse-plumed helm, whilst homeward moved his wife  
~~Out looking back, fresh tear upon her cheek.~~  
~~Ere long she gain'd his palace, and within~~  
~~Encounter'd train of handmaids, and in all~~  
~~Awoke the spirit of grief. He lived, yet then~~  
~~In his own house they mourn'd him dead, for deep~~ 610  
~~Despair of all escape or safe return~~  
~~From dread Achaian war was at their hearts.~~

Nor Paris in his palace tarried long;  
But clad himself in bright enamell'd arms,  
And paced the city, proud of step and speed.  
As, when a stall'd horse hath snap'd his bonds,  
Fresh from the manger, pawing earth, and wont  
To bathe him in the flowing river near,  
He scours the plain, with head uptoss'd and proud  
Prance; and his mane streams from his shoulder; while  
With sense of his own beauty, swift he speeds [620  
Straight to the haunts and pastures of the mares;  
So Paris down the steep of Pergamus  
Ran fleet, full-arm'd, far blazing like the sun,  
Laughing aloud for joy and pride; and came  
Sudden on Hector, turning from the spot  
Where he but now had bid his wife farewell;

N

*So little hope had they within their hearts,  
That from that battle he could ever return.*

Whom Paris, graceful as a God, address'd :

“ Pardon me, brother ; I have held **thee** here,  
Burning to go, nor hasten'd as thou **bad'st**.” 630

To whom the hero of the glancing helm :

“ Brother, thou hast the gift of **strength** ; nor may  
Just judge deem lightly of **thy** derring-do.

Thou failest only in the **will**, and deep

My heart is anguish'd, **when** I hear in Troy

Reproach of **thee**, **sole** source of all our woe.

But let us forth ; **and**, if in after-days

(This leaguer of Achaia wide dispersed)

Zeus grant **that** still in freedom we may make

In our **own** homes libation to the Gods, 640

We shall not wrangle on thy courage more.”

## Iliad VIII

SO speaking, bright-arm'd Hector lightly sprang,  
And Alexander with him, through the gates ;  
And either's heart was burning to the war.  
As unto seamen, long in hope, and spent  
With weariness of labour on the oar,  
Lashing the deep, and fainting with fatigue,—  
Fair falls the breeze, at last by heaven vouchsafed ;  
So welcome unto Troy those chieftains came.

Who slew—first Paris slew Menesthius, son  
Of royal Arëithoüs, who dwelt 10  
In Arne ; him a lovely mother bare,  
Philomedusa to Arëithoüs  
The Club-man, of his giant club surnamed.  
But Hector struck Æeion in the nape,  
Under the brasswrought rim around his helm,  
Loosening his limbs ; whilst Glaucus Lycia's chief  
Son of Hippolochus smote Dexius' son  
Iphinous in the rout, as up his car  
He leapt, and pierced his shoulder ; from the car  
Prone on the earth with loosen'd limbs he dropt. 20

But azure-eyed Athene saw them thus  
Destroying in the fight the Argive host,  
Nor tarried, but to Ilion's sacred towers  
Descended from Olympus ; not unmark'd  
By Phœbus, who to meet her left the place  
Whereon he sate in Pergamus, and gazed  
Across the field, and will'd success to Troy.  
Under the beech-tree each the other met,  
And Zeus-born Phœbus first address'd her thus :

“ Hast thou again, O Child of Zeus most high, 30  
Descended from Olympus in this haste  
And of thine own fierce longing to incline  
The triumph to the Danaans ? Well I know  
Thou feel'st no ruth for all the deaths of Troy.  
Yet take this better counsel from my lips ;  
Consent we yet for one day more to stay  
This battle and this bloodshed ; though thenceforth  
(Since to you Goddesses it seems so dear  
To wipe fair Ilion clean from off the earth)  
They cease not, till the end of Troy be found.” 40

Whom azure-eyed Athene answer'd thus :  
“ Let it be so, Farsmiting Power of heaven !  
For with the selfsame thought myself have come  
Descending from Olympus. Speak, and say,  
Therefore ; how wouldst thou that we stay the war ?”

And Zeus-born Phœbus spake in answer thus :  
“ If we arouse in noble Hector's heart  
A spirit to challenge the Danaans, man by man,



In single fight against him to the death,  
Indignant then their mailfrook'd host will send 50  
A champion forth to meet him in the lists."  
Nor azure-eyed Athene made dissent.

Then Helenus, King Priam's son, the seer,  
Had knowledge in his heart of that device  
Which pleased the Gods in council ; therefore straight  
Approach'd brave Hector and address'd him thus :

" Hector, for wisdom peer to very Zeus !

I pray thee, Priam's son, to hark my word,  
Thy brother's word. I bid thee make all else, 60  
Troy and Achaia, seat them down alike ;  
But challenge thou the bravest of their host  
Against thee to the death, and hand to hand ;  
For not to thee 'tis fated yet to fall ;

This from the voice of heavenly Gods I heard."

He spoke ; and Hector's heart leapt high for joy :

Into the centre 'twixt the hosts he push'd  
With spear grasp'd half-way down the staff, and check'd  
The Trojans, till they all had sate them down.

The Achaians to the hest of Atreus' Son

Likewise took seat : whilst on the lofty tree 70  
(The beech-tree dedicate to Father Zeus),

Even as crookbeakèd birds on branches perch,  
Athene and the Bender of the bow

Sate, in the sight delighting. Thick the hosts,  
With shivering edge of shield and plume and spear

(When Zephyr rises fresh, like shiver runs  
Along the face of Ocean, but the depths  
Lie blackening thick below it) : such those ranks,  
The legions of Achaia and of Troy,  
Show'd, sitting ; whilst betwixt them Hector spake : 80

“ Hear me, O Trojans ; hear me, ye our foes ;  
As my heart bids within me, so I speak.  
Not to our wish hath great Kroneion wrought ;  
But ill he works to both, and ill will show  
Constant, till ye have ta'en the towers of Troy,  
Or fallen beside your galleys whelm'd by us.  
There stand amongst you the best men-at-arms  
Throughout Achaia ; let who will of these,  
Whose heart soever ventures to this call,  
Come forth, and meet the might of Hector here : 90  
And Zeus be witness to the terms we make ;  
If his spear prove victorious, let him strip  
My armour off, and bear it to the fleet,  
But render back my body to my home,  
That there the Trojans and their long-robed wives  
May grant the dues of funeral to the dead.  
Or, if Apollo grant to me the boast  
To slay him, in like manner I will strip  
And bear his arms to Ilion's sacred towers,  
To hang them trophied in Apollo's shrine ; 100  
But in like manner also shall his corse  
Be render'd up, and carried to the fleet,  
There to receive its funeral at the hands

Of Argos' fairhair'd chieftains : who perchance  
Shall heap a mound ; and it shall show afar  
O'er the broad Hellespont ; and men shall sail  
Hereafter those wine-colour'd waves, and say :

*' Yonder an Argive hero lies, of old  
Their bravest, and by glorious Hector slain.'*

So be it ; and my fame shall never die." 110

He spoke ; but all awhile in silence sate,  
Blush'd to decline, and yet the challenge fear'd ;  
Till Menelaus rose at last, and heaved  
A bitter groan, and thus reproachful spake :

" Alas, word-valiant ! women, men no more !  
Shame be upon us, if no Danaan rise  
To meet the call of Hector to this field.  
Pests on you ! Be your blood to water turn'd,  
Your bones to dust be rotted, where ye sit,  
Faint-hearted dastards, void of honour all ! 120  
Myself will arm against him ; for the ends  
Of battle lie above in Heavenly hands."

He ended ; and began to don his mail.

Thereafter, Menelaus, had the close  
Of thy dear life been manifestly shown  
By arm of Hector, mightier much than thou ;  
Had not the chieftains starting to their feet  
Withheld thee there, and Agamemnon first,  
Thy brother, ev'n the sovran Atreus' Son,  
Caught thy right hand, and spake thy name, and said : 130

"Thou ravest, Menelaus ; not to thee  
 Belongs such folly. Rather hide the chafe  
 In thine own heart, nor of the start of spleen  
 Seek to encounter in a single fight  
 Great Priam's Son, a mightier far than thou.  
 The greatest, even Achilles, stronger much  
 Than thou art, shudder when they encounter him.  
 Withdraw thee therefore, seat thee in the ranks ;  
 For Hector other champion soon will show.  
 Dauntless, and sateless though he be in arms,  
 Yet shall he rest at eve a wearied limb  
 Most blithely, if with life at all he scapes  
 The fierce encounter of this perilous day."

The Hero spoke, and turn'd his brother's heart  
By admonition apt ; and he obey'd,  
From whom his followers gladly took the arms.

Then Nestor rose amongst the host, and said :  
 " Oh, shame ! Affliction heavy on the land !  
 Deeply would this the agèd Peleus grieve,  
 Of Myrmidonia Counsellor and King, 150  
 Who one day in his palace question'd me  
 Asking the generation of the birth  
 Of all these Chiefs, and joy'd in my recount ;  
 Yet, if he knew them flutter'd thus by fear  
 Of Hector, straight would spread his hands to heaven,  
 Praying that he might yield his ghost forthwith.  
 Hear me, Athene, Phœbus, Father Zeus !

Would I were young, as when upon the banks  
Of rapid Celadon, beside the walls  
Of Pheia, near the stream Iordanus, 160  
The Pylians with the Arcadian spearmen fought.  
The godlike Ereuthalion then came forth,  
Arcadia's champion, and about him bare  
The armour of the King Arëithoüs.  
The men and well-girt women of old time  
Gave to Arëithoüs the name renown'd  
Of Club-man, for his club ; for not with bow  
Nor flying javelin, but with iron club  
He wont to fight, and break his foes' array :  
Yet Lycaorgus slew him at the last, 170  
By guile, not strength at all ; who fell upon him  
In a strait pathway, where the iron club  
Avail'd not to defend him ; there he met,  
Forestall'd him, and transfix'd him through the waist  
With a long spear, that prone on earth he lay.  
So first he gain'd those splendid arms his spoil,  
The gift of brazen Ares.—Long in war  
He bore them, and, when waxing old himself,  
Gave them by Ereuthalion to be borne  
His dear attendant. And therein array'd 180  
Did Ereuthalion then take stand before us,  
And challenged forth our bravest ; yet for fear  
All trembled, nor durst any make reply,  
Till mine own steadfast spirit raised me up  
To stand against his daring ; though in years

I was the youngest there, yet in fair fight  
I met him, and Athene bare me through.  
Strong though he was, I strew'd him on the earth,  
A giant bulk outstretching many a rood.  
Oh for that youth, that olden strength, once more, 190  
Not long should helmèd Hector lack his foe !  
The bravest of Achaia all are here ;  
Hath none among you heart to meet this man ? ”

The Elder chode ; and nine in all arose :  
Of whom was Agamemnon first, the King ;  
Next unto him was Diomed, Tydeus' son ;  
Then in their raiment of strength the Ajax-two ;  
Idomeneus the fifth ; and, Ares-like,  
Rose with Idomeneus Meriones ;  
With these Eurypilus, Evemon's son, 200  
Ætolian Thoas, and brave Odysseus.  
To noble Hector nine would fain have gone,  
When thus Gerenian Nestor spoke anew :  
“ By lot be chosen, who shall gain the day ;  
And much shall he delight this mailèd host  
And much his own brave heart, if safe he comes  
From out this bloody battle's grievous strife.”

He spoke ; and on his lot each put his mark,  
And threw it into Agamemnon's casque ;  
The while with outspread hands the people pray'd, 210  
And men uplooking to broad heaven would say :  
“ Vouchsafe, O Father Zeus, to Tydeus' Son,  
Or Ajax, or Mycenæ's King, the lot.”

They spoke ; whilst agèd Nestor shook the helm,  
And out the lot according to their wish  
Leapt, ev'n the lot of Ajax. Through the throng  
A herald bare it, and from right to left  
Display'd it to the chieftains ; one by one  
Refused it, knowing not the mark thereon :  
But, when in passage through the throng he gain'd 220  
Him who had mark'd it ere 'twas in the helm,  
Great Ajax held outstretch'd an open palm ;  
Into his palm the herald threw the lot :  
He look'd, and knew his mark, and, much rejoiced,  
Threw it to earth beside his foot, and spake :

“ Friends, friends ! The lot is mine, and blithe am I,  
Who think to vanquish Hector in these lists.  
But while I clothe me in my mail of war,  
Offer ye up your prayers to Kronos' Son,  
Silently, in your hearts, lest Troy should hear— 230  
Or loudly all—what fear have we of men ?  
The man breathes not, to drive me into flight,  
Or match me in the art of warlike fence :  
I was not born, I trow, nor rear'd in arms  
In Salamis, to be a weakling here ! ”

He spoke ; to Father Zeus they made their prayers,  
And men, uplooking to broad heaven, would say :

“ O Thou, who rul'st in Ida, Father Zeus,  
Supreme, most glorious ! Grant, we beg, this day  
Victory to Ajax and a noble name : 240  
Or, if for Hector be thy love so great,

Like strength, like glory, be on both bestow'd."

They spoke ; whilst Ajax arm'd him in bright brass.

Who soon with dazzling mail around him girt  
Uprose, gigantic, vast, as Ares looms  
Striding to war with feeble men, whom Zeus  
Hurls on such grievous combat to their death ;  
So dread and vast and towerlike Ajax loom'd,  
Smiling with visage grim, and striding on  
With step gigantic, shaking beamy spear. 250  
The Argives joy'd, beholding him so strong  
Their champion ; but the Trojans felt each man  
Tremble his limbs, and even in Hector's breast  
The heart 'gan flutter ; nathless then retire  
He could not, nor withdraw within the ranks,  
Who gave himself the challenge. Nearer yet  
Drew Ajax, and advanced in front his shield,  
Plated of brass, and of seven stout bull-hides wrought,  
A tower of strength, by Tychius built of old ;  
Tychius, who dwelt in Hyle, and than whom 260  
None fashion'd better shields ; and this he made  
Wieldy and light, yet solid with the hides  
Of seven high-mettled bulls ; and this that day  
Did giant Ajax bear before his breast  
Approaching, and to Hector threatening cried :  
" Now, Hector, standing sole for single fight  
Needs must thou learn what manner of men are they,  
Who show amongst the Danaans best in arms



(Next after one, who still aboard his ship  
Lies sullen for his wrath tow'rd Atreus' Son,                   270  
Achilles of the lion-heart, unpeer'd) ;  
But we without him, and many a one of us,  
May well meet thee ; delay the fight no more."  
    To him the hero of the glancing helm :  
" Ajax, Zeus-nurtured Telamon's son, and lord  
Of many nations ! Deal not so with me,  
As with a woman or a feeble child,  
Witless of warlike practice. Well I know  
The arts of battle, how to slay my man ;  
Or to the right or to the left to shift                   280  
My dry-tann'd buckler, so to last in fight ;  
In close encounter to advance a foot  
Attuned to Ares' honour, or to guide  
My steeds and chariot through the mellay straight.  
Great though thou art, I would not, as in fear,  
Stealthily strike thee, but with open blow."  
    He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear,  
And struck that terrible seven-hided shield  
Upon its outmost plate, the eighth, of brass.  
Through six folds cleaving went the point unfray'd,   290  
But in the seventh it rested. Then, in turn,  
Sent Zeus-born Ajax his long-shadowing spear,  
And struck on the orbèd shield of Priam's Son.  
Through the bright targe the forceful javelin went,  
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven  
Pierced even the under-tunic by his hip ;

Yet, sideways writhing, he escaped the death.  
Together back both pluck'd their spears, and like  
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars  
(No weaklings they in battle upon the field) 300  
Each fell upon the other. And Hector struck  
Again the shield, nor broke the brass, but bent  
His own point blunted. Ajax leaping near  
Smote also his enemy's shield, but drave the lance,  
So that it dash'd him in his onset back,  
And reach'd and grazed his neck, and drew the blood.  
But Hector, daunted not thereby, withdrew  
Some little space, and raised from where it lay  
Upon the field, black, jagged, and immense,  
A stone, and therewith struck that shield again, 310  
That terrible seven-hided shield once more,  
Full on the boss ; loud round it rang the brass.  
But far more huge the stone that Ajax then  
In turn uplifted, and with whirl aloft,  
Lending a strength resistless to the hurl,  
Sent forth, wherewith he struck and crush'd the shield  
Inwards (for with a millstone's weight it fell),  
And loosed great Hector's knees, that down he dropt  
Prostrate across the buckler : whom his God  
Apollo nathless quick upraised again. 320  
And hand to hand they then had drawn their swords,  
Had not the messengers of Zeus and man,  
The sacred heralds, rush'd from either side  
(Talthybius of Achaia, and of Troy

Idæus, elders both), and thrust their staves  
Betwixt them, whilst Idæus spake, and said :

“ Children, belovèd, be this battle closed ;  
Alike is either dear to father Zeus,  
And brave alike ; this all have witness'd here.  
The night is falling ; yield ye unto night.” 330

And giant Ajax spake in answer thus :  
“ Idæus, bid ye Hector proffer this ;  
'Twas he who gave the challenge. Let him speak ;  
I gladly list your voice, an he will list.”

And thus the hero of the glancing helm :  
“ Since, Ajax, such thy might and giant mould,  
And such the gallant heart the Gods have given,  
That all Achaia thou excell'st in arms,  
Let this be so ; and be the battle closed,  
Yet to be fought hereafter, till the Gods 340  
Part us, and grant to one the victory.  
The night is falling ; yield we unto night.  
Depart in peace, and cheer Achaia's host,  
Thine own kin and thy comrades, most of all.  
I too within King Priam's citadel

Will cheer the Trojans, and their long-robed wives,  
Who now are thronging for my sake their shrines.  
But let us give each other gifts of mark,  
That men in either host may see, and say :

‘ *They fought together with a grievous strife,* 350  
‘ *Like friends at eve they parted, and in peace.*’  
He spoke, and gave his silverhilted sword,

A scabbard and good baldric therewithal ;  
Whilst Ajax gave his scarlet belt bright-dyed.

So were they parted, Ajax to the ranks  
Of Argos, Hector to the throng of Troy ;  
And much the Trojans joy'd, beholding home  
Returning, rescued scathless from the arm  
Of mighty Ajax, whom they ne'er had hoped  
To welcome back, and led him tow'rd their town. 360  
Whilst into royal Agamemnon's tent  
Ajax exultant in his victory pass'd  
Led by Achaia's chieftains. There the King  
Made to the majesty of Kronos' Son  
Bloodoffering of a five-year bull entire.  
This first they flay'd, attending well that task ;  
Then cut it limb by limb, and sliced the flesh ;  
Spitted the slices, and with careful hands  
Roasted them all, and spread them on the board.  
This task being ended and the feast prepared, 370  
They ate ; nor any lacked his equal mess ;  
But most to Ajax Atreus' Son, the King,  
Did honour by large slices from the haunch.

When all desire of drink and meat had gone,  
First He, whose rede of late was sagest shown,  
Nestor, 'gan weave again his counsel's web,  
Address'd them with wise words, and spake, and said :  
“ Hear me, Achaia's Chiefs, and Thou, their King !

Full many our dear and gallant warriors fallen :  
Whose blood hath Ares pour'd like water forth 380  
Upon Scamander's meadows ; and their ghosts  
Have sunk to Hades down. Wherefore, O King,  
It now behoves thee with to-morrow's dawn  
To make a truce of battle. Then on wains  
With mules and oxen gathering up our dead,  
We will convey them hither, and will make  
Some short way off the fleet their funeral-pyres,  
So on return to our dear native land  
To bear their ashes to their children home. 390  
But o'er the place of burning will we raise  
Clear on the plain before our galleys' front  
One mound for all, without distinction heap'd ;  
And in the van of this with speed uprear,  
A bulwark to our galleys and our lives,  
A line of lofty towers, and in the line  
Pierce gates, that path may be for chariots forth ;  
And nigh beyond it be a trench deep-dug,  
To fence the steeds and army round about,  
Lest the haught force of Troy wax now supreme."  
He spoke, and to his word the Chiefs acclaim'd. 400

Meantime at Ilion, in the upper town  
And near King Priam's gates, the people met  
Fluttering, in dread confusion, trouble-tost ;  
And first Antenor spoke discreet, and said :  
" Dardans, and ye of Troy, and Troy's Allies !

As the heart bids within me, so I speak.  
Take ye repast according to your wont  
Within the city, mindful of the watch  
And wakeful all ; but with to-morrow's dawn      430  
Forth to their galleys let Idæus go,  
To bear to Atreus' Sons the brother-chiefs  
The word of Alexander ; since by him

This war first rose ; there likewise to agree  
To stay this baleful battle, if they will,  
Till we have burn'd our dead on funeral-pyres :  
Though fight we on thereafter, till the Gods  
Part us, and grant to one the victory."

He spoke ; they gladly hearken'd, and obey'd ;  
In line along the walls they made repast ; 440  
And with the morrow's dawn Idæus went.

Who found the Chieftains of the Danaan race  
Gather'd in council round Atrides' ship :  
Near them the clear-voiced herald came, and spake ;  
" Chiefs of Achaia's host, and thou, their King !  
King Priam and his elders send me forth  
To tell, if so it pleaseth ye to hear,  
The word of Alexander ; since by him  
This war first rose. The wealth, that on his bark  
He brought to Troy, (oh, rather had he died !) 450  
This will he yield, and of his stores add more.  
But noble Menelaus' wedded wife  
He still refuses back, though, verily,  
The Trojans urge him strongly. This beside,  
They bade me counsel, if ye will, to stay  
This evil battle, whilst we burn our dead ;  
Though we fight on thereafter, till the Gods  
Part us, and grant to one the victory."  
He ceased ; and all awhile in silence sate,  
Till gallant Diomed brake it, and began : 460

“ Nor Alexander’s wealth will we accept  
Nor Helen’s self ; a child might hence discern  
How near her fall is pending now to Troy.”

He spoke, to whom the others gave acclaim,  
Honouring the word of gallant Diomed :  
And Agamemnon to Idæus turn’d :

“ With thine own ears, Idæus, hast thou heard  
The answer that Achaia sends you back.  
Me too, their King, this pleaseth. For the dead—  
I grudge not that ye make their funeral due : 470  
Past are the dead ; and who from harmless shades  
Would hinder the sweet offices of fire ?  
Let then the Lord of thunder, Zeus supreme,  
Here’s great spouse, be witness to our truce.”

He spoke, and lifted up his staff, in face  
Of all the Gods : whence back Idæus went  
To sacred Ilion. Still in council sate  
Dardans and Trojans, waiting his return :  
Who came, and gave his message to their throng :  
Whereat with utmost speed they gat them up, 480  
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

Likewise the Argives hasted from their ships,  
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

From the deep soft-flowing ocean-stream the Sun  
Was mounting into heaven and smiting earth  
With his first beams, when on the plain the hosts



Each met the other gathering up their dead.  
Hardly might they distinguish man from man :  
Yet with clear water cleansing off the blood,  
Shedding hot tears, they raised them to the wains. 490  
Priam forbade the Trojans from lament ;  
Therefore in silence, mourning in their hearts,  
They piled the corpses on a pinewood pyre,  
Burnt them with fire, and moved to Ilion home.

So likewise on the other side the host  
Of mail'd Achaia, mourning in their hearts,  
Piled up the corpses on a pinewood pyre,  
Burnt them with fire, and to their fleet return'd.

Then in the twilight, ere the dawn was day,  
A chosen band of Argives round their pyre 500  
Was gather'd, and above it piled a cairn,  
Without distinction, one huge mound for all ;  
And in the front of this a rampart rear'd,  
A bulwark to their galleys and their lives,  
A line of lofty towers, and in the line  
Pierced gates, that path might be for chariots forth :  
And nigh beyond it dug a trench, profound,  
Large, broad, and fix'd therein a stake-stockade.

Such was the labour of Achaia's host ;  
But where with thunder-wielding Zeus the Gods 510  
Sate gather'd, they beheld amazed that work

Ascending by the toil of mail-frock'd men ;  
And Poseidaion Lord of ocean spake :

“O Father Zeus! From end to end of earth  
Is there of mortals left, who lays the thought  
And counsel of his heart before high heaven ?  
Seest thou how yonder host of Argos' Sons  
Build them a rampart, round it draw a trench,  
Yet give not to a God a hecatomb ?  
Wide as the morning shall its glory spread ;                   520  
And men shall be forgetful clean of all  
Which mine own self and Phœbus of old time  
Rear'd, toiling there for King Laomedon.”

The Ruler of the clouds heaved sigh, and spake :  
“Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near !  
What saying this ? Such fear some other Gods,  
Feebler than thou, might haply entertain ;  
Wide as the morning still thy glory spreads ;  
And, when these long-hair'd warriors far have gone  
Aboard their galleys to their native land,                   530  
Then crumble up this bulwark ; in the sea  
Scatter it all ; again envelop quite  
The spacious shore in sands, that not a sign  
Of their great work be visible on earth.”

Such was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

The Sun sank, and the rampart stood uprear'd.  
The Achaians then slew oxen through their camp, .  
And made repast. From Lemnos galleys stood

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In harbour, fraught with wine, which Jason's son  
Evenus (born of fair Hypsipyle) sent. 540  
To Jason, shepherd of his people) sent.  
A thousand measures had he set apart  
Unto the sons of Atreus for a gift.  
And thence those long-hair'd warriors bought them wine ;  
Some bought with brass, and some with sparkling steel,  
And some with hides, and some with cattle live,  
And some with slaves ; all made them plenteous feast.

So all night long they feasted, either host,  
The Achaians, and the Trojans in their town :  
And all night long great Zeus portended ill 550  
By dreadful signs of thunder o'er their heads ;  
And ashy fear possess'd them ; from their cups  
They shed the wine, nor any there durst drink,  
Ere his libation had been pour'd to Zeus.  
Thereafter all partook the boon of sleep.



## Iliad VIII

AND saffron-robèd Morn had walk'd abroad  
Besprinkling earth, when thunder-pealing Zeus,  
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak,  
Made to himself a council of the Gods,  
And thus to all below began address :  
    "Hearken to me, Gods, Goddesses, alike !  
I speak the inmost bidding of my heart.  
Nor let or God or Goddess dare attempt  
To minish this my word, but full consent  
Yield me, that earlier I may end the strife.      10  
Whom moving from amongst you I descry  
Whether to aid the Danaans or their foes,  
Smitten in no sweet order he shall rise  
Returning to Olympus, or myself  
Will seize, and hurl to gloom-wrapt Tartar down—  
Where are the depths abysmal under earth,  
The brazen threshold, and the iron gates,  
Far as the heavens are o'er the earth, so far  
Below the realm of Hades—there to lie  
And late to learn me mightiest of the Gods.      20  
Nay, prove me, if ye list, that all may know :

Suspend from heaven a golden chain, and lay,  
Gods, Goddesses, together, hands thereon ;  
Not with your main endeavour shall ye draw  
The Lord of counsel earthward from the skies :  
But, let me will to draw it strenuously,  
I draw it up, and with it earth and sea,  
Around Olympus' pillar twine the cord,  
And all the world suspended hangs in air.  
So far o'er God and man I rise supreme." 30

He spoke ; dumb-stricken all awhile they sate,  
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words ;  
At last, blue-eyed Athene gave reply :

" Kroneion, Father, God supreme of Gods  
Ourselves we know, resistless is thy might.  
Yet must we mourn the gallant Danaan men,  
Who perish for fulfilment of this doom.  
Howbeit, as thou hast bidden us, we refrain :  
Only will we put wisdom in their hearts,  
Lest all the nation perish by thy wrath." 40

To Her, most pleased, the Ruler of the clouds :  
" My child, Tritógeneia ! From my heart  
I spake not, and would fain show grace to thee."

He ended, and commanded to his car  
Fast-flying steeds with golden tresses fair  
Be yoked, and girt around him golden robes,  
Took golden goad, and sprang upon the seat  
And thong'd them to their speed. Not loth they flew  
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky,

Till many-fountain'd Ida's dens of prey 50  
And Gargarus he gain'd, where stand his shrine  
And fragrant altar. There the Sire supreme  
Stay'd and from out the chariot loosed the steeds  
And shower'd thick mist about them : but himself,  
Exultant in a solitary pomp,  
Took seat amongst the summits, gazing down  
O'er Priam's city and Achaia's fleet.

Hurriedly through their tents Achaia's host  
Had ta'en repast, and, after, donn'd their mail :  
So too the Trojans arm'd them in their town, 60  
The scantier number, yet not ardent less  
To enter battle ; sore on them the need  
To fight for their dear children and their wives.  
Their width the gates flew ope, and from them stream'd  
The people forth ; on chariot and on foot,  
All streamèd out ; loud rose the din of war.  
Anon they charged and met ; together clash'd  
Spears, bucklers, and the might of mailèd men.  
Smote each on each the bosses of the shields ;  
Rose loud the roar of onset ; groan and prayer, 70  
The cries of dying men and of their slayers,  
Alike were there ; and the earth ran with blood.

And, while 'twas morn and daylight grew in heaven,  
Darts flew, and warriors fell, to either side ;  
But, when the sun had climb'd meridian height,

Then held the Father forth his golden scales  
And laid two weights therein—in *this*, defeat  
To mail'd Achaia, and in *that*, to Troy—  
And poised the balance even : down, down sank  
Achaia's doom, yea, settled low on earth, 80  
While Troy's light fates flew up and kick'd the sky.

Himself then thunder'd from the hill, and sent  
A flaming flash amidst Achaia's ranks :  
Awe-stricken they beheld it ; ashy fear  
Seized all ; nor ev'n Idomeneus durst bide,  
Nor Agamemnon, nor the Ajax-twain,  
How brave soe'er their wont : Gerene's chief  
Nestor alone, Achaia's Elder, stood ;  
For princely Alexander, Helen's lord,  
Had pierced his steed with arrow through the crest 90  
Where grow the foremost locks—most mortal spot :  
Uprear'd the horse for anguish, but the point  
Press'd to his brain, and o'er the shaft he fell  
A cumbrance to his fellows in the yoke :  
There, therefore, was the Chieftain stay'd perforce,  
Cutting the traces with his falchion clear,  
Whilst through the rout came Hector's fleetfoot steeds  
Bearing their lord, brave Hector, all too near.  
So had the Elder been bereft of life,  
Had not Tydides mark'd his jeopardy, 100  
And loudly on Odysseus call'd and said :  
“Odysseus, heavenly-born, Laertes' Son !



Whither like any craven in the rout  
Fleest thou with face dishonourably turn'd ?  
The spear were in the back that smote thee now.  
Turn rather, save our Elder from his foe."

He spoke, whom yet Odysseus hearken'd not,  
But by him tow'rd the hollow galleys pass'd.

Tydidēs then, though vanmost there alone,  
Took stand before the car of Neleus' Son, 110  
And thus with wingèd words address'd the chief :

"My Father! Younger men press sore on thee,  
And Age thy hard companion slacks thy strength ;  
Likewise thy steeds are slow, thy driver weak.  
Mount therefore to my chariot, and behold  
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro  
To skim the field for charge or for pursuit  
These steeds of Troy, these breathers of dismay,  
From brave Æneas won my latest spoil.  
Thine let thy followers tend, and mount with me ; 120  
Seated together we will drive them straight  
Upon the foe ; and soon shall Hector feel  
That *my* lance too hath fury in my hands."

He spoke ; Gerenè's Chieftain blithe obey'd.  
Therefore the steeds of Nestor two strong squires,  
Sthenelus and the kind Eurymedon,  
Tended ; whilst on the car of Diomed  
The two together mounting—Nestor took  
The purple reins in hand and thong'd the steeds

And soon near'd Hector ; then, as Hector charged    130  
Direct upon them, Diomed threw his spear,  
But err'd, yet struck the driver by his side,  
Æniopeus, renown'd Thebæus' son,  
Holding the reins, and pierced him through the breast.  
Down from the car he dropp'd ; the fleetfoot steeds  
Rear'd ; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.  
Thick o'er the soul of Hector came the cloud  
Of sorrow for his comrade ; yet perforce  
He left him where he lay, and to and fro  
Ranged, seeking some brave warrior to his reins ;    140  
Nor long his horses lack'd a guiding arm ;  
For Archeptolemus the gallant son  
Of Iphitus he found, and o'er the steeds  
Set him, and gave the reins into his hands.

Then had been ruin and resistless wrack ;  
Then had the Trojans been in Ilion pent  
Like lambs within a fold ; but Zeus beheld,  
Father of Gods and men, and, thundering, sent  
To earth before the faces of the steeds  
A bolt white-hot athwart Tydides' path :    150  
Dread from the fiery sign the flame flash'd up ;  
Back to the car the affrighted horses cower'd ;  
Twixt Nestor's fingers slid the glossy reins ;  
His heart sank, and to Diomed he said :  
" Let us away, Tydides ! Let us flee !  
Seest thou, no strength from Heav'n attends us here ?

The glory of this day doth Zeus vouchsafe  
Wholly to Hector, yet to us may turn,  
Hereafter, if he please : in man's best strength  
Lies not the force his favour to command." 160

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :  
" My Father, well and wisely hast thou said.  
But this the fear that stings me to the quick ;  
Lest Hector boast in loud harangue to Troy,  
He drave Tydides frightened to the fleet ;  
May I be in my grave ere this his boast ! "

But thus Gerenian Nestor gave reply :  
" From brave Tydides' lips what now hath fall'n ?  
Let Hector cry thee as a craven down ;  
Will Trojans, or will Dardans, hold him true ? 170  
Will women, whose fond husbands thou hast strewn  
All-arm'd before thee in the dust, and slain ? "

He spoke, and turn'd to flight the hoovèd steeds  
Back through the rout ; on whom the Trojan host  
With shouts far-echoing shower'd their baleful darts,  
And loud bright-helmèd Hector following cried :

" Hence, hence, Tydides ! Whom above thy peers  
By seat and choicest viands and full cups  
The Danaans still have lifted, but henceforth  
Shall hold in mere dishonour, like a girl ! 180  
Vile puppet ! Take thee hence—not like, I trow,  
To trample down great Ilion, or aboard  
Thy galleys bear a handmaid home from Troy :  
Rather on thee thy doom I now bestow."

He spoke ; Tydides' will was torn in twain,  
Whether to turn and meet him face to face ;—  
Thrice in his inmost soul he ponder'd this ;  
And thrice the Lord of counsel, Father Zeus,  
Peal'd thunder from the Idæan mountains loud,  
Sign of the victory all inclined to Troy ;  
Whilst Hector on the Trojans call'd, and cried :

190

“Trojans and Lycians ! Dardan men-at-arms !  
Be men, my friends, and mindful of your might.  
Full well I know that Zeus hath will'd this day  
To me great glory, to the Danaans hurt.  
Fools, for this weak device of rampart rear'd  
To stay me—like a straw before my strength,  
And for this trench, my steeds shall clear with ease !  
Then, when I once am in their vessels' midst,  
Quick be the memory to a flaming brand,  
That I may fire the barks, and slay their crews  
At their own galleys, in the smoke distraught.”

200

He spoke, and to his horses turn'd, and said :  
“Ye too, Podargus, Lampus, heaven-born steeds,  
Æthon and Xanthus ! Pay me now the care  
Wherewith the fair-arm'd daughter of a king,  
Ætëon's child, Andromache would turn  
Spreading the corn like honey to your mouths,  
Mingling the wine whene'er ye listed drink,  
Or e'er she turn'd to me, her wedded lord.  
Haste, therefore, strive ye onward to attain  
The shield of Nestor, the renown whereof

210

Mounteth to heav'n, how it is fashion'd all  
Of gold the handles, and of gold the orb ;  
And win me from the breast of Tydeus' Son  
The marvellous corslet by Hephæstus wrought :  
Gain'd we these two, I well might hope to drive  
Th' Achæians on their galleys home this night."

Vaunting he spoke ; whom royal Here heard  
Wrathful, and rock'd her on her throne, and made 220  
Tremble th' Olympian hill ; but turn'd anon  
Tow'rd vast Poseidon and address'd him thus :

"Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near !  
Cries not the heart within thee for the fall  
Of all these Danaans slaughter'd ? Oft have they  
Made on thine altar offerings many and sweet  
In Helicè and Ægæ ; and thyself  
Lov'st them and would'st their victory. Oh, if we,  
If all who love their cause, together strove  
Zeus to oppose and drive the Trojans back, 230  
On Ida He might gnash his teeth in vain."

To her, much-moved, Poseidon made reply :  
"Herè, thy words glance ever to and fro :  
What say'st thou now ? Not though we all were join'd  
As one together, would I fain engage  
With Zeus Kroneion, mightier far than all."

This was the commune of the gods in heaven.

But now what space soe'er was by the trench  
Fenced from the fleet and bulwark, all was choked

With chariots and with shielded warriors throng'd,      240  
Routed by Hector, Priam's noble son,  
Peer to fierce Ares, glorified by Zeus.  
Soon had his ruthless fires consumed the barks,  
But royal Herè put into the heart  
Of Agamemnon (needing scarce the hest)  
Strongly to encourage Argos. On he went  
Passing amongst the ships and tents, and held  
A purple mantle flowing from his hand,  
And on the midmost stood—(the huge black bark  
Of sage Odysseus, whence his voice might reach      250  
To either side, the Telamonian's tent,  
Or Peleus' Son's, for on the flanks those two,  
Trusting their good right arms, had moor'd their barks) ;  
Thence loudly on the Danaans thus he call'd :  
    " Shame on you ! Valiant to the eye alone,  
Argeians, vile reproaches to the name !  
Where now the windy threat'nings, and the vaunts  
That dubb'd us bravest of the brave, what time,  
In Lemnos feasting full on flesh of ox,  
Crowning our cups with wine, we held high talk      260  
How each against his hundreds here in Troy  
Would stand victorious ? Yet doth one man's arm  
Outmatch us all, and Hector fires our ships.  
Oh Zeus, our Father ! Hast thou visited  
Of all the mighty Kings of ancient time  
Any with such fell ruin, such defeat ?  
Yet never on our path to evil here

Pass'd I an altar of thine without its due,  
But for my longing of the sack of Troy  
Made to thee fat burnt-offerings everywhere. 270  
Wherefore, O Zeus, suffer me this least hope :  
With their bare lives vouchsafe the host escape,  
Nor let Achaia perish quite by Troy."

He spoke : the Father, pitying, saw his tears  
And granted that his people should not die.  
Therefore the surest of all wingèd signs  
He sent him forth—an eagle 'twixt his claws  
Clasping a fawn the nursling of a hind ;  
This it let fall upon the sacred shrine  
And altar of all-omen-giving Zeus. 280

They saw, and knew the bird from Zeus sent forth,  
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set  
Their whole hearts to the battle. Many and brave  
The Danaans, but of all none then could boast  
To drive his car, or clear the trench, or meet  
The foe, before Tydides. Foremost far  
He caught and slew a helmèd Chief of Troy,  
Ev'n Argelaus, Phradmon's son, who turn'd  
His steeds to flight ; but Diomed, as he turn'd,  
Pierced him betwixt the shoulders in the back, 290  
And drave the spear right onward thro' the chest.  
He dropt, and loudly o'er him clash'd the arms.  
Next, Atreus' Sons, and, next, the Ajax-twain  
Girt in a strength invincible, press'd on :

Idomeneus, and with Idomeneus  
Meriones, of slaughterous Ares peer :  
And then Eurypylus, Evemon's son :  
Ninth, follow'd Teucer with his bended bow,  
And took his station shelter'd by the shield  
Of Telamonian Ajax. Ajax thrust 300  
The huge shield out ; but Teucer look'd well round,  
Took aim, and shot his arrow through the throng,  
Struck, and, when dead the stricken foeman fell,  
Crept back, as to his mother creeps a child,  
To Ajax and the shelter of the targe.  
Whom first of Troy slew blameless Teucer thus ?  
Orsilochus and Ophelestes first ;  
Dætor anon and gallant Ormenus ;  
Then Amapæon, Polyæmon's son,  
Chromius, and Lycophontes, peer of Gods, 310  
And Melanippus ; these, one after one,  
His arrows levell'd to the fruitful earth.

Whom in such devastation of their ranks  
The King Atrides mark'd, well-pleased, and went  
And stood beside him with these wing'd words :  
“ Teucer, my friend, brave son of Telamon,  
Prince of thy people ! Shoot on truly still :  
A light to all the host, and, most of all,  
To Telamon thy father shin'st thou forth ;  
Who loved thee well, and from thy childhood up 320  
Rear'd thee, though bastard, under his own roof.



Him seat thou high upon a throne of fame.  
And likewise I make promise thus to thee ;  
If e'er Athene and our Father Zeus  
Vouchsafe me to destroy the towers of Troy,  
Into thy hand, next after mine own self,  
The meed of honour will I put, maybe  
A tripod, or two horses with their car,  
Or damsel, who may mount with thee thy bed."

To whom made blameless Teucer answer thus : 330

"Atrides, King most famed ! What need to urge  
Who am myself most urgent ? To the strength  
That in me lies, I rest not ; but, since first  
We thrust them back tow'rd Ilion from the fleet,  
Have mark'd and slain some foeman by my bow.  
Eight have I shot, eight bitter barbèd shafts ;  
And deep in some brave warrior each hath stuck :  
But *him*, yon raging hound, I fail to strike."

He spoke, and from the string loosed yet one more  
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike ; 340  
But err'd, yet pierced King Priam's gallant son,  
Blameless Gorgythion—him whose mother erst,  
The lovely Castianeira, heavenly-fair,  
Came to King Priam's couch from Æsyme.  
And as a poppy in some garden slants  
Its head one way, low-laden by the weight  
Of its own flower and with the moist spring-winds ;  
Thus sideway with his helm bow'd down his head.

Then Teucer from his string loosed yet one more  
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike ; 350  
Yet err'd again (whose aim Apollo foil'd),  
But struck by Hector's side full through the breast  
Brave Archeptolemus the charioteer.  
He dropt from off the car ; the fleetfoot steeds  
Rear'd ; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.  
Thick clouding o'er the soul of Hector came  
Sorrow, yet, in his grief's despite, perforce  
He left him where he lay, and call'd, and bade  
Cebriones his brother, haply nigh,  
To take his reins ; who hearken'd to his call ; 360  
Whilst Hector with a vengeful shout himself  
Leapt from his glittering seat, and seized a stone,  
And charged direct on Teucer fain to kill.  
Teucer had from his quiver ta'en a shaft  
And laid it to the string ; but, ev'n in the act  
To draw, the hero of the glancing helm  
Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck  
Is parted by the collar from the chest,  
A deadly spot—there with the huge jagg'd stone  
He struck him charging onward : all the nerve 370  
Was shatter'd ; to the wrist the arm was numb'd ;  
Falling, his knee upstay'd him ; but the bow  
Dropt from his grasp.—Whom Ajax saw not fall  
Unheeded, but sped round, and with his shield  
Cover'd, till two his followers wellbeloved  
Came close, Mecistus, son of Echius,

And brave Alastor ; these uplifting bare  
The wounded chieftain, groaning, tow'rd the fleet.

Again Zeus kindled high the strength of Troy ;  
Through the deep trench Achaia's host they drave ; 380  
And vanmost in the onset Hector strode.  
As when a hound has fasten'd on the track  
Of boar or lion, to its heels and haunch  
He clingeth close, and trusts his own swift foot,  
Yet watchful ever, lest it turn to bay ;  
So to the Achaian longhair'd warriors clung  
Hector, and slew their hindmost still in flight.

And many had fallen by the arms of Troy,  
Or e'er the stakes and trench were overpass'd ;  
But there they rallying stood amongst their ships, 390  
Each cheering each, and with uplifted hands  
Calling on all the Gods, and praying loud.  
Yet still around them circling, Hector drave  
His bright-maned steeds, and wore the aspect ev'n  
Of Gorgon, or of Ares, pest to men.

Whom white-arm Here saw with pitying eye,  
And to Athene thus in wingèd words :  
" Can we, great child of Zeus, behold unmoved  
The Danaans falling in this need extreme ?  
All doom'd they perish by the stormy hand, 400  
Insufferably maddening to their deaths,

Of this one man, ev'n Hector, Priam's son :  
Who hath already wreak'd them harm enow."

And azure-eyed Athene gave reply :

"Yet had he render'd up his ghost ere this,  
Slain by the enemy in his own dear land,  
But that our Father, with ill thoughts estranged  
And wavering ever, brings my will to nought ;  
Nor minds him how I oft would save of old  
His son beneath Eurystheus' tasks foredone : 410  
He oft would lift a streaming eye to heaven,  
And oft would Zeus thence send me to his help.  
But, had I made forecast of what is now,—  
When safely to the close-barr'd gates of Hell  
I led him, thence to draw from Erebus  
The hound of hated Hades—ne'er had he  
Repass'd the inviolate streams of deadly Styx.  
But now mislikes He me, and brings to pass  
The will of Thetis, who hath kiss'd his knees  
And clasp'd his beard, praying him to bestow 420  
This honour on her fierce-destroying son.  
She hath her will this while ; but soon, I trow,  
His blue-eyed child shall be his love again.  
Haste therefore thou to yoke the hoov'd steeds,  
Whilst I go gird me in the halls of Zeus  
With armour to the battle : sweet the sight  
Of us in arms array'd to Hector there ;  
The vultures of the fleet shall get their fill,  
Gorging upon the daintiest flesh of Troy!"

She spoke ; nor white-arm Here disobey'd, 430  
Daughter of ancient Kronos, eldest-born ;  
But went, and straight 'gan yoke the gold-trapp'd steeds.

The whilst the Virgin-Goddess, favour'd child  
Of Father Zeus, upon her father's floor  
Shower'd the delicate robe, the embroidery pure  
Of her own hands, and in the stead thereof  
Attired her in a corslet, and to war  
Begirt her in the arms of heavenly Zeus.  
Whence to the fiery car she moved, and shook  
The beamy spear, wherewith she moweth down, 440  
Strong in her Father's might, th' embattled ranks  
Of heroes upon whom her wrath hath fall'n.

Then Here with quick ardour o'er the steeds  
Leant with the lash ; heaven's gates with murmur oped  
Spontaneous ; there the Hours are placed in ward,  
Holding Olympus and broad Heav'n in charge  
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.  
That way and through those gates they prick'd their steeds.

But Zeus, from Ida seeing, wax'd most wroth,  
And gave to gold-wing'd Iris this behest : 450  
" Quick, haste thee hence, and bid them, Iris, back ;  
Suffer not that they meet me face to face ;  
From such encounter honour could not be.  
And let them hear, what else shall surely hap.

Under the wheels their coursers I will maim,  
Dash down themselves, and shatter all their car ;  
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds  
Wherewith my thunder-bolts shall scathe them sore.  
So shall the Blue-eyed Maiden rue the day  
Of battle with her Father. Such my wrath 460  
Is not with Here ; to her wont She moves,  
And, whatsoe'er my pleasure, thwarts it still."

He spoke ; and storm-foot Iris rose to bear  
The message ; quick from Ida's peak she gain'd  
Olympus, and within the opening gates  
Of the deep-folded mountain 'thwart their path  
Took stand, and stay'd them, speaking thus from Zeus :

" Whither away ? what madness in your hearts ?  
All help to Argos is forbid by Zeus ;  
Who threats,—and, an need be, fulfils the threat,— 470  
To maim your coursers' limbs, and dash you down  
Both from your seat, and shatter all your car ;  
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds  
Wherewith his thunderbolts shall scathe you sore.  
So thou, O Blue-eyed Maid, shalt rue the day  
Of battle with thy Father. Such his wrath  
Is not with Here ; to her wont she moves  
And, whatsoe'er his pleasure, thwarts it still.  
Consider yet, dread Goddess : shameless aye  
And fearless, wilt thou venture to uplift 480  
Thy spear in monstrous battle with great Zeus ?"  
Thus Iris spoke, and vanish'd from their ken ;

But Here to Athene turn'd and said ;

“Child of the Ægis-bearer best-beloved !

I would not that for mortals' sake we stand

'Gainst Zeus in single battle : as may chance,

Let one man die, and let another live,

Whilst He, as in his heart he hath devised,

Awards to either side what seemeth good.”

She spoke, and turnèd round the hoovèd steeds ; 490

The Hours unyoked, and dress'd their glossy sides,

And bound them to ambrosial mangers fast,

And leant against the glittering wall the car ;

The whilst the two to golden couches moved,

With hearts indignant, through their fellow Gods.

From Ida tow'rd Olympus Father Zeus

Had turn'd meantime his steeds and gliding car,

And drave, and gain'd the senate of the Gods.

Whose steeds the mighty Ocean-God unyoked,

Moved to its props the car, and veil'd it o'er.

500

But He himself, the Father, took his seat

High on a golden throne, and 'neath his foot

Olympus trembled. Nathless, all in wrath,

Herè and Athenaiè sate aloof

Nor welcomed Him, nor question'd ; wherefore He,

Well-knowing in his heart, address'd them thus

“ Say, Herè ; wherefore sullen sit ye two

Not with the battle o'er-fatigued, I trow,

Destroying whom with deadly hate ye hate

To whom the Ruler of the clouds replied :  
 " Yet mayst thou on the morrow's morn behold,  
 My broadbrow'd Here, if thou car'st to see,  
 Kroneion laying low with fiercer hand  
 These nations of Achaia. Nor shall cease  
 Hector triumphant, ere the fleetfoot Son



Of Peleus rise uproused amongst the ships,  
On that dread day, when at the galleys' sterns  
In direst strait above Patroclus' corpse  
The hosts have met. This, this is heaven's decree ; 540  
I reckon not of thine anger. Though thou range  
The parts of earth and ocean uttermost,—  
There where Iäpetus and Kronos lie,  
Whom never Hyperion with warm beam  
Visits, nor breeze, but round about their lair  
The depths of gloomy Tartar—though thou roam  
Thither for aid, I reckon not of thy wrath,  
Than whom more unabash'd is naught create."  
He ceased ; nor white-arm Here durst reply.

Sank then in Ocean down the Sun's bright light, 550  
Drawing night's curtain o'er the fruitful earth :  
Troy sorrowing saw day fall ; but to the host  
Of Argos came the darkness thrice-invoked.

Then helmèd Hector in an open space,  
Where the ground show'd betwixt the corpses bare,  
Above the whirling river, off the fleet  
Short way removed, a council call'd of Troy.  
And, each and all, they sprang from off their cars,  
Harkening the word, which Hector Zeus-beloved  
Address'd them. In his hand a spear he held 560  
Of length eleven ells ; and far the point  
Before him gleam'd of brass, but, where it join'd

The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.

Leaning thereon, he spoke amidst their host :

“ Hearken to me, all Troy, and Troy's allies !

I thought to have destroy'd this fleet and host,

Or e'er to windswept Ilion I return'd.

But darkness first hath fallen ; darkness saves

The Argicians and their galleys on the shore.

Perforce we list the bidding of black night

570

And now prepare repast. Our glossy steeds

Unyoke, and throw their fodder at their feet :

Then from the city with what speed ye may

Fat sheep and oxen bring, and savoury wine

And corn from out your garners : likewise get

Fagots together, that, the livelong night

Ev'n unto dawning day, we may maintain

Our fires enkindled, and the blaze mount clear ;

Lest haply by occasion of this night

They take them o'er the broad-ridged ocean home. 580

Ne'er be it said that unassail'd, unscathed,

They so departed : rather, when they feel

Hereafter at their own firesides the smart

Of the old wounds we scarr'd them ere they sail'd,

Others shall see and fear, and lay to heart

The warning of the mighty men of Troy.

Now let the sacred heralds haste to bid

Th' Elders of hoary head, and youths of age

Scarce budding, to keep guard on Ilion's towers ;

Whilst every tender woman through the town

590

Kindles a fire. And let their watch be sure,  
Lest, whilst our host encamps without the walls,  
Some ambush win an entry. As I have said,  
So be it, my brave-hearted, this one night ;  
Thus be it order'd for the common weal ;  
The morrow, I address the host anew.  
For then, with help from Zeus and Heav'n implored,  
Far hence I trust to drive these damnèd hounds,  
Borne hither by fell Fate across the seas.  
O'er our own selves this night we therefore guard ; 600  
But at first daybreak, mailèd, all in arms,  
Our battle-cry we raise amongst their ships,  
And stablish it for ever, whether the Son  
Of Tydeus be the stronger, and avails  
To drive me from the galleys back to Troy,  
Or whether I may lay him low, and bear  
My spoil and prey his blood-stain'd armour home.  
Yea, by the morrow shall be tried the stuff  
Of his great name, if he abides my charge.  
Myself I deem that 'mongst the first shall he 610  
Fall stricken, and around him many more,  
By sunrise on the morrow. Oh, I would  
An immortality of youth were mine,  
Mine were Apollo's and Athene's bliss,  
As surely, as to Argos day brings woe !"

He spoke ; to whom the Trojans gave acclaim,  
And loosed their sweating horses from their yokes,  
And each beside his chariot bound his own ;

Then from the city, with what speed they might,  
Brought sheep and oxen, and sweet-savour'd wine 620  
And corn from out their garner's ; likewise, gat  
Fagots together ; and from off the plain  
The wind roll'd up a fragrant steam to heaven.

So, lifted high with hope, the whole night through  
They camp'd outside upon the foughten field ;  
And many a blazing campfire flamed upon it.  
As, when in heav'n, about the fair clear moon,  
The stars rise bright, deep in a windless air,  
And every peak and promontory and grove  
Stands forth, whilst to their highest the heavens break up,  
A boundless empyréan ; every star 631  
Shows, and the shepherd sees with gladsome heart ;  
Such and so thick in front of Ilion's towers  
Midway betwixt the fleet and Xanthus' streams  
The watchfires, kindled by the host of Troy.  
A thousand blazed upon the plain ; by each  
Within the ruddy glow sate fifty men ;  
While by their chariots stood their steeds, and champ'd  
Corn and white barley, patient for the Dawn <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The excellence of Mr. Tennyson's translation of this passage cannot but suggest comparisons unfavourable to any of his followers in the same metre. I have left my own as it was originally written, two years before the publication of *Enoch Arden*, with the exception of the 630th line, in which I have been unable to resist the temptation of borrowing one expression from the very perfect specimen contained in that volume.

## Iliad II

THUS Troy maintain'd her guard ; but on her foes  
Lay shuddering' Flight's precursor, dread Dismay ;  
Whose noblest all were smitten with a grief  
Insufferable. As when Boreas blows  
With Zephyr, and the two together fall  
Sudden from Thrace upon the fish-fill'd deep,  
Black to a crest the billow swells perturb'd,  
And shoreward in the gust the salt-weed flies :  
Thus to their hearts were cleft Achaia's sons.

But Atreus' Son, their King, though stricken deep    1  
With this great sorrow, moved amongst the host  
Bidding the clear-toned heralds call by name  
Each chieftain to a council, nor raise loud  
Their voices ; and himself took part, and went  
Calling the foremost, nearest to the foe.  
And soon all, sad alike, in council sate ;  
To whom rose Agamemnon first, and dropp'd  
Hot tears, like some black-bubbling fount, that drops  
Its waters in dark vein adown a cliff ;  
So weeping, with deep sigh he thus began :

“ Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host !  
Ye see in what thick net of evil doom  
Zeus hath emmesh'd me : traitorous—who of late  
Pledged me his word, and by his nod confirm'd,  
That Troy's proud towers should fall, ere I return'd ;  
Yet hath against me wrought a ruinous guile,  
Bidding me now to Argos take me back,  
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here !  
Ev'n such, I fear me, hath become the will  
Of Kronos' Son supreme, who oft hath laid, 30  
And oft shall lay hereafter, low the heads  
Of mightiest cities : mightier He than all,  
Then hear me, and obey as I give word.  
Let us away to our dear fatherland ;  
Flee ; for broad-streeted Troy will ne'er be ours.”

He spoke ; dumb-stricken by whose words they sate,  
And long in silence ponder'd, sad and still ;  
Till thus at last made Diomed reply :

“ Atrides, by the charter of free speech  
In open council, as is just, O King, 40  
I first will rise (nor be thou wroth thereat)  
To oppose thee in thy folly. Thou of late  
Gav'st me reproach before the Danaan host,  
Styling me skulk and coward : Argives all,  
Young men and old men, know how this may stand.  
But thee hath crook-wiled Kronos' Son endow'd  
With gifts of diverse nature from thy birth.  
Thine is the sceptre of the throne supreme,

Not thine the valorous heart—the soul of power.  
Oh, couldst thou deem, sweet Lord, Achaia's sons      50  
Such skulking cowards (it is thine own fair word)  
As hearken this thy counsel? Flee thyself,  
If thy heart prompts thee ; yonder lies the way  
Open, nor far from sea the many ships  
That follow'd from Mycenæ in thy train :  
All else, yea whosoever long-curl'd locks  
Bespeak a brave Achaian, still will stay  
Till Troy hath been despoil'd : or, if these list,  
Sail likewise they to their dear fatherland :  
Sthenelus and myself will yet remain      60  
Alone to battle, till we find the fall  
Of Ilion's towers ; with favouring Gods we came !”

He spoke ; to whom th' Achaians gave applause,  
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed ;  
Till agèd Nestor next arose, and spake :

“ In war, Tydides, thou excell'st thy peers  
By strength of arm ; nor less of all our youth  
Thou show'st in council wisest ; none will blame  
Thy rede, nor speak against it through the host.  
Yet hast thou left the issue still unsaid.      70  
Young art thou ; yea, to me thou might'st be son,  
My youngest-born ; and yet thy words are sage  
And welcome in this gathering of the Kings.  
Still, since in years I well may boast me more,  
Let me to thy good counsel add the end ;  
Which not Atrides ev'n, nor any here,

Will hold in poor esteem when I have said.  
Kithless and homeless, veriest outcast, he  
Who amongst kindred would maintain a strife  
Unnatural :—but turn we to our task ; 80  
The bidding of dark night we hear perforce  
And get repasts prepared ; but let the guards  
Be station'd first in line beyond the wall  
Along the deep-dug trench ; be this consign'd  
Unto the younger sort ; but thou, meantime  
(For thou art King and of most royal race),  
Lead us, O Agamemnon, to thy tent,  
And serve a banquet to the Elders there ;  
As fits thy station—no unseemly claim ;  
For in thy tents the wine, which day by day 90  
Achaia's galleys o'er the broad-spread sea  
Bring thee from Thrace ; and all appurtenance  
Is also thine, and numerous is thy rule.  
Then, of the many gather'd there, approve  
His counsel who speaks wisest : sore the need  
Of something sage and deep to save the host ;  
The watch-fires of the enemy blaze secure  
Near to the fleet ; who but must mourn thereat ?  
This night will save us, or destroy us quite."  
He spoke ; nor loth they listen'd and obey'd. 100  
Soon to their sentries all in arms the guards  
Gather'd about the captains of the watch,  
About prince Thrasymedes, Nestor's son,  
Deïpyrus, and bold Meriones,



And Ares' two strong children, Ialmenus  
And brave Ascalaphus, and Aphareus,  
And Lycomedes. Kreon's noble son ;  
These seven were the captains ; but with each  
A hundred youths, long lances in their hands,  
Went forth, and sate them down betwixt the trench 110  
And rampart, lit their fires, and made repast.

The King then led the Elders to his tent  
And set repast before them, sweet to taste ;  
And on his dainty fare they laid their hands.

But when desire had pass'd of food and drink,  
Nestor, whose rede of late had sagest shown,  
Rose first again to weave a new device,  
Address'd them words discreet, and spake, and said :  
" Most sovran Agamemnon ! For with thee  
My speech begins, O King, with thee will end : 120  
O'er many nations thou hast rule, and high  
The sceptre and the judgment-seat consign'd  
By Zeus to thee, to counsel for their good :  
Therefore on thee this duty lies supreme,  
Whether to speak thyself, or lend thine ear  
And give effect to whatsoe'er of good  
Another's heart may prompt him to advise :  
So shall whate'er prevaieth hang from thee.  
Hear, therefore, what I urge my counsel now :  
Nor better judgment could, I deem, be form'd 130

Than that which from the first I held, and hold,  
Ev'n from the hour when, with a forceful hand,  
Thou bar'st the maid Briseïs from the tent  
Of Peleus' Son, and leftest him in wrath—  
Not by our counsel ; I forbade the act  
With much dissuasion—nathless, under sway  
Of thine own haughty temper, thou durst do  
To him dishonour, whom the Immortal Gods  
Delight to honour most, the first of men,  
Seizing his guerdon and retaining still.  
Now therefore let us, ev'n though late, consult  
How best we may content and win him back  
With grateful gifts and words atoning sweet."

140

And sovran Agamemnon made reply :  
" Not false the count, my father, thou hast made  
Of these my fell transgressions ; I have err'd  
Greatly, nor I myself deny my sin.  
The man in whom the heart of Zeus delights  
Is as the host of nations in the war,  
And Zeus *hath* honour'd him, and humbled us.  
But since the sin was mine, and done by me  
In bitterness of heart, I fain consent  
With priceless ransom to redeem it now.  
Yea, let me name at full before you all  
The proffer of the far-famed gifts I make.  
Seven tripods yet unsullied by the fire ;  
Ten golden talents ; twenty glowing caldrons ;  
Twelve horses, firm of shape and fleet of foot,

150

Train'd to the race, and winners on the course ;  
Not glebeless, not unpurs'd with precious gold,      160  
Who own'd but what these steeds have won to me ;  
Seven women of Lesbos also I will send,  
All skill'd in blameless broideries, whom I took  
As fairest of the kind of women there,  
When well-built Lesbos fell before his arm ;  
These will I give ; and, after these, the maid,  
His own, ev'n Briseus' Daughter, whom I seized ;  
With oath, by aught most sacred, that with her  
I ever have abstain'd, nor sought her bed  
After the natural fashion of mankind.      170  
Let these be his forthwith ; but if, hereafter,  
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,  
Then let him freight his bark to his heart's content  
With brass and gold ; and let him enter first,  
Whene'er we part the spoil and prey amongst us.  
Be twenty Trojan damsels then his choice,  
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.  
And, further, when to Argos we return,  
Our home, the garden of the fruitful earth,  
Be he my son ; and I will honour him,      180  
Like to Orestes, son of mine old age,  
Soft-nurtured in the lap of high estate.  
Three are the daughters in my palace-halls,  
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis  
And Iphanassa ; let him take of these  
Home to his father Peleus whom he lists ;

Nor dower the bride ; be it rather mine to add  
A dowry such as never father gave.  
Seven peopled cities will I then bestow,  
Great Pheræ, and Arpeia's fruitful realm, 190  
Grass-meadow'd Irè, and Cardalymè,  
The low-lying pastures of Antheia deep,  
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pedasus ;  
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts ;  
And all with men of many flocks and herds,  
To grace him with their offerings like a God,  
Rich toll and tribute to his sceptred sway.  
All this will I perform, if he atone.  
Let him yield therefore, and be turn'd from wrath ;  
Hades alone is unpropitiable, 200  
Alone unyielding, and, for this same cause,  
Is loathed by mortals most of all the Gods.  
He well may yield to me, who am of race  
More royal, and can boast me more in years."

To whom then Nestor rose again, and said :  
"Atrides Agamemnon, King of men  
Most sovran ! Gifts that none may lightly pass  
Thou tenderest to this chieftain, Peleus' Son.  
Quick therefore let us send chos'n envoys forth  
To gain his tent with what best speed they may. 210  
These let me name, and let them straight comply.  
Phœnix, the Zeus-belovèd, be their guide ;  
And then be chosen Laertes' noble Son,  
And giant Ajax ; of the herald-train

Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.  
And take ye water in your hands, and bid  
All hush in sacred silence, whilst we call  
On Father Zeus to show his mercy to us."

He spoke ; whose word pleased all ; and heralds soon  
Pour'd water on their hands, whilst striplings crown'd 220  
The bowls with wine, which thence the heralds gave  
In cups to all by order of their rank.  
When pour'd their offerings and their thirst allay'd,  
Forth from the tent of Atreus' Son they went,  
And agèd Nestor with them, glancing keen  
Into their faces, and advising still,  
But most to sage Odysseus, how they best  
Might seek to turn the heart of Peleus' Son.

On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore  
The two then moved, and many a vow they made 230  
To Him who shaketh and enclaspeth Earth,  
That he might render open to their prayer  
The mighty spirit of Æacides.  
They gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet ;  
And found him, soothing with a high-toned lute  
His spirit—with that lute of lovely work,  
Enamell'd, with a silver bridge full-string'd,  
Which then when he destroy'd Eëtion's towers  
He took from out the spoil ;—with this he sate,  
Singing, and lays of heroes were his song. 240  
With him, alone and silent, face to face,

Waiting until his lord should cease from song,  
Patroclus sate ; till of the band the two  
(Divine Odysseus leading) came in front  
And stood before him ; to his feet amazed  
And harp in hand Achilles sprang, and left  
The seat whereon he sate ; so too uprose  
Patroclus, when he turn'd and saw them there :  
Whom thus in welcome warm the chief address'd :  
    " Most welcome, ye my friends ; some heavy need 250  
Hath brought you hither ; and, whate'er my wrath  
Tow'rd others, you I hold my dearest still."  
    Speaking, the heavenly hero led them in  
First of their train, and placed them on their seats  
Cushion'd with purple rugs ; then quickly turn'd  
And thus address'd Patroclus at his side :  
    " Set forth a larger bowl, Menœtius' Son,  
And mix a brisker wine, and place their cups  
To these my dearest friends beneath my roof."  
    He spoke ; Patroclus to his loved Lord's word 260  
Placed a huge fleshpot in the firelight clear,  
Wherein the saddles of a sheep and goat  
And well-fed boar's fat glistening chine he threw :  
Automedon then held it to his Lord  
Achilles, who himself sliced up the meat.  
He sliced it fine and pierced it on the spits,  
The while the godlike prince Menœtius' Son  
Made burn the fire, until the flames fell down  
And the blaze faded ; then he levell'd flat

The embers, and above them stretch'd the spits, 270  
Raising them on their racks, and sprinkling salt.  
When all was roasted and on platters placed,  
Patroclus took and set upon the board  
The bread in woven baskets ; but the meats  
With his own hand Achilles parted out ;  
Who, by the inner wall then taking seat  
Facing divine Odysseus, bade his friend  
Patroclus make the offering to the Gods :  
Patroclus cast the offering on the fire ;  
Then on the dainty fare they laid their hands. 280

When all desire had pass'd of food and drink,  
First Ajax beck'd to Phœnix ; but the sign  
Was caught by brave Odysseus, who brimm'd high  
His cup with wine, and pledged their host, and spake :  
    "This cup to thee, Achilles ! Nor, in sooth,  
Now here, nor in the tent of Atreus' Son,  
Is worthy banquet wanting ; much is spread  
That well might tempt the taste. But oh, not now  
Is pleasant banquet-business in our thoughts :  
Too great the fear upon us, looking forth, 290  
O Zeus-born, and beholding our distress ;  
Unless thou gird thee in thy matchless might,  
We know not if we save or lose the ships.  
For hard on ships and rampart now encamp'd  
Lie the haught Trojans and their famed allies ;  
They light their fires by hundreds on the plain,

And vaunt that none may stay them, ere they fall <sup>1</sup>  
Ev'n on our well-bench'd galleys ; Zeus himself  
Shoots down his lightnings favouring them from heaven ;  
And Hector like some madman in his strength 300  
Rages insensate, trusting all to Zeus,  
Of God or man regardless, fiendlike, fill'd  
With a fell frenzy ; that on Dawn he cries  
To haste her rising, since his heart is set  
To lop down low our lofty sterns, and wrap  
In fiery flames the galleys, and destroy  
Amongst them in the smoke the crews distraught.  
And verily in my inmost heart I dread  
The Gods will bring these threatenings all to pass,  
Dooming to us to perish here in Troy 310  
Far from our homes in Argos. Oh then rise,  
Surely thyself desirest, in this sore need,  
Though late, to save thy country ! Else, be sure,  
Bitter hereafter will thy sorrow be,  
When all is past ; past evil hath no cure.  
Now therefore, whilst time serves, resolve how best  
To save the Danaans from this evil hour.

“ Ah friend ! Thy father Peleus, on the day

<sup>1</sup> Or, if the other interpretation be preferred,—

“ And vaunt, we shall not face them, but must fall  
Back on,” &c.

Authority is equally balanced ; and the construction adopted in  
the text appears to me the preferable one.



He sent thee forth from Phthia to the King,  
Oft charged thee thus : *' My child, if so they will,* 320  
*' Pallas and Here may vouchsafe thee strength ;*  
*' But keep the high, haught spirit in thy breast*  
*' Well-govern'd : kindness is the better part,*  
*' To cease from evil rancour ; and the host,*  
*' Both young and old, shall honour thee the more.'*  
Ev'n this thy father's counsel thou forgett'st.  
Yet is there time ; be still'd ; and let this wrath,  
This spirit-wasting passion, clean away !  
Gifts worthy all acceptance Atreus' Son  
Now proffers, if thine anger be allay'd : 330  
Hear me, and I will tell the tale of all  
Atrides tender'd in his tent but now :  
Seven tripods, yet unsullied by the fire ;  
Ten golden talents ; twenty glowing caldrons ;  
Twelve horses, firm of shape and fleet of foot,  
Train'd to the race, and winners on the course ;  
Not glebeless, not unpurs'd with precious gold,  
Who own'd but what these steeds have won to him.  
Seven women of Lesbos also he will send,  
All skill'd in blameless broideries, whom he took 340  
As fairest of the kind of woman there,  
When well-built Lesbos fell before thy arm :  
These will he send ; and, after these, the maid,  
Thine own, ev'n Briseus' Daughter, whom he seized ;  
With oath by aught most sacred, that with her  
He ever hath abstain'd, nor sought her bed

After the natural fashion of mankind.  
These shall be thine forthwith ; but, if, hereafter,  
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,  
Then mayst thou freight thy bark to thy heart's content  
With brass and gold ; and enter thou the first,       351  
Whene'er we part the spoil and prey amongst us.  
Be twenty Trojan damsels then thy choice,  
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.  
And, further, when to Argos we return,  
Become his son ; and he will honour thee  
Like to Orestes, son of his old age,  
Soft-nurtured in the lap of high estate.  
Three are the daughters in his palace-halls,  
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis       360  
And Iphanassa ; take thou there of these  
Home to thy father Peleus whom thou list ;  
Nor dower the bride ; be it rather his to add  
Rich dowry such as never father gave.  
Seven peopled cities will he then bestow ;  
Great Pheræ, and Aipeia's fruitful realm,  
Grass-meadow'd Irè, and Cardalymè,  
The low-lying pastures of Antheia's vale,  
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pedasus ;  
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts ;       370  
And all with men of many flocks and herds,  
To grace thee with their offerings like a God,  
Rich toll and tribute to thy sceptred sway.  
All this will he perform, so thou atone.

“ And though Atrides be too deeply loathed,  
He and his gifts alike, yet show some ruth  
On all the other sufferers through this host :  
With honour would they grace thee like a God,  
And a great glory amongst them might be thine :  
For Hector ventures nearer now, and him 380  
In this fell frenzy thou mightst take and slay,  
Ev’n whilst he vaunts, no Danaan is his peer,  
Of all aboard the galleys brought to Troy.”

But thus the fleetfoot hero made reply ;  
“ Sagest of men, Laertes’ Zeus-sprung son,  
Odysseus ! Though ’twere only from henceforth  
To save this fretful murmur at my ears,  
One after other troubling, so ’twere best  
To speak out boldly and at full my say,  
Ev’n as I feel, and as shall come to pass. 390  
Who saith one thing with other in his heart,  
I hate him as I hate the gates of Hell,  
And I will utter alway as I feel.  
Nor Atreus’ Son, I trow, nor Danaan else,  
Will ever win me back ; for when I toil’d  
In endless battle, they return’d me naught :  
Laggard and warrior found an equal grace,  
Dastard and hero were in one esteem,  
Idlers and bravest labourers died alike.  
Nor though I suffer’d greatly for his cause 400  
And to the death oft jeopardied my life,

Was aught of honour render'd. As a bird  
Home to her callow nestlings bearing crumbs,  
Pick'd whence she may, and at her own sore cost ;  
So nights of sleeplessness and days of blood  
I sweated through—for *their* dear darlings' sake !  
Twelve cities on the isles, and twelve save one  
I count in Troy's rich region sack'd by me :  
Whence many and rich the heirlooms I despoil'd  
And bore away and laid before the feet 410  
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King :  
And graciously he took them, where he lagg'd  
Behind amongst his galleys, meting out  
Some petty portions, but retaining more.  
The other chiefs and princes through the host  
May hold their guerdons—such as he vouchsafed ;  
From me alone of all Achaians here  
Hath he torn mine, my wife, and keeps her yet—  
Aye, let him have the good he gains therefrom !

“ Yet for a moment ponder why we came, 420  
Why are we here, why Argos wars with Troy,  
Why hath Atrides gather'd this array ;  
For whom save Helen ? And are Atreus' Sons  
So singular in this particular  
O' the love they bear their wives ? All honest hearts,  
All that retain one pulse that beats true man,  
Cherish and love a woman ; ev'n as I  
Loved *her* from the very bottom of my heart,

Slave though she was and captive of my spear ;  
Yet her he tore away. And dares he now 430  
Entreat me? Nay, he hath beguiled me once ;  
I read him through and through ; 'tis waste of breath.

“ Rather, Odysseus, let him take sage thought,  
With thee and his other royal counsellors,  
To guard this fiery ruin off the fleet.  
Much good without me hath he brought to pass ;  
Hath built a wall, and round it drawn a trench,  
Wide, deep, and therein planted stake by stake ;  
Yet not these doughty deeds avail to stay  
The slaughterous sweep of Hector's sword : who, erst, 440  
In days when I would battle for the cause,  
Ne'er dared advance beyond the city's wall,  
Once to the Scæan gates and beech-tree came,  
Once bode my charge, and scarce redeem'd his life.

“ But now I seek not noble Hector more,  
Nor will I battle further ; but at dawn  
To-morrow will perform my vows to heaven,  
And freight my galleys full, and launch them forth.  
And thou shalt see, if thou vouchsafe to look—  
If these things be indeed thy care at all— 450  
My sails full-set at daybreak, and my crews  
Straining across the Hellespont to home.  
Let a fair passage be vouchsafed by Him,  
Who shaketh in the ocean's clasp the earth,

And the third day I gain the Phthian coast.  
There, ere on this cursed errand I began,  
I left much wealth, and thither shall convey  
Much also hence, the gold and ruddy brass,  
The well-girt women, and the iron hoar,  
All that hath fall'n my portion by the lot ; 460  
But my chief guerdon, my most cherish'd prize,  
Hath Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King,  
Himself who gave it, seized again, and wrought  
Outrage upon me. Wherefore tell him all,  
Ev'n in mine own words, and in public place,  
That others too may chafe against his craft,  
Forewarn'd, if haply he be plotting there,  
Cloak'd in the shamelessness he ever wears,  
Some Danaans more to cozen : in *my* face,  
Dog though he be, he would not dare to look ! 470

“ I will not share his counsel nor his works :  
He hath deceived and wrong'd me once ; again  
He shall not with these glozing words : enough—  
And let him to his ruin clear of me !  
Zeus hath bereft him of his better sense.

“ Nor less I loathe his gifts, and hold them all  
I' the value of a hair : not though he gave  
Ten—twenty-fold of what he tenders now ;  
All treasured in his garners, with whate'er  
From others might be gather'd ; all that flows 480

Into Orchomenus, or Ægyptian Thebes  
Where are the hundred gates, and through each gate  
Chariots and steeds two hundred pass to war.  
Not though his gifts were as the sand o' the sea  
Or dust o' the earth for multitude, would so  
My heart be won, ere he hath paid me all  
My sufferings—sorrow for sorrow, wrong for wrong !

“ Nor would I wed a daughter of his house,  
With golden Aphrodite though she vied  
For beauty, and for broideries were peer 490  
To blue-eyed Pallas : not though such she stood  
Would I accept her. Let him seek elsewhere  
Some Danaan of a nobler race than mine,  
High as his own perchance ! For me, I trow,  
If the Gods save me and I gain my home,  
My father Peleus soon will search a wife.  
Many the damsels daughters of the chiefs  
Who guard rich cities or in Phthia's plains  
Or Hellas ; whomsoe'er of these I list,  
I by my side will set as wedded wife. 500

“ Yea, and mine own heart prompts me now thereto,  
To marry some fit mate, and with her rest,  
And have enjoyment of my father's wealth.  
For what may outweigh life ? Not all they fable  
Possess'd by full-throng'd Ilion, in the peace  
That was, or e'er Achaia's sons had come ;

Nor all in rock-bound Pytho, held within  
The marble threshold of the archer-God.  
For raid may win fat beeves and sheep, and toil  
Large tripods, and the crests of chestnut steeds ; 510  
But, when the breath of man hath once gone forth,  
No raid, no strength can e'er constrain it back.  
And of my fate my mother Thetis tells  
(Thetis the silver-footed Nymph divine)  
Two threads conduct me to the bourne of death :  
If I remain and battle on with Troy,  
Hope of return must perish, but my name  
Shall live for ever ; if I get me hence  
And reach mine own dear fatherland again,  
My name shall perish, but my life be long, 520  
Nor death o'ertake me with an early end.  
But I would give you all the like advice,  
To sail off home ; since never shall ye see  
The fall of Ilion. Zeus hath stretch'd his arm  
To save her, and her nation's heart throbs high.

“Return ye then to those who sent you ; speak  
Plainly (as age hath privilege of speech),  
And word for word, this message to the chiefs ;  
So may they set themselves to seek and find  
Some likelier counsel to preserve their fleet 530  
And the brave host aboard it ; *this*, in sooth,  
Hath had no issue, wherewithal they plann'd  
To cheat mine anger. Yet let Phoenix stay



This night, and sail with us to-morrow home,  
If so he will—but unconstrain'd of me."

He ended ; all awhile in silence sate,  
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words ;  
Till Phoenix thus at length, the agèd chief,  
Made answer : tears were gushing from his eyes ;  
So much he dreaded for his country's fleet : 540

" If of a truth, thou star of men, thy heart  
Is altogether set on this return,  
And if thou utterly refuse to save  
Achaia's galleys from these threatening fires,  
Yet how, dear child, may I be left by thee  
Forlorn behind ? To whom thy father old,  
The warrior Peleus, when he sent thee forth  
From Phthia to Agamemnon with this host  
(Then still a babe to life, and quite untaught  
In ways of men, in heady fight not less 550  
Than greater glories through the council won)  
Sent me to teach thee all these things, that thou  
Might'st grow alike in action and in speech.

Wherefore, dear child, I would not part from thee,  
Not though a God should promise me to strip  
This slough of age and set me forth to sight  
A blooming youth, such as I was, when first  
I fled from that fair garden of the fair,  
Hellas, and from my father's fell despight ;  
Ev'n from Amyntor, son of Ormenus, 560  
Then wroth with me for the fair leman's sake

Of whom enamour'd he had wrong'd his wife  
My mother : wherefore she implored me oft  
To win the harlot first to my embrace,  
That from my father she might turn away.  
Whose prayer I hearken'd and whose will perform'd.  
But he, perceiving soon, call'd down a curse  
Upon me, and invoked the Furies fell  
Thereto, that never should he set a child,  
As of my loins begotten, on his knee. 570  
The Gods, ev'n Zeus who rules the nether world,  
And dread Persephone, fulfill'd the curse.  
And in mine anger I had plann'd to slay him ;  
But some one of Immortals stay'd my hand,  
Putting into my heart the say o' the world,  
All the reproaches wherewith men would dog  
My name for ever after, were I known  
The murderer of my father in the land.  
Nathless I could not bow myself to bide  
At home and daily in my father's face 580  
Brooking his anger ; not though kith and kin  
Press'd round me and besought me to remain,  
Killing fat sheep by hundreds for the feast,  
And crumple-horn'd oxen slow of pace,  
Or singeing broad athwart Hephæstus' fires  
Whole boars outstretch'd and glistening in their fat,  
Or draining the old chieftain's casks of wine.  
Nine long nights through they watch'd around me thus,  
And turn by turn kept guard, nor suffer'd once

The fires be quench'd ; beneath the colonnade 590  
O' the outer well-wall'd courtyard one, and one  
I' the inner square, before my chamber doors.  
But, when the tenth dark night befriended me,  
I brake my chamber's panell'd doors right through,  
And gat me forth, and leapt the courtyard's wall  
Lightly, by watch or damsel unperceived.  
So far away through Hellas' spacious plains  
I hasted, till I gain'd King Peleus' realm,  
Rich Phthia, mother-land of flocks and herds ;  
Who gave me kindly welcome, and upraised 600  
And loved me, ev'n as father loves his son,  
An only child, begotten of his age,  
And born to rich possession of his wealth :  
So that he gave me substance in the land,  
To rule a numerous people, on the skirts  
Of Phthia, there to dwell, and named me chief  
Of the Dolossians. There I nurtured thee,  
Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,  
Ev'n to this stature, and loved thee from my heart ;  
Since thou would'st never with another go 610  
Or to friends' feast, or eat at all at home,  
Save when I first had set thee on my knee,  
Tasted and carved the meat, and pour'd the wine.  
Yes, I remember, oft a fretful child,  
Thou'dst spill the wine and soil the garb upon me.  
Much trouble for thy sake and toil I bore,  
Still with this thought within me, that, since Zeus

Created me no offspring, I in thee,  
Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,  
Was making to myself a son, to guard 620  
Hereafter all the misery from mine age.  
Listen then, son Achilles, and subdue  
This spirit : ill behoves thee ruthless heart ;  
Since ev'n whose might, and majesty, and power  
Transcend thee far—the Gods are merciful ;  
And sacrifice, and grateful vows to heaven,  
Wine-offering, and the steam of victims' flesh,  
Oft turn their wrath aside, when man hath sinn'd.  
For Prayers are Maidens, born to mighty Zeus,  
Halt, wrinkled, and their eyes downcast with shame, 630  
Who follow heedful in the steps of Guilt.  
But Guilt is strong, and swift of foot, and far  
O outruns them, working through the world to man  
Much hurt, the which they, coming after, heal.  
Whoso receives these maidens coming nigh  
With honour and love, him with great good they cheer  
And hearken his entreaty ; but, if man  
Forbid them from a rough and harden'd heart,  
They seek their father Zeus, and there beseech  
That Guilt may cleave to that man to destroy him, 640  
Avenging this their grace refused and scorn'd.  
Render thou therefore to these maids of heaven  
The honour that should follow them, whereto  
Many of noble mind have bow'd ere this.

“ But if 'twere so, that Atreus' Son still show'd  
Thine enemy—if he proffer'd not these gifts  
Nor promised more hereafter—I, at least,  
Would never bid thee cast aside thy wrath  
To help us, howsoever sore our need.  
But he hath offer'd much, immediate much, 650  
And more hereafter ; and hath sent us here  
The noblest of the chieftains through the host  
Selected, and the dearest to thyself,  
To make this supplication in his name ;  
Disgrace not thou our coming nor our prayer ;  
For, though, ere this was done, we scarce might grudge  
Thine anger, from henceforth we needs must blame.

“ Oft too, as we have heard in olden lays,  
Have heroes in like case, eaten up by wrath,  
Been won by gifts and gentle words therefrom. 660  
One ancient instance, of no modern date,  
I well remember, how it once took place,  
And, as we all sit friends, will tell at full.  
Once on a time round lovely Calydon  
The Curets and Ætolians were at strife,  
Defending *these* the city, *those* intent  
To throw it by their arms. This ill had fall'n  
From golden-thronèd Artemis upon them,  
Wroth for that Æneus had not sacrificed  
The first-fruits of his threshing-floor to her : 670  
Other Immortals had parta'en their share ;

Unto this daughter of great Zeus alone  
(Whether forgetting, or neglectful quite)  
He offer'd not—but ruinously he err'd ;  
For all in wrath she rose, a child of Zeus,  
Exultant in her arrows, and bestirr'd  
A boar white-tusk'd and wild from grassy lair,  
Daily to wreak a ravage to its wont  
On Æneus' vineyard, strewing to the ground  
Trees and their clusters, root and stem upturn :      680  
Till Meleager, Æneus' son, at length,  
With hunters call'd from many towns about,  
Destroy'd it ; nor had fewer folk sufficed ;  
So huge the monster, and so many men  
Already had it laid on early pyres.  
Then outcry loud and feud the Goddess stirr'd  
For the spoil's sake, the head and bristly hide,  
Betwixt the Curet and Ætolian tribes.  
Whilst for the Ætolians Meleager fought,  
Ill was the Curets' plight ; nor durst they take,      690  
Despite their numbers, stand beyond their town :  
But when on Meleager fell a wrath,  
(Such as oft swells in noble hearts, and blinds  
The wisdom of the wisest), wounded then  
By his own mother Althæa to the core,  
He lay in idle dalliance with his spouse,  
The lovely Cleopatra, quite withdrawn.  
She was the daughter of Evenus' child  
Marpessa, lovely-ankled Nymph divine,

And of Idæus, strongest man of men 700  
Then living, who on Phœbus drew his bow  
Ev'n for that selfsame lovely-ankled Nymph.  
But Cleopatra had her parents named  
Amongst themselves Halcyonè, because  
Her mother, like some halcyon, unconsol'd  
Mourn'd, when Apollo bore her from her home.  
With her he lay, and nurs'd his angry mood  
Against Althæa for the curse she call'd  
From heav'n upon him for her brother's death.  
Oft had she sate, smiting the fruitful Earth, 710  
Calling on Hades and Persephone,  
With forehead bow'd betwixt her knees, and breast  
Bedew'd with tears, that they might slay her son.  
Ranging the mists of Erebus afar  
The unrelenting Fury heard the curse.  
Therefore around the Ætolian gates then rose  
The din and loud uproar of towers assail'd.  
Their old men came beseeching ; yea, they sent  
The holiest of their priesthood to his feet,  
With promise of great gift, if he would come. 720  
Where the rich vale of lovely Calydon  
Is richest, there they bade him take to himself  
A fair demesne, of fifty acres, half  
Vineyard, and half bare fallow for the plough,  
All from the common to be fenced apart.  
His father too, the agèd Ceneus, oft  
Implored him, standing on the threshold-stone

Of the high-roofed chamber, shaking there  
The fast-barr'd doors, and calling on his name.  
Sisters and noble mother eke would come 730  
Entreating, but he still denied the more.  
And oft his comrades came, of all men there  
The noblest, and the best-beloved by him :  
Not ev'n by this changed they the heart within him ;  
Till his own chamber, smitten, rang with darts,  
And swarming o'er the towers the Curet host  
Won entry, and would fain have fired the town.  
Then in her tears the hero's fair-zoned wife  
Besought him, and recounted all the woes  
That 'light on men whose city falls by storm. 740  
The men are slain ; their homes to ashes burnt ;  
Their children and their wives another takes.  
The heart was moved within him, as he heard  
That evil work, and he arose and girt  
In dazzling mail his might, and issued forth.  
Yet, though he fended off their evil day,  
It was but for the humour of his will ;  
Wherefore they gave not those great gifts, and he  
Wrought their deliverance, but wrought for nought.  
Oh, for my sake incline not thou thy mind 750  
This selfsame way, beloved, nor let Heaven  
Pervert thee thus : 'twill serve thee less to save  
Our ships, when thou needs *must* repel the flames ;  
Come rather now, whilst gifts attend the help ;  
Achaia now would grace thee like some God :



But if hereafter, in thine own behalf,  
Losing these gifts, thou yet comest forth at last,  
Albeit thine arm be powerful as of old  
To save us, yet thy glory will be less."

But thus the fleetfoot hero gave reply :

760

" Phoenix, my dear old father, Zeus-born Chief !

I need not this new glory that thou say'st.

Glory, methinks, hath been already mine

By gift of Zeus ; and His the will that keeps

Amongst these longbeak'd galleys me withdrawn,

Whilst breath is in my lips, and life in limb.

One thing I warn thee ; lay it well to heart.

Fret not my soul again with sobs and tears

Pour'd in behalf of this ungrateful King.

What call hast thou towards him ? Thee I love ;

770

Beware, lest thus my love be turn'd to hate.

Who afflicts me, him help me to afflict ;

So halve my kingdom and partake my fame.

Let these report their message ; thou remain,

And rest thee here this night on soft-strewn couch ;

At dawn to-morrow we can then consult

Whether to sail off home or still to stay."

He spoke, and gave command by silent nod

Unto Patroclus to prepare soft couch

For Phoenix, that they so might haste the more

780

Departure from his tent. And Ajax then,

The godlike son of Telamon, spake last :

“ Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,

Odysseus ! Let us go. I see no end

Likely to be fulfill'd by all our speech.

Remains for us to carry this reply,

Good though it be not, to the Danaan chiefs,

Who sit, belike, expecting us. But wild

“ This spirit that Achilles in his breast

Now nurses—reckless—nor takes thought of us 790

His comrades who have ever honour'd him

Beyond all others ! Ruthless harden'd heart !

Ev'n when a brother or a son is slain,

Ransom is ta'en, and, when the price is paid,

The slayer still may live within the land,

The wrath of all avengers bought aside.

In *thy* breast only have the Gods sown wrath

Thus evil and insatiate—all for one

Mere damsel ! Lo, we offer to thee seven,

The fairest of the fair, and much beside ! 800

I ask thee then once more to show us grace :

By thine own rooftree, under which we sit,

The men, who most of all the Danaan tribe

Desire to be at love and peace with thee.”

Nor more ; to whom the Fleetfoot answer'd thus :

“ Prince of thy people, son of Telamon,

Great Zeus-sprung Ajax ! As thou feel'st at heart,

So hast thou spoken, I may well believe :

But my blood boils with choler, when I think  
Of all that happ'd the day when Atreus' Son                   810  
Made me of no account before the host,  
Spurn'd me like some vile vagrant ! Go ye then,  
Report ye all my message full and clear ;  
I will not give a thought how goes the fray,  
Till haply when great Hector, Priam's child,  
Gains in the onward path of slaughter borne  
The camp and fleet of these my Myrmidons,  
And threats with fire the galleys—then, I trow,  
About my tent, at my black galley's side,  
Ev'n valorous Hector will perchance be stay'd."           820

He ceased ; whereat each raised the two-cupp'd bowl,  
Pour'd his libation, and return'd again  
(Odysseus leading) by the line of ships.

But in the tent Patroclus bade his men  
And handmaids strew the couch for Phœnix thick ;  
Who hearken'd, and bestrew'd it as he bade,  
Skins, and soft rug, and delicate flower of flax.  
Thereon the old man lay, and wakeful mused  
The coming morn. But in the tent's recess  
Achilles slept, and woman by his side,                   830  
The lovely Diomedè, whom he took  
From Lesbos, daughter of King Phorbas, lay.  
By the tent's other wall Patroclus slept,  
Lying with fair-zoned Iphis, whom his lord  
Divine Achilles gat him, when he won

The steep of Scyros, Enyœus' town.

Meantime the others gain'd Atrides' tents ;  
To whom at once uprose Achaia's sons,  
Welcoming with golden cups from various seats  
And questioning all together : but their King               840  
Atrides Agamemnon first was heard :

“Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast !  
Quick, say ; consents he to repel the flames  
From off our ships, or doth he still refuse,  
And passion still possess his haughty heart ?”

And much-enduring Odysseus replied :  
“Atrides Agamemnon, King of men  
Most sovran ! Nor doth he consent to quench  
His anger, but is rather choked the more  
Therewith—rejects thee and thy gifts alike ;               850  
And bids thee seek amongst the Argives here  
The counsel wherewithal to save the fleet  
And the brave host aboard it : but himself  
Threatens at break of dawn to launch to sea  
His well-bench'd two-bank'd galleys ; yea, and saith  
He now would give to all the like advice,  
To sail off home ; since never shall ye see  
The fall of Ilion : Zeus hath stretch'd his arm  
To save her, and her people's heart throbs high.  
So spake he : Ajax and the heralds here,               860  
Discreet men both, can witness if I lie.  
But agèd Phœnix there remain'd to rest ;

For thus he bade, and added, he might sail  
With him to-morrow to their fatherland,  
If sô he listed—but without constraint.”

He spoke. Dumbstricken all awhile they sate,  
Awed, for most vehemently fell the words,  
And long in silence ponder'd, sad and still ;  
Till thus at length brave Diomed began :

“ Atrides Agamemnon, King of men 870  
Most sovran ! Would thou ne'er hadst made this prayer  
Nor offering of thy gifts to Peleus' Son,  
Who erst o'erweened much, but now hath risen  
By this thy grace in pride a hundredfold.  
Let us then leave him, to depart or stay  
At his own pleasure : he will never fight  
Till his heart prompts him or some God bestirs.  
Meantime obey me as I now enjoin,  
And all lie down to slumber, feasted full  
With what we have parta'en of corn and wine ; 880  
For of such slumber spirit comes, and strength.  
But at first rise of rosy-finger'd Morn  
Then haste thee up, and order all the host  
Before the galleys ; kindle by thy speech  
Their spirits ; and thyself be first to fight.”

He spoke ; to whom the chieftains gave acclaim  
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed.  
They pour'd their offerings forth, and went their way,  
And scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark,  
There rested, and partook the boon of sleep. 890



## Iliad ƒ

SO all night through Achaia's chieftains slept,  
Held by soft slumber, lying amongst their ships,  
Save Agamemnon, shepherd of the host ;  
He slept not ; him sweet slumber might not hold  
For many cares. But, as fair Herë's Lord  
Frequent sends forth his lightnings, when he works  
Or hail or ruinous deluge on the earth,  
Or snow-storm, and the snow bestrews the plains,  
Or when he opes the jaws of ravening war ;  
So, frequent from the bottom of his heart, 10  
Atrides render'd groans, and felt the soul  
Fever'd within him. If he turn'd his eyes  
Outward to Troy's wide plain, he mused aghast  
On those strange blazing watch-fires, far advanced  
In front of Ilion, and the sound came thence  
Of pipe and fife, and all the hum of men ;  
Or, if he turn'd him to his own wide camp,  
In frenzy from the roots he tore his hair,  
Denouncing Zeus on high with bursting heart.  
This show'd the sagest counsel to his mind, 20  
To seek Neleian Nestor first, if he

Might peradventure frame some blameless rede  
To fend the evil from the Danaan race.  
Therefore he rose, and put about his chest  
A tunic, and 'neath glistening feet made fast  
Rich sandals, and enwrapt him in the hide  
Of tawny lion, falling to his feet  
Flowing and large, and took to hand a spear.

Nor less on Menelaus fever fell,  
Nor would sweet slumber settle on his lids, 30  
For fear lest they should suffer ill, who came  
From Argos o'er the waters for his sake  
To wage a perilous war. Who therefore rose  
Likewise, and o'er his broad back threw the skin  
Of spotted pard, and set about his head  
Basnet of brass, and took a spear in hand.  
So forth to meet his brother, him who ruled  
The sceptred sovereign of the Argive race,  
And honour'd by the people like a God.

Him he found standing at his galley's stern 40  
And girding round his shoulders the bright mail ;  
And warm the welcome, as he thus began :  
“ Why arm'st thou thus, my Brother, at this hour ?  
Wouldst prompt some chieftain forth to spy the foe ?  
I fear for such a venture few thou'lt find.  
Bold must he be of heart, who dares go forth  
Alone through balmy darkness to their camp.”



And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :  
" Most sore the need to thee and me alike,  
Most noble Menelaus, to devise 50  
Some counsel for the rescue of the host  
And safe escape to Argos : since the will  
Of Zeus is changed ; to Hector's offerings now  
Wholly his heart is given. Myself have ne'er  
With mine own eyes beheld, nor e'er heard tell,  
Such miracles of prowess by one man  
Achieved in battle, as by Hector wrought  
This day upon our host—albeit man mere,  
Not born of Goddess, nor by God begot ;—  
Such deeds, I say, as Argos needs must rue 60  
For many a year ; such evil hath he wrought.  
But haste thee lightly through the fleet, and call  
Idomeneus and Ajax ; I will go  
To noble Nestor and bid him arise  
To view with me the posts of sentinels  
And lay our charge upon them : whose behest  
The guards will best attend ; for on his son  
And that brave follower of Idomeneus,  
Meriones, this duty we consign'd."

And thus in answer Menelaus spake : 70  
" And then how orderest thou ? What bidd'st me do ?  
Or there with them to wait thee, till thou come,  
Or back to run, when I have given them word ?"

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :  
" Wait there, lest haply on our path we miss

Each other ; through the camp are many ways.  
Call clear to whom thou goest, awake them loud,  
Naming each hero by ancestral name,  
Giving to each his glory ; nor thyself  
Be overproud, but labour ; such the task 80  
Zeus hath ordain'd us from our mother's womb."

He spoke, and sent him on good hest away ;  
But sought himself the shepherd of the host,  
Nestor, and found him stretch'd on soft-strewn bed  
Outside his black-dyed galley and his tent.  
But nigh him lay the enamell'd mail, his shield,  
Two spears, and glittering helm, and eke the belt  
Wherewith the old man girt him to the fray  
And led his people forth, to pains of Eld  
Unyielding still : who raised his head, and rose 90  
Upon one arm, and question'd him, and said :

" Who comes thus single through the ships and tents  
At dead of night, when others are at rest ?  
Seek'st thou a sumpter, or a sentinel ?  
Speak, pass me not in silence ; what thy need ?"

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :

" O Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !  
Know me King Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Plunged deepliest far by Zeus in toilsome cares.  
Yea, long as breath is in my body, long 100  
As these my limbs have motion, lasts my grief :  
As now I roam, since on mine eyes sweet sleep  
Settles not for Achaia's war and woe.

Great for the host my fear ; my pulse no more  
Beats firm, but I am flutter'd to and fro ;  
My heart is as 'twould burst from out my breast ;  
And my bright-mailèd limbs beneath me shake.  
But, since on thee sleep likewise settles not,  
If thou wouldst help me, rise, and let us view  
Our guards, lest haply, sated with fatigue 110  
And sleep, they slumber, mindless of the watch :  
The foe are near encamp'd ; nor we assured  
They will not, ev'n by night, assail again."

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :  
" Most sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Our glorious chieftain ! Not at full, I ween,  
Shall Zeus the Lord of Counsel bring to pass  
The hopes of Hector ; rather shall he toil  
Deeper in troubles lost, if Peleus' Son  
Should e'er repent him of his evil wrath. 120  
Blithely I follow ; others too we call—  
The spear-renown'd Tydides, Odysseus,  
The fleetfoot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son ;  
And if some youth were near to haste and call  
The other Ajax, and Idomeneus,—  
For farther are their ships, not nigh at hand.  
Yea, dear to me and honour'd though he be,  
And though thyself take umbrage, I must chide  
Thy brother, nor will hide my blame, that thus  
He slumbers still, and leaves to thee this task ; 130  
'Twere his to go now labouring through the chiefs,

Entreating all ; for sore our need hath fall'n."

But sovran Agamemnon gave reply :

" I too, my sire, would bid thee chide him oft.

Oft he shows slack and to his labour loth ;

Yet not of folly, nor to sloth a thrall,

But that he looks to me, and waits my hest.

And this while hath he earliest waked, and stood

Before my pillow ; and I sent him first

To summon those of whom thou now inquirest. 140

So let us haste to meet them at the gates

Amongst the guards ; for there I bade them wait."

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

" If this be so, no Argive may begrudge

Henceforth obedience to his word or cry."

He spoke, and put a tunic round his chest,

Bound broider'd sandals under glistening feet,

And clasp'd about his body purple cloak

Down-reaching to the feet in double fold

With nap of woolly fur, and took a spear ; 150

So started on his passage through the host.

And first from slumber with his cry he roused

Odysseus, peer to Zeus for sage device ;

Whose sense the sound quick struck ; and from his tent

He issued, and address'd the agèd Chief :

" Why range you thus alone in balmy night

Our camp and fleet ? What need is instant now ?"

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

"Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,  
Odysseus! Be not wroth for this our call ; 160  
So dread the danger that o'erwhelms the host.  
Follow us rather, and awake whoe'er  
Should be at council, be it to flight or war."  
He spoke ; the other not delay'd, but ran  
Into his tent, around his shoulders cast  
A carven shield, and follow'd in their steps.

Thence they moved on to Diomed ; and him  
Lying outside his tent still under arms  
They found ; and many comrades round him slept,  
Their shields beneath their heads, but spears erect 170  
Spiked fast in earth, whilst far the points above  
Flash'd like the lightning of our father Zeus.  
Asleep their chieftain lay, on ox-hide stretch'd  
Below him, pillow'd on a scarlet rug.  
Nestor approach'd, bestirr'd him with his heel,  
Awoke him, and upbraiding spake and said ;  
"Rise, son of Tydeus, wake : wouldst drone away  
The whole night through ? And hearkenest not the hum,  
How Troy has camp'd her on the knoll thou knowst,  
Hard by the fleet ? Short space divides us now." 180  
He spoke ; the other started to his feet,  
Address'd him, and return'd these wing'd words :  
"A restless Elder thou, nor spar'st thyself.  
Were there no younger warriors in the host  
To speed and call the chieftains one by one ?

Hard is't to deal with thee, my agèd Sire !"

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

" My son, to order due thy words accord.

Myself have noble sons, and in the host

Are many who might speed and call the chiefs ; 190

But, oh, too instant now Achaia's need.

The fate of all is on a razor's edge,

Whether salvation, or an utter death !

But (for thyself art younger) rise, and call

The fleetfoot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son ;

Since, as thou sayst, thou feel'st for me such ruth."

He spoke ; the hero round his shoulders cast

A lion's hide that to his ankles dropp'd

Tawny and large, took spear in hand, and went,

And woke and brought those others from their tents. 200

But when they gain'd the posts of sentinels,

They found not the brave captains of the guards

Slumbering, but all awake, all under arms.

For as, in painful watch round folded flock,

When dogs have caught the din of some bold beast

Descending down the mountains through a wood,

The noise of hounds and men confused begins,

And hope of slumber perishes that night ;

So had sweet slumber perish'd off the lids

Of who kept watch that evil night ; for still, 210

Whene'er they fancied steps from Troy, they turn'd

Attentive to the plain. And Nestor saw,

Well-pleased, and cheer'd them thus with wingèd words ;

“ Still thus, my children, watch, and banish sleep,  
Lest we should fall, a mockery to our foes.”

He spoke, and cross'd the trench, and with him went  
Who of the Argive chieftains had been call'd  
To council, and, beside, Meriones,  
And Nestor's noble Son, call'd thence to join.

They cross'd the deepdug trench, and sate them down  
I' the open, where some little space appear'd                    220  
Of corpses clear, and Hector had refrain'd  
On fall of night from slaughter of the host.  
There sate they to their council, side by side ;  
And first Gerene's Chief began address :

“ Hath no brave hero here enow of trust  
Placed in his daring heart to venture forth  
Through the haught Trojans, so perchance to slay  
Some lodger on their outskirts, or to learn  
What now is rumour'd, what they now intend ;                    230  
Whether they would encamp beyond this night  
Far from their city and so nigh our fleet,  
Or after this their victory would return ?  
Could he learn this and come to us unscathed,  
Great should his glory be 'mongst all mankind,  
And bounteous his reward. Of all who rule  
Chiefs in this camp, should every one bestow  
A black-fleeced ewe with lamb upon her teats,  
Whereto there is no fellow in the flock ;

And at all banquets he should aye be guest." 240

He spoke ; and all awhile in silence sate,  
Till answer'd thus the dauntless Diomed :

" Nestor, my heart and daring prompt me forth  
To venture through this neighbour camp of Troy ;  
Yet, if some comrade would companion me,  
The cheer were better, and the hope were more.  
When two together go, the one perchance  
Perceives before the other what may turn  
To vantage ; if alone, albeit he sees,  
'Twill be with slower sense, more meagre wit." 250

He spoke ; and many offer'd, blithe to go ;  
Blithe either Ajax, constant to the war ;  
And blithe Meriones ; and blither yet  
The son of Nestor ; blithe was Atreus' Son,  
Renownèd Menelaus ; last, not least,  
Odysseus, ever venturesome at heart,  
Was blithe to go a spy amid the host.  
Amongst whom Agamemnon spake, their King :

" Tydides Diomed, my heart's delight !  
Choose thou thy comrade, whomso thou preferr'st ; 260  
Since many proffer, choose thou out the best :  
Nor, through some over-reverence, pass thou by  
The better man, nor take to thee the worse,  
For majesty, or for respect of birth,  
Albeit he be of some more royal race."

He spoke, in fear for Menelaus' sake ;  
And answer'd thus the dauntless Diomed :



“ If ye so bid me choose mine own ally,  
How of divine Odysseus may I show  
Forgetful, prompt of heart, and high of soul                    270  
In all endeavours, most to Pallas dear ?  
Safe from a fiery furnace might we come,  
With him my comrade, matchless in device.”

To whom in answer sage Odysseus thus :  
“ Nor praise me overmuch, nor blame at all,  
Tydides ; for thou speak'st to men who know.  
But let us forth ; the darkness wears apace ;  
And morn is nigh ; the stars have westward fall'n ;  
The most of night hath gone, two watches pass'd,  
The third alone remains for our emprise.”                    280

They ceased, and donn'd their dreadful-seeming arms.  
And Thrasymed then gave to Tydeus' Son  
A two-edged sword and shield (his own were left  
Amongst the ships), and on his head placed firm  
A bull-hide helm, devoid of crest or cone,  
And basnet named, the headpiece of a youth.  
Whilst to Odysseus gave Meriones  
A bow and quiver, and a sword, and set  
About his head a helm of leathern hide  
Full stoutly wrought, with many twists entwined                    290  
Within, but on its outer front gleam'd white  
(By skilful hand well set on either side)  
A wild boar's teeth ; and felt was next the head.  
This erst from plunder'd palace, spoil and prey,  
Autolycus in Helione took

From great Amyntor, son of Ormenus,  
And to Cythera's King Amphidamas  
Gave in Scandeia ; but Amphidamas  
Gave it to Molus, pledge of friendship old,  
And Molus to his son Meriones : 300  
Therewith Odysseus now begirt his head.

So panoplied in dreadful-seeming arms  
The two went forth, alone, and left their friends ;  
On whose right hand propitious, near their path,  
Athene sent a heron ; in dim night  
They saw it not, but heard its cry ; whereat,  
Much-cheer'd, Odysseus on the Goddess cried :  
" Child of the Ægis-wielder, hear my prayer ;  
Daughter of Zeus, who ever at my side  
Standest in danger, nor unmark'd of thee 310  
I move—now most, Athene, show thy love ;  
Grant to our wellbench'd galleys we return  
After some deed the Trojans long may rue."

And Diomed in turn address'd his prayer ;  
" Hear me, me also, mighty child of Zeus !  
And be to me, as to my sire in Thebes  
Of old thou wast, companion ; when he went  
In embassy before Achaia's host,  
And left them at Æsopus' stream, but bare  
Onward their peaceful message into Thebes 320  
To the Cadmeians ; and, returning, wrought  
Upon them wondrous deeds, through thee, through thee,

Great Goddess, who wast helpful to his arm !  
So now to me be helpful ; guard me home ;  
And on thine altar I will offer up  
A heifer, one year old, and broad of front,  
Unbroken, ne'er submitted to the yoke :  
This will I offer, and with gilded horns."  
So pray'd they, and Athenè heard their prayer,

Thereafter, like two lions, quite alone, 330  
In darkness, and o'er bodies of the dead,  
Through spilth of gore and arms, they trod their way.

The while nor Hector suffer'd his brave host  
To slumber, but together call'd the best,  
All who were chiefs and captains in their camp ;  
To whom in council he address'd his rede :  
" Who for my sake and for a rich reward  
Will forth adventure to a perilous raid ?  
Large guerdon shall be his ; for I will give  
The chariot and the pair of proudneck'd steeds, 340  
Of all most perfect from Achaia's host,  
To whoso dares (and great the fame thereto)  
Seek their swift galleys, and espy, and learn  
Whether they yet be guarded as before,  
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,  
They counsel flight amongst them, and are slack  
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone."  
He ceased ; but all long time in silence sate.

There dwelt in Troy, of feature ill to view,  
But fleet of foot, and wealthy, Dolon hight, 350  
Son of Eumedes herald of the town ;  
One son, amongst five sisters born and bred ;  
He first to Hector and to Troy replied :

“ Hector, my heart and daring prompt me forth  
To seek their ships, and, as thou tell'st, espy ;  
But raise aloft thy sceptre ; swear thereon  
To give me the enamell'd car and steeds  
Which bear the great Peleion on the field.  
So I to thee will be no idle spy  
Nor disappoint thy hopes, but pierce their camp 360  
To Agamemnon's galley, where perchance  
They hold their council, or to flight or war.”

To whom with lifted sceptre Hector sware :  
“ Now Zeus himself, far-thundering, Here's Lord,  
Bear witness, that no other Trojan brave  
Shall mount that chariot or shall guide those steeds,  
Which thou shalt have, thy glory and thy pride.”

He spoke, and sware an oath forsworn, yet cheer'd  
The other forth, who straightway rose and flung  
About his shoulders crookbent bow, and donn'd 370  
A grey wolf-skin, and bound about his head  
A cap of weasel-fur, and took a spear ;  
Then started from their camp towards the fleet ;  
So started—but was destined ne'er to bring  
Report to Hector, nor himself return.

Soon, when were left behind some little space  
Their cars and horses, eager on his path  
He hasted on, till brave Odysseus first  
Perceived him, and to Diomed said thus :  
" This man comes, Diomed, from out their camp ; 380  
Whether to spy our fleet or rob the slain  
I know not. Let him pass us on the field  
Some little way ; then easily will we spring  
And take him captive ; for, though he perchance  
In speed excel us, yet advancing still  
Against him spear in hand, we drive him off  
From his own camp, and bar escape to Troy."  
They whisper'd thus, and crouch'd beside the path  
'Mongst the dead bodies hidden ; and he pass'd  
Swift running by them—witless, to his death !

390

Far as one strain of mules may reach, (for mules  
Better than oxen through stiff fallow land  
Haul the strong plough) he pass'd them, ere they rose  
And follow'd quick : whose steps he heard, and paused  
Gladly, for in his heart he hoped the sound  
Of his own comrades hasting to recall  
Himself by Hector's bidding back to Troy.  
But, when within a spear's-cast or less space  
They gain'd, he knew them foes, and turn'd his limbs  
Nimble to flight, and they to hard pursuit.  
As when two jag-tooth'd hounds well-skill'd of chace 400  
Press o'er some wooded dale full furiously

A fawn or hare, that moaning flees before,  
So Tydeus' dauntless Son and Odyseus  
Drave him in front and press'd full furiously  
Upon him ; till, when fleeing he had fall'n  
Almost upon the outposts of the guard,  
Athenè breathed on Tydeus' Son despight,  
Lest, if another of Achaia's host  
Should now forestall him, and with prayer to heaven 410  
Smite Dolon, *he* be second at the death ;  
Therefore with brandish'd spear he cried, and said :  
    "Halt, or my spear shall strike thee ; then, I ween,  
Short thy escape from slaughter at our hands."

He spake, and hurl'd his spear, but err'd prepenze :  
O'er the right shoulder of the foe the point  
Pass'd, and the polish'd shaft stood fix'd in earth  
Before him. All aghast, with muttering lips  
And chattering teeth, and pale with fear, he stopp'd ;  
Till they, for breath now panting, gain'd his side 420  
And seized his hands ; whom he with tears implored ;

    "Spare me ; I yield me captive, and will give  
Large ransom ; great the substance in my home,  
Brass, gold, and well-wrought iron, storèd up,  
Whence will my father priceless ransom yield,  
When he shall learn me captive in your fleet."

To whom thus answering sage Odysseus said :  
    "Take heart ; nor let thy death be in thy thought.  
Rather speak freely all, and tell me this —  
Whither through night's dim darkness mak'st thou way 430

Towards our fleet, whilst others are at rest ?  
To strip some body ? Or hath Hector sent  
To spy what now is passing in our ships ?  
Or doth thine own brave heart thus prompt thee forth ?”

To whom then Dolon thus, with shaking knees :  
“To this dire trouble, against my better sense,  
Hath Hector guiled me, swearing to bestow  
The horses and the bright enamell'd car  
Of Peleus' Son, and bidding me by night  
Venture amongst your barks, to spy, and learn 440  
Whether your fleet be guarded as before,  
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,  
Ye counsel flight amongst you, and are slack  
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone.”

Whom with slow smile Odysseus answer'd thus :  
“Vast, verily, thy ambition—the great steeds  
Of Peleus' noble Son ! But hard were they  
For mortal man to manage or to yoke,  
Save one of an immortal mother born,  
Their lord Achilles ! Now inform me this ; 450  
Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of the realm ?  
Where lies his warlike mail, and where his steeds ?  
How is't with the others at their posts and tents ?  
What counsel they amongst them ? Or to bide  
Far from their city and so near our fleet,  
Or after this their victory to return ?”

To whom Eumedes' Son made answer thus :  
“Also these things will I inform at full.

Hector, with all who have in senate seat,  
Holds council, clear of all the din, and near 460  
To Ilus' tomb ; but of the guards, great chief,  
Thou askest—they are on no fixèd posts  
To watch or save the camp ; but, where the fires  
Amongst the Trojans (who needs must keep guard)  
Show blazing, there men wake, and each bids each  
Keep heedful watch ; but all their famed allies  
Slumber, and to the Trojans leave this care ;  
They have not wife or child imperill'd here."

Whom sage Odysseus, answering, question'd more :  
" Rest these allies commingled with the host 470  
Of warrior Trojans, or themselves apart ?"

To whom then Dolon thus, Eumedes' Son :  
" Also these things will I inform at full.  
Seaward the plumed Pæonian archer-troop,  
The Carians, Caucons, and Lelegians lie ;  
With these the brave Pelasgians ; on the side  
Of Thymbra their allotted spaces hold  
The Lycians, the proud Mysians, and the host  
Of Phrygia, and the helm'd Mæonian tribes.  
But wherefore thus inquire the camp of each ? 480  
For, would ye have a foray on their camp,  
Here lie the Thracians, on the skirts of all  
Alone, and late-arrived ; and with them came  
Rhesus, the son of Eioneus, their King.  
Largest, most beauteous on this earth, his steeds,  
Whiter than snow, and footed like the winds,



I late beheld ; and eke his car is wrought  
In gold and silver ; and of gold his arms,  
Of size prodigious, marvel to behold,  
Such as 'twould seem no mortal man might bear,      490  
But worthy to enclothe immortal Gods.  
Now therefore take me captive to your ships,  
Or bind with ruthless bonds, and leave me here  
Till ye return, and of my words have proof,  
Whether I now have told you false or true."

But thus brave Diomed with stern-set brow :  
" Hope not, how good soe'er thy tidings given,  
Hope not, O Dolon, from our hands escape.  
For, if we for a ransom set thee free,  
Hereafter might'st thou to our fleet again,      500  
Whether to spy, or fight in open field :  
But, if thou perish now beneath our arms,  
Thou wilt not give annoy to Argos more."

He spoke ; the other sought to reach his beard  
With his broad hand entreating ; but the sword  
Clove through his neck, disparting either side ;  
As he would speak, his head was in the dust ;  
Off whom the cap of weasel-fur they stripp'd,  
The wolf-skin, the long spear, and crookbent bow :  
These sage Odysseus, lifting up on high,      510  
Vow'd to Athene Goddess of the spoil :

" Hail, Goddess, hail ! In these have thou delight ;  
And, as on thee of all the Olympian powers  
We first will call, so gracious be our guide

To the encampment and the steeds of Thrace."

He spake, and from him lifted high and laid  
The arms within a tamarisk-bush conceal'd,  
But heap'd a mark with rushes and fresh boughs  
Pluck'd from the bush, lest haply on return  
Through the dim night the spot escape their ken. 520

Then on, through arms bestrewn and spilth of gore,  
They trod their way, and quickly gain'd the post  
Where lay the Thracians camp'd ; whom all asleep  
They found, and sated with fatigue, their arms  
Beside them in good order on the ground  
Piled in three rows, and near each warrior stood  
His chariot's pair. But midmost Rhesus lay,  
Their King, and at his feet those horses stood,  
Fast to the splash-board's rim by headstalls bound.  
Odysseus saw, and said to Diomed : 530

" This, Diomed, the man, and these the steeds,  
Whereof, or e'er we slew him, Dolon told.  
Now warm we to the work ; 'tis not thy part  
To stand full-arm'd and idle : loose the steeds ;  
Or ply thy sword, and be the steeds my care.

He spoke ; and azure-eyed Athene breathed  
A spirit fierce on Tydeus' Son, who straight  
'Gan slaughter, right and left ; and ceaseless rose  
(As half-awaked they perish'd by his sword)  
Their groans ; and earth was redden'd with their blood. 540  
As lion, falling on a guardless flock

Of sheep or goats, springs slaughterous in their midst,  
So through those men of Thrace ranged Tydeus' Son  
Slaughtering, till twelve had perish'd ; but the while,  
As one by one he slew them with his sword,  
The sage Odysseus by the foot seized each,  
And drew the body back, devising well  
How with all ease the glossy steeds might step  
From out the fray, nor, treading on the slain,  
Be frighted, as unwonted to the war. 550  
Then on their King, thirteenth, Tydides fell  
And took his sweet life from him, where he lay  
Heavily breathing ; o'er whose head that night,  
Sent by the ordering of Athene's will,  
Ill dream took stand—the son of Ceneus' house !  
And Odysseus had loosed the steeds and leash'd  
With thongs together, and from out the throng  
Now drove them, plying for a goad his bow,  
Since he had minded not to take to hand  
The glittering lash that lay upon their car :— 560  
Then whistled shrill to noble Diomed ;  
Who yet remain'd still pondering, what yet more  
Might be achieved of daring ; should he seize  
The car whereon the enamell'd mail lay bright  
And draw it by the pole away, or lift  
The armour off, and bear it to the ships ;  
Or should he on the Thracians turn once more.  
But, while the thought went coursing through his heart,  
Athene by his side address'd him thus :

“ Mind thee, Tydides, now of safe return, 570  
Lest peradventure thou shouldst make thy way  
Back to the hollow galleys driven in flight.  
Some God perchance will wake the men of Troy.”  
She spoke ; the hero knew the voice divine,  
And straightway sprang and mounted o'er the steeds ;  
Odysseus lash'd them with his bow, nor loth  
They flew towards Achaia's camp and fleet.

Nor idle watch Apollo held in heaven ;  
And, when he view'd Athene by the side  
Of Tydeus' Son attendant, all in wrath 580  
Descending to the Trojan crowded throng,  
He woke a counsellor of Thrace, one nigh  
Akin to Rhesus, brave Hippocoön :  
Who, starting up from sleep, look'd round, and saw  
The place now empty where the steeds had been,  
His gallant comrades weltering in their blood,  
And sobb'd, and shrieking call'd his dear lord's name :  
Whereat a sound of lamentation rose  
Shrill, quenchless ; as the Trojans thither flock'd  
In throng tumultuous, gazing all aghast 590  
On that disastrous havoc, wrought by men  
Unknown, and now amongst their ships secure.

But when the heroes reach'd where Hector's scout  
Had perish'd, there Odysseus stay'd the steeds,  
Whilst Diomed sprang down, and lifting put

Into the other's hands the bloodstain'd spoils,  
Then mounted quick the steed again ; they plied  
The lash ; nor loth the horses sought the fleet.

Nestor first caught the beating hoofs, and spake ;  
" Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host !      600  
I know not if I utter false or true ;  
But thus my heart impels me. On mine ears  
The tramp of horses at full gallop strikes.  
Might it but be that gallant Diomed  
And sage Odysseus drive them hitherwards,  
Won from the Trojan chieftains spoil and prey !  
But much I dread, lest by this rising din  
The two, our bravest, there are sore bested.

Scarce had he ended, when the two appear'd  
And straight dismounted ; blithe around them came      610  
The others, with warm hands and glad address  
Giving them cheer ; but agèd Nestor first :  
" Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast !  
How got ye, tell me quick, these noble steeds ?  
Or by a foray on the camp of Troy ?  
Or did some God accost ye and bestow  
These miracles of radiance—like the sun ?  
Oft on the field I show, nor guilty plead,  
Old though I be, of loitering at the ships ;  
But ne'er have I beheld, nor ev'n in thought      620  
Conceived such horses. Some great God, I trow,

Hath met you and bestow'd them ; dear are both  
To Zeus, the Ægisbearer, Lord in heaven,  
Dear to Athene too, his virgin child."

Whom answering, sage Odysseus thus return'd :  
" Yea, Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !  
A God, if so he listed, with all ease  
Better than these thou seest, though these be good,  
Might well bestow ; the Gods are far supreme.  
But these, whereof thou question'st me, my sire, 630  
Are Thracian-bred, and latest reach'd the camp ;  
Whose lord by gallant Diomed lies slain,  
And with him other twelve, their country's best.  
Hard by the fleet, thirteenth, a scout we caught,  
Whom Hector and the other chiefs of Troy  
Had forward sent to spy upon our camp.'

He spoke, and through the trench drave on those steeds  
Glorying ; with whom exultant follow'd all  
To the pavilion of brave Tydeus' Son.  
The horses there with cleancut thongs they bound 64  
Fast to the manger, where the hero's own  
Stood eating corn, as honey to their mouths ;  
Whilst Odysseus laid down the bloodstain'd spoils  
Of Dolon at his galley's stern, and there  
Design'd the offering to Athene due.

Then in the sea they cleansed them of the sweat  
That clung about their knees, and throats, and thighs ;  
And when the wave had wash'd them clean of sweat,

And the dear hearts within them beat refresh'd,  
Into their polish'd baths they went, and bathed. 650  
Thereafter, all anointed with pure oil,  
They sate them to their supper ; nor forgot  
To pour the offering of their sweetest wine  
Due to Athene from a full-brimm'd cup.





## Iliad ㊦

**B**EARER of light to mortal and to God,  
Dawn had now risen from her couch, and left  
The side of famed Tithonus, when, from Zeus  
Sent to Achaia's camp, Strife, evil Strife,  
Flew forth, and waved aloft the flag of war.  
High on Odysseus' black-hull'd ship she stood,  
The midmost of the galleys, whence her call  
Might reach to either side, or tow'rd the tents  
Of Telamonian Ajax, or where stood  
Those of Achilles ; for on either flank, 10  
Trusting their good right arms, those two had camp'd.  
Thence loud and dread her shout the Goddess raised,  
In every Achaian kindling dauntless heart  
Strong to unending onset and affray ;  
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought  
Of battle than aboard their hollow barks  
Home to their own dear fatherland return !  
Atides raised his voice and bade the host  
Be arm'd, and girt himself in dazzling mail.  
And first the enamell'd greaves about his limbs 20  
He bound, with silvern anklets clasp'd below ;

The breastplate then, the gift of Cynaras,  
He put about his chest—the gift bestow'd  
Of an old friendship ; when to Cyprus came  
The rumour bruited wide that Argos' sons  
Would sail anon to Troy, then Cynaras  
Bestow'd this gift, a grace unto the King.  
Ten were the bars thereon of deep-blue steel,  
Twenty of glittering tin, and twelve of gold,  
And azure dragons, three on either side, 30  
Strain'd upward tow'rd the gorget, flickering bright  
As rainbows on some cloud by Kronos' Son  
Fix'd for a sign to syllable-linguaged men.  
About his shoulders next he threw the sword,  
The hilt whereof was boss'd with gold, the sheath  
Was silver, but by golden hooks fast hung :  
Then raised the shield, all-sheltering, helm to heel,  
With fair enamel wrought and rich relief,  
Ready to hand ; ten brazen circles show'd  
Upon it ; white thereon shone twenty studs 40  
Of tin, but midmost one dark-blue of steel.  
Centred upon it lay the visage dread  
Of Gorgon, frowning grim ; and on its round  
Terror and Flight. Within was silvern thong,  
Whereon an azure dragon lay encurl'd,  
Three crests uprearing from a single throat.  
The helmet then he set about his head,  
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),  
Four-crested, double-coned ; and in his hands

Took two strong javelins, tipt with sharpest brass ; 50  
Far from their points the glitter rose to heaven,  
Whilst Herè and Athenè peal'd on high  
Thunders in honour of Mycenæ's king.

Then each brave chieftain gave his driver word  
To rein the horses to the trench in line ;  
Whilst all empanoplied in arms themselves  
They moved together : clear i' the face of dawn  
Their quenchless cry went up : in vanmost rank  
The champions nigh their drivers stood, till these  
Some little space fell back. And through the host 60  
Zeus breathed tumultuous spirit, shedding down  
Thick gouts of blood like dew upon the earth,  
For that he now would hurl to Hades' gloom  
The soul of many a hero in his prime.

'Gainst whom the Trojans, where the plain sprang up,  
Ranged them round Hector and Polydamas,  
Æneas, honour'd as a God in Troy,  
Antenor's sons, Agenor, Polybus,  
And, fair as an Immortal, Acamas ;  
But vanmost still show'd Hector's orbèd shield ; 70  
Bright as the star of bale from out the clouds  
Shows shining, but anon within them lost ;  
So Hector now amongst the foremost show'd,  
And now amongst the hindmost, ordering all ;  
And ever flash'd his form in brazen mail,

Like lightning of the mighty Father Zeus.

As mowers, rank to rank, each facing each,  
Sweep clear the space betwixt them, in the field  
Of some rich man, and thick the trusses fall  
Of wheat, perchance, or barley ; thus those hosts,       80  
Ravaging all before them, sprang to war,  
Nor either knew a thought of deadly fear.  
Erect they held their heads in equal fight,  
Furious as wolves. Beholding whom, rejoiced  
Strife, baleful Strife, of all the Powers divine  
Sole sharer of that battle : of the Gods  
None else were present ; but they sate aloof  
Each in his own still chamber, where his home,  
Enfolded on Olympus, stood fair-wrought ;  
And much they murmur'd 'gainst their cloudwrapt Lord,  
For that he will'd this triumph unto Troy :       91  
Whom he, their Father, reck'd not ; but, apart,  
And glorying in his solitary state,  
Sate, brooding o'er the city and the fleet,  
The gleam of arms, the slayers, and the slain.

While yet 'twas Morn, and sacred Day wax'd on,  
Darts flew, and warriors fell to both alike ;  
But at that hour when fellers of the woods  
Make ready in the cool of some deep glade  
Repast, what time with hewing of huge trunks       100  
Their hands 'gin slacken and their hearts feel faint,

By craving of sweet food possessèd quite ;  
Then by their good right arms the Danaans burst  
Their foe's best phalanx ; each throughout their ranks  
Cheering his comrade. Foremost from the mass  
Leapt Agamemnon forth, and slew the chief,  
Bienor ; first the chief he slew, and then  
The driver of his chariot, Oïleus,  
Who leapt to earth, and took his stand against him,  
But whom in onward charge the king's spear pierced 110  
Right through the forehead ; nor the vizor held  
Firm, but the point pass'd through it, through the skull  
Propell'd, and spattering all the brain within,  
And quell'd him in his onset—whom the king  
Left where they lay, with naked gleaming breasts  
Stript of their corslets ; but himself advanced  
On Antiphus and Isus : they the sons  
Of Priam, bastard one, the other fruit  
Of wedlock, two upon the selfsame car,  
The bastard brother driving, by his side 120  
Brave Antiphus upstanding : these of yore  
Achilles captive took on Ida's knolls  
Feeding their flocks, and bound with limber withes,  
And, after, freed for ransom : whom this day  
Broadruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Slew both—above the nipple in the chest  
With avelin piercing Isus, but with sword  
Smiting above the ear and from the car  
Dashing his brother down ; and quick 'gan strip

Off both their beauteous mail, and knew his spoil, 130  
For he had seen them erst amongst the fleet,  
Captives from Ida by the Fleetfoot brought.  
As when a lion prowling tow'rd his lair  
Falls on the tender fawns of some swift hind,  
Seizes 'twixt violent fangs, and with all ease  
Crushes them up, and takes their delicate life ;  
Whom, though the hind be nigh, she cannot save,  
But trembling fear comes o'er her, and she speeds  
Through dell, through forest, sweating every pore  
For dread of that fierce onset ; so of Troy 140  
Affrighted none could fend that slaughter off.  
Pisander next and brave Hippolochus,  
Sons of a warlike sire, Antimachus  
(Who erst in council raised the strongest voice,  
For gold of Alexander freely given,  
'Gainst the return of Helen to her home),  
These two, his sons, the king now caught, who drave  
Two on one chariot, all too near their foe ;  
Whose glossy reins had slidden from their grasp ;  
And low they crouch'd, appall'd ; for face to face 150  
Atrides, lion-like, against them rose ;  
Whom from the car they thus besought, and cried :  
    " Spare us, O son of Atreus, spare our lives,  
And take of our redemption ample price ;  
Rich is the substance of Antimachus,  
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee  
Then when he learns us captive in the fleet."

Thus they with honey'd words besought the king  
Lamenting, but no honey'd answer heard :

“Sons if ye be of that Antimachus 160

Who then, when Menelaüs came to Troy  
With godlike Odysseus in embassy,  
Bade slay him nor to Argos grant return,  
Welcome ; for that foul wrong requite me now.”

He spoke, and dash'd Pisander from the car  
Headlong to earth, spear-smitten through the chest :  
Hippolochus the while had leapt to earth,  
But Agamemnon slew him there, his hands  
Lopping off first, then cleaving through the neck,  
And sent the body trundling like a stone. 170

These left he where they lay ; but where the ranks  
Throng'd thickest thither sprang, and in his wake  
Achaia's mailèd men : each slaying each,  
Footman press'd footman in that rout embroil'd,  
And horseman horseman ; o'er them from the plain  
Clouded the dust upstirr'd by sounding hoofs ;  
And wide their spears wrought ravage : but the king  
Press'd foremost, slaughtering still, and cheer'd his host.

As when upon an unhewn forest falls  
A fire consuming, and all sides the wind 180

Rolls it together, root and branch the glades  
Sink prone before the onset of the flame ;  
So 'fore the step of Agamemnon sank  
The crests of fleeing Trojans : to and fro  
Through bridges of the battle proudneck'd steeds

Rattling their empty chariots sought forlorn  
Their noble lords ; but they on earth lay dead,  
Sweeter to vultures' than to women's eyes !

Clear of the moil, the bloodshed, and the fray,  
Clear of the dust and darts, had Zeus withdrawn 190  
Hector, the while Atrides press'd pursuit  
Foremost himself, and beckon'd on his host.  
O'er the mid plain, beyond the fig-grove nigh  
The Tomb of Ilus, son of Dardanus,  
The Trojans now had rush'd in panic-flight  
Hot for their walls, yet ever on their heels  
Blood-spatte'd, unwithstood, came Atreus' Son ;  
Till by the beech-tree and the Scæan gates  
Some stood at last and rallied side by side.  
Not less the remnant on the mid plain show'd 200  
Frighted like kine on whom a lion comes  
At dead of night, and drives in panic all,  
But manifest to one shows sudden death ;  
Whose neck at first 'twixt violent fangs he breaks,  
But laps anon the offal and the blood ;  
So sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Slaying the hindmost, press'd on Troy dismay'd :  
Headlong and flat dropp'd hundreds from their seats ;  
Vanmost, and fiercest with his spear, he ranged ;  
Till, when he fain would gain the steep town-wall, 210  
The Father of Immortals and of men  
With thunderbolt in hand came down from heaven,



Took seat on many-fountain'd Ida's peaks,  
Call'd goldwing'd Iris to his side, and spoke :

“Hie hence, swift Iris ; bear to Hector this :

So long as he beholds Achaia's king  
Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,  
So long let him remain apart and bid  
Others endure the burden of the fray ;

But when by wound of arrow or of spear 220  
Back to his chariot hath the king been driven,  
Bid him then fight, to whom I grant the strength  
To slaughter, till he gain the well-bench'd barks,  
And the sun sink, and sacred darkness fall.

He spoke, nor windfoot Iris disobey'd ;  
To Ilion down from Ida's peaks she flew  
And found in battle Priam's noble son  
Standing amongst the steeds and join'd cars ;  
Nigh him she took her station, and began :

“Me hath the Father sent to bear thee this ; 230

So long as thou behold'st Achaia's king  
Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,  
So long He bids thee hold apart and let  
Others endure the burden of the fray ;  
But, when by wound of arrow or of spear  
Back to his chariot hath the king been driven,  
He bids thee fight, to whom He grants the strength  
To slaughter, till thou gain the well-bench'd barks,  
And the sun sink and sacred darkness fall.”

So speaking, fleetfoot Iris pass'd away. 240

But Hector leap'd in armour to the earth,  
And, waving two sharp spears, along the line  
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved.  
They rallied, and against their foe stood firm ;  
Likewise the foe adverse made stronger rank :  
So was the fight recover'd ; face to face  
They stood, till first from out the line the king  
Leapt forth anew, the foremost fain for blood.

Now ye whose homes are on th' Olympian steep  
Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer, and sing 250  
Who first met Agamemnon, arm to arm,  
Or of proud Troy or of her famed allies.  
Iphidamas, Antenor's son, a man  
Mighty and huge, nurtured in deep-glebed Thrace,  
The mother-land of flocks : from childhood up  
His mother's father, Cisseus, who begat  
Fairfaced Theano, rear'd him in his halls ;  
And, when he reached his prime of glorious youth,  
Gave him his daughter, and still held him there ;  
He wedded, but from bridal chamber straight 260  
Went for this rumour of Achaia's host  
With twelve beak'd barks that follow'd in his train.  
The galleys in Percotè's port he left,  
But by mainland to Ilion made his way ;  
Who now tow'rd Agamemnon dauntless moved ;  
And each had near'd the other on the field,  
When Atreus' Son first threw, yet err'd ; the spear

Pass'd by his side ; Iphidamas then struck  
Low in the corslet's belt, and following press'd,  
Trusting his good right arm, the javelin on ; 270  
But pierced not through the enamell'd belt ; the point,  
Encountering boss of silver, turn'd like lead ;  
The staff whereof the king then seized, and drew  
Towards him, as some lion draws his prey,  
Plucking it from the other, through whose neck  
His sword then shore, and 'neath him loosed the limbs :  
Lapp'd in an iron slumber, prone he dropp'd,  
Most piteous, for Troy's warfare dying far  
From home and wedded wife, of whom delight  
He scarce had known, though bounteous dower he gave,  
A hundred oxen first, whereto he pledged 281  
From countless herds a thousand sheep and goats.  
But by the arm of Atreus' Son he fell,  
Who pass'd and bore his armour through the throng.

Coön, Antenor's eldest-born, beheld,  
And thick the mist of grief came o'er his eyne ;  
Unmark'd of Agamemnon, spear in hand  
Upon his flank he station took, and threw,  
And pierced him 'neath the elbow through the arm,  
Through which the shining point held straight its path.  
Shrank for a moment, as he felt the wound, 291  
The king, yet ceased not therefore from the fray,  
But sprang on Coön, waving ashen shaft  
Tough-nursed by mountain-breeze ; and as he stoop'd

Drawing from out the mellay by the foot  
The body of his brother, calling loud  
The bravest to his rescue, struck him hard,  
Under the buckler with that brass-tipp'd lance,  
And loosed the limbs beneath him. Where he fell  
Prone on Iphidamas, the king then took 300  
Near stand, and with his sword smote off his head.  
Thus by the arm of Atreus' royal Son  
Two children of Antenor there fulfill'd  
Their bloody dooms and sank to Hades' realm.

Nor ceased he ranging through the ranks of men,  
Smiting with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stone,  
Whilst from the wound the blood still spirted warm :  
But when the scathe was chill'd and ceased the blood,  
Keen grew the pangs of pain that rack'd his frame.  
As on a woman in her travail falls 310  
The last keen dart of anguish to her pangs,  
Sent by the Eilythuiæ from their store,  
Daughters of Herè, and the queens of birth ;  
So sharp the pangs 'gan rack Atrides' frame.  
Stung to the core he sprang upon his car,  
And to the hollow galleys bade be driven,  
Yet turning, to the Danaans loudly cried :  
" Friends, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host !  
Remains for you to guard from off our sails  
The baleful battle ; for to me great Zeus 320  
Grants not to fight the whole day out with Troy."

He spoke, his driver tow'rd the hollow ships  
Thong'd quick his glossy steeds, nor loth they flew,  
Whose chests with foam, whose flanks with dust, grew white,  
As from the fray they bore the wounded king.

Whom Hector spied departing, and afar  
Shouted with cry to Lycia and to Troy :

“ Ho, Lycians, Trojans, Dardan men-at-arms !  
Stand forth, be men, and mindful of your might :  
Their mightiest flees ; and Zeus in turn to me      330  
Vouchsafes the glory ; charge ye therefore, charge,  
Down with your hoovèd horses on the foe ;  
The stronger they, the nobler name ye win ! ”

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.  
As on a lion or a wild tusk'd boar  
A hunter slips and cheers his white-tooth'd hounds,  
So on the Achaians Hector, Priam's son,  
Peer to fierce Ares, slipp'd the men of Troy,  
Himself with heart high-lifted foremost strode,  
And fell upon their battle, as some storm      340  
Leaps from above and breaks the violet sea.

Whom first, whom last, slew Hector, Priam's son,  
When Zeus vouchsafed this glory to his arm ?  
Assæus first, and then Autonoüs.  
Opites, and the brave Opheltius,  
Osymnus, Orus, and Hipponoüs,  
And Agelaüs ; these of chiefs he slew,

But after these a nameless number more.  
As, when with sudden whirlwind Zephyr smites  
The clouds foregather'd by the summery west, 350  
Billow on billow rolling, nursed up high,  
Falls, and from off their summits far the foam  
Is scatter'd by the gust of wandering wind ;  
So thick the crests of men 'neath Hector fell ;  
Yea, and resistless wrack had then been wrought,  
The Achaians 'mongst their ships had fall'n in flight,  
Had not Odysseus called on Tydeus' Son :

“Tydides ! what this beating at our hearts  
Rendereth our arms forgetful of their might ?  
Come nearer, friend, and place thee by my side, 360  
To us the shame if Hector gain the ships.”

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :  
“ Firm will I stand, and to the last endure ;  
But short shall be the gain, for not to us  
Zeus wills the triumph, but to Troy, this day.”

He spoke, and dash'd Thymbræus from his car,  
Through his left nipple piercing with sharp spear,  
Whose driver, brave Molion, Odysseus  
Struck likewise down. These left they where they lay,  
From battle stay'd, but onward through the throng 370  
Ranged furious ; as when two high-hearted boars  
Turn on the hounds that hunt them, so to bay  
They wheel'd, and slew the Trojans. But, behind,  
The Achaians halted blithe, regathering breath,  
Saved from the sword of Hector. Next they reach'd

A chariot, and two princes thereupon,  
First of their nation, sons of Merops, king  
In Percos ; he of all mankind most wise  
In divination, and forbade his sons  
From this fell leaguer, but they would not hear, 380  
Borne by their Fates right onward to their death.  
Whom now, of spirit and of life bereft,  
Of their bright armour Diomed despoil'd ;  
The while Odysseus at his side struck down  
Hypeirochus and brave Hippodamus.

From Ida Zeus then stretch'd the tug of war  
Even betwixt them, and each slaughter'd each.  
Tydides pierced a hero, Pæon's son,  
Agastrophus, with spear-point through the thigh :  
Nigh whom his steeds were not to bear him safe : 390  
Infatuate ! who had bidden his driver bide  
Clear of the fray, whilst he on foot still ranged  
The vanmost, till he lost his life thereby.  
But Hector, with keen glance along his line,  
Charged, shouting, and behind him came all Troy.  
A shudder shot through dauntless Diomed  
Beholding, and to Odysseus he cried ;  
" Like some huge wave of ruin, Hector rolls  
Down on us two : yet steadfast stand, my friend,  
Together bide the onset, and repel." 400

He spoke, and whirl'd and threw his shadowing spear,  
And struck, nor miss'd his mark, upon the head

Full on the helmet's summit : brass from brass,  
The point glanced, nor could gain the tender skin,  
Stay'd by the triple-plated crested helm,  
Phœbus Apollo's gift to Priam's son.  
Then swift a rood ran Hector back, and gain'd  
The throng, where, dropping on one knee, he knelt  
Leaning on earth with one broad hand, his eyes  
Bedimm'd in night : but whilst Tydides went 410  
Far through the vanmost, following where his spear  
Had fall'n to earth—he gather'd up his strength,  
And leaping backward sprang upon his car,  
Drove through the crowd apace, and shunn'd his fate :  
To whom, with brandish'd spear, Tydides then :  
    “Cur ! who again hast 'scaped thy death this while !  
Ill press'd thee hard : but Phœbus now once more  
Hath saved thee, unto whom thou needs must make  
Prayers endless ere thou ventur'st to the war.  
Yet, let some god do battle on my side, 420  
Next when we meet I ween I end thee quite ;  
Till then I turn me 'gainst whome'er I may.”  
He spoke, and turning straight 'gan strip the arms  
Off Pæon's son : but fairhair'd Helen's lord  
Paris, from, where half-ambush'd he was couch'd,  
Behind the column o'er a dead man's tomb  
(Ilus the son of Dardanus, of old  
An elder of the city), drew his bow  
Against the noble chief. Helm off the head,  
Shield off the shoulder, corslet off the breast, 430



He now stoop'd stripping, when the other drew  
His archèd bow, and struck, nor vain the shaft  
Escaped his finger, on the right-foot sole ;  
Sheer through the arrow nail'd it to the earth ;  
Whereat from ambush forth with joyous laugh  
Sprang Paris, and, loud vaunting, cried and said :

“ Struck ! Nor in vain my shaft ; yet would to Heav'n  
It had thee on the hip and took thy life !  
So were they hearten'd, these poor cowards of Troy  
Who shuddering, like a flock of bleating goats      440  
Before a lion, shun to face thee now ! ”

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :  
“ Slandrous ! And valiant by thy bow alone !  
Curl'd minion of fond women ! Bowman mere !  
Yet, wouldst thou meet me on fair field in arms,  
Little thy bow and shaft would serve thee then :  
Thou boastest for this graze upon my foot—  
A woman's or an infant's feeble blow !  
Dumb is the weapon from a dastard's arm ;  
Far other speaks the spear that flies from me :      450  
So it but barely touch, the foe shall fall  
Lifeless, his children orphan'd, and his wife  
Widow'd : and she may rend her cheek afar,  
Whilst he lies rotting, reddening with his blood  
The earth about ; and round him, in good sooth,  
More birds of prey than loving women flock ! ”

He spoke, to whom Odysseus quick drew nigh,  
And stood before him, whilst he sate him down

Behind, and drew from out his foot the shaft;  
Sharp through his frame the pang of anguish shot; 460  
Stung to the core, he sprang upon his car,  
And bade his driver drive him to the fleet.  
Single Odysseus stood: for of the host  
None durst stand with him; such the fear on all.  
Much troubled to his own brave heart he spoke:  
    "Ah me! what strait is mine! 'Twere foul to flee,  
Affrighting others; yet to stand alone  
To certain death were worse, and lo, the host  
Is panic-driven all with fright from heaven.  
But, tush, why holds my heart this fond debate? 470  
Base men may flee, and cowards so be saved;  
But who boasts aught of prowess in the war  
He needs must stand—to victory or to death."  
    Ev'n while such thought pass'd coursing through his  
    brain,  
Round him the shielded Trojan warriors came  
And in their midst enclosed their own worst scourge.  
For as when hounds and stalwart hunters press  
Hard on a boar, from out the deep thick brake  
He charges, whetting teeth that gleam forth white  
Twixt up-curved tusks; about him to and fro 480  
They dart; and loud the gnashing of his jaws,  
Yet in their fear's despite they wait his rush;  
So round Odysseus, chieftain Zeus-beloved,  
The Trojans came; but he first sprang, and struck  
Deiopites through the shoulder-blade,

A noble youth, with sharp-tipp'd spear ; anon  
Thoön he slew, and Eunomus ; and next  
Chersidamas, as from his car he sprang,  
'Neath the boss'd buckler through the belly pierced,  
Dropp'd prone and ground the earth for agony. 490  
These leaving, on the son of Hippasus,  
Own brother to brave Socus, Charops named,  
He turned, and struck ; to whose quick rescue came  
Socus, his godlike brother, taking stand  
Near to his foe, and spake these wingèd words :

“ Exhaustless in endurance and in wile,  
Renown'd Odysseus ! either thou shalt boast  
O'er both brave sons of Hippasus their fall  
This day before thee, and their arms thy spoil ;  
Or thine own self shalt perish by my spear.” 500

He spoke, and on the orbèd shield struck full ;  
Through the bright buckler pass'd the stout good lance,  
And through the enamell'd corslet making way,  
Laid bare the ribs of flesh : Athenè there  
Stay'd it, nor suffer'd it to reach his heart.  
Odysseus knew the wound no mortal hurt,  
And, back recoiling, thus to Socus cried :

“ Most wretched thou ! on whom thy fate now falls :  
Me thou perchance preventest from this fray ;  
But I on thee engage to hurry here 510  
A black and bloody death ; who now shalt yield  
Thy ghost to Hades and the fame to me.”

He spoke, whose foe had turn'd him round to flight ;

But 'twixt the shoulders in the back he smote  
And drove the spear right onward through the chest ;  
He fell ; o'er whom Odysseus vaunting cried :

“ Son of the noble knightly Hippasus !  
Socus ! Thy fate hath caught thee ; thou hast fall'n ;  
Unhappy ! No fond mother at thy death  
Shall close thine eyes, but carrion crows may flap 520  
Their wings about thee, and may rend thy flesh :  
Me, when I die, Achaia's glorious chiefs  
Shall tend with all my honours to the tomb.”

He spoke, and from his buckler and his wound  
Drew the stout lance of warlike Socus forth ;  
The blood, upwelling as he drew, made faint  
The heart within him ; but the Trojans near,  
Seeing him bleed, raised loud the battle-cry  
Throughout their throng, and down upon him bare ;  
Backward he drew, and on his comrades call'd ; 530  
Far as a voice may travel, thrice he cried,  
And thrice brave Menelaüs heard the cry ;  
Then thus to Ajax, haply standing near :

“ Ajax ! Zeus-nurtured, son of Telamon,  
Prince of thy people ! To my ears the voice  
Of much-enduring Odysseus hath come,  
And sounded, as the Trojans press'd him hard,  
Cut from his comrades, single in the fray.  
Quick let us to his rescue through this throng ;  
I fear lest meantime by his gallant stand 540  
He suffer hurt, alone amid the foe :

Great were that trouble to the Danaan host."

He spoke, and led the way, and with him went  
His godlike comrade, and they gained the chief,  
Round whom now press'd the Trojans, like a troop  
Of tawny jackals round an antler'd stag  
Pierced by some hunter's arrow on a moor;  
Who yet escapes his hunter, whilst the blood  
Is warm within him and his limbs are light;  
Soon shall the arrow quite subdue his strength;      550  
And carrion jackals gathering on the hills  
'Gin feast upon him in some grove's deep shade;  
On whom some chance a lion leads that way;  
Scatter'd the jackals flee; and his the spoil;  
So round Odysseus, brave and wise of wit,  
Many and strong the Trojans press'd; but he  
By onset to and fro with nimble spear  
Forefended still the death; till Ajax came  
With towerlike shield, and by his side took stand:  
This way and that scatter'd the Trojans fled:      560  
Then Menelaus took him by the hand  
And led him from the throng, to where aloof  
His followers held his steeds. But Ajax sprang  
Fierce on the foe, and first slew Doriclus,  
King Priam's bastard son; Lysander then,  
Pylartes, Pandorus, and Pyrasus;  
As when a river, rushing tow'rd the plain,  
Hurried and swollen by the rains from Zeus,  
Falls in a winter-torrent from the hills;

Many the barkèd oaks, many the pines 570  
It rends and hurls with silt into the sea ;  
So noble Ajax ranging choked the field  
With men and horses cleft beneath his sword.  
Nor Hector knew their plight ; for still he fought  
Far on the battle's left beside the banks  
Of swift Scamander ; where the cry had wax'd  
Round mighty Nestor and Idomeneus  
Most quenchless, and the haughtiest crests were falling ;  
With these had Hector mingled, working deeds  
With chariot's guidance and with sleight of spear 580  
Most wondrous, scattering wide their warriors' ranks.

Nor to this hour had yielded from their place  
The brave Achaians, had not Helen's lord,  
Paris, stay'd king Machaon from the fray,  
Piercing him through the shoulder with a shaft,  
Amongst the foremost warriors ; for whose fate  
The whole brave host 'gan shudder, lest perchance  
In that back-tide of battle he be ta'en :  
And thus to Nestor spake Idomeneus :

“ Sage Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast ! 590  
Quick to thy car, and let Machaon mount  
Beside thee : to the fleet so haste thy steeds ;  
For, whoso hath the sage physician's art,  
To cut forth arrows and to spread soft salves,  
Is worth the lives of many a common man.”

Nor the Gerenian chieftain disobey'd,

But mounted to his car, and at his side  
Machaon came, Asclepius' blameless son.  
He thong'd the horses tow'rd the fleet, nor loth  
They flew along the path they loved to tread. 600

But where Cebriones by Hector sate  
He look'd and saw the warrior-ranks of Troy  
Broken by Ajax, and to Hector spake :  
" Hector, whilst we amongst the Danaans stray  
Here on the outskirts of the evil war,  
All else confounded, man and horse embroil'd,  
I see our host ; whom Ajax puts to rout ;  
Clear I descry him, knowing by the shield  
Broad round his shoulders. Thither therefore turn  
Our steeds and chariot, where, in evil strife 610  
Commingle, each most fierce the other slays,  
Footman and horse, and quenchless comes the cry."

He spoke, and with shrill-sounding lash thong'd on  
His glossy steeds, who heard the lash, and bare  
Lightly the flying chariot 'twixt the hosts,  
Trampling their path o'er bucklers and the dead ;  
The axle under and the rims above  
With blood were spatter'd all, and blood the drops  
Dangling from off the housings of the steeds  
Sprinkled about them, and the wheels splash'd blood : 620  
Whilst Hector yearning came to spring and burst  
Their gather'd legions, breathing on the foe  
A panic-dread, nor resting from his spear ;

Nathless, whilst ranging through the other ranks  
Slaughtering with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stones,  
Shunning the Telamonian hero's arm.

Till Father Zeus from throne on high awoke  
Spirit of fear in Ajax : first he stood  
Astonied, and behind him flung the shield ;  
And timorously about him o'er the throng 630  
Looking, like some wild beast, hesitating  
He turn'd, yet oft wheel'd back, and short the space  
Twixt knee and knee bestridden. As when hounds  
And peasant hunters from a cattlefold  
Chase some fierce tawny lion : all night through  
They watch, nor let the fatling of their herd  
Fall to his longing ; he, ahunger'd, stands  
In act to leap upon them—yet in vain ;  
So thick the javelins and the flaring brands  
Full in his eyes springing from strong right-arms, 640  
That in his heart's despite he dreads their flame,  
And sullenly at dawn perforce departs ;  
So Ajax moved from off the Trojan host  
Sullen and loth ; whose fears were for the fleet.  
Like some slow-pacèd ass, that breaks a guard  
Of children, and makes way into a field ;  
Many their cudgels splinter'd on him fall ;  
Nathless he enters grazing on the crop,  
The children striking still, but weak their strength,  
Scarce they expel him, when his gorge is fill'd ; 650



So Troy and all her brave Alliance press'd  
On Ajax, the great son of Telamon,  
Smiting his buckler vainly with their spears.  
Anon would Ajax all his might recall,  
Wheel round to face them, and make halt their ranks ;  
Anon would turn again to more retreat ;  
Yet stay'd them thus from charging on the ships ;  
For still 'twixt either host he midmost ranged  
Making sole stand ; whilst from their strong right-arms  
Their javelins in his towerlike shield were stay'd, 660  
Or, dropping ere they gain'd him, in the earth  
Stood quivering, longing for the taste of blood.

Whom thus o'erwhelm'd with darts, Eurypilus,  
Evemon's noble son, beheld, and came  
And, taking stand beside him, aim'd bright spear,  
And through the liver 'neath the midriff pierced  
A chieftain, Apisaon, Phausius' son,  
Loosing his limbs ; then on him sprang, to strip  
The armour off his shoulders,—whom, the while  
Down-stooping, godlike Alexander mark'd 670  
And struck with arrow through the dexter thigh ;  
Short snapt the shaft ; the stricken limb hung slack.  
Backward he drew him to his comrades' ranks,  
Shunning black fate, but on the Danaans cried :  
“ Turn, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host ;  
Turn ye and stand ; forefend the ruthless hour  
From Ajax, by the enemy so hard-press'd,

I doubt his rescue from this evil day ;  
Stand ; save him : rescue Ajax ; save your chief ! ”

Thus cried the wounded hero : at whose side 680  
Forthwith stood many near, with serried shields  
And spears uplifted ; tow’rd them, face to face,  
Came Ajax, and commingled with their throng,  
Then faced about again to meet the foe.

Thus like a fiery furnace raged the fight.

Meantime the steeds of Nestor, sweating, drew  
Nestor from battle, with him to the camp  
Bearing Machaon shepherd of the host.  
These, as they pass’d, the fleetfoot hero mark’d ;  
For standing from his galley’s poop he watch’d 690  
Their headlong downfall and the piteous rout ;  
Therefore to brave Patroclus call’d he loud,  
Speaking from off the galley. From the tent  
The other heard, and issued forth, nor less  
Than Ares seem’d—yet hence began his woe.  
First spake Menœtius’ gallant Son, and said :

“ Why call’st thou me, Achilles ? what thy need ?  
To whom in answer then the Fleetfoot thus ;  
“ Friend of my soul ! Menœtius’ noble Son !

I wot Achaia’s sons about my knees 700  
Shall soon stand suppliant : sore their trouble now.  
But haste thee hence, Patroclus, Zeus-beloved,  
And ask of Nestor, whom he brings from war  
Sore-wounded : from behind I deem’d him like

Asclepius' son, Machaon ; but the face  
I saw not ; eager by me flew the steeds."

He spoke ; Patroclus heard his dear lord's hest,  
And hasted running through the ships and tents.

The others gain'd the tent of Neleus' Son  
And there dismounted to the fruitful earth ; 710  
And whilst Eurymedon, his follower, loosed  
The Elder's horses from the yoke, the two,  
Standing together in the fresh sea-breeze,  
Cool'd off the sweat that to their garments clung,  
Then in the tent on couches sate them down :  
To whom the fairhair'd maiden, Hecamede,  
The daughter of the brave Arsinoüs,  
Prize by the Elder won from Tenedos  
What time fleetfoot Achilles sack'd the isle  
(His special spoil reserved by Argos' host, 720  
For that in council he excell'd them all),  
Stood mingling draught delicious. First she set  
A polish'd board before them, fair to view,  
Steel-footed ; and thereon a dish of brass,  
Wherein fresh honey, grain of sacred corn,  
And garlic to provoke to thirst withal :  
And, these beside, a splendid goblet, brought  
By the old chieftain thither from his home,  
With golden studs emboss'd ; four handles served  
To lift it ; and round each two doves, enwrought 730  
In gold, stood feeding ; and its cups were two.

'Twere task to lift it full from off the board  
To others, but to aged Nestor none.  
In this the maid, a goddess in her grace,  
Mingled a draught with wine of Pramnian grape,  
And cheese of goats' milk grated fine thereon  
Through brazen grater, and white meal bestrewn ;  
Then gracious of her mingling bade them drink :  
And, whilst they drank and banish'd parching thirst,  
Each with the other pleasant converse held. 740

Anon Patroclus in the doorway stood ;  
The Elder saw and, from his glittering couch  
Uprising, took him by the hand and brought  
Within the tent, and bade him to a seat ;  
But he, denying, thus replied and said :  
    " Bid me not, noble Elder, seat me here :  
Worthy of reverence, worthy of all dread,  
He who hath sent me hither to inquire  
Whom thou bring'st wounded home ; myself now see  
And know Machaon, shepherd of the host. 750  
Straight to Achilles I must needs return ;  
How dread his humour thou thyself well know'st ;  
Where no blame is, perchance he yet might blame."

To whom Gerenë's chief made answer thus :  
" Sorrows Achilles for the scathe of these,  
These few Achaïans wounded ? knows he nought  
Of the destruction falling on the host ?  
By shaft or sword the noblest all lie smit :

A dart hath maim'd the might of Tydeus' Son ;  
Odysseus, Agamemnon, wounded lie ; 760  
Eurypilus hath arrow through the hip ;  
And yet one more, this hero, from the war,  
Pierced with an arrow, latest I have brought :  
And, though with power to save, Achilles sits  
Unpitying still ! Oh, tarries he till fire  
Hath swallow'd up our galleys on the shore,  
Maugre our arms opposing, and ourselves  
One after one fall vanquish'd at their sterns ?  
For not, as once was mine, in nimble limbs  
Is now my strength : would such my youth, and such 770  
The force within me, as when feud broke forth  
Betwixt the Epeian clansmen and ourselves  
For raid of oxen ! Single then I slew  
Itymenes of Elis, gallant son  
Of great Hypeirochus : whose herds I sought  
To drive away for vengeance of their thefts :  
For them he gave me battle, till he fell,  
Smit 'mongst the first by javelin from my arm,  
And all his churlish followers fled appall'd.  
Rich booty from the plain we drave that day ; 780  
Of oxen fifty herds, and fifty flocks  
Of sheep, of swine as many, and of goats ;  
Further, of chestnut steeds seven score and ten,  
Mares all, and many were the colts they foal'd.  
These into Pylos, Neleus' town, we drave,  
Entering by night the castle ; and great joy

Had Neleus, that such fortune had befall'n  
Me in the first encounter of my youth.  
With break of dawn the order'd heralds made  
Their shrill proclaim, that whosoe'er could ask      790  
In sacred Elis compensation just  
Should now receive it ; and the Pylian chiefs  
Collecting parted all ; for large the debt  
To many due from Elis ; men were few  
And much distress'd in Pylos. There of late  
The might of Hercules had done much hurt,  
And slaughter'd all our noblest : twelve were we,  
The sons of blameless Neleus ; I alone  
Was left alive ; the others perish'd all.  
Wherefore the arm'd Epeians waxing proud      800  
Oft would wreak outrage on us and affront.  
But of my spoil the agèd Elder took  
A herd of oxen and a flock of sheep,  
Three hundred with their shepherds set apart.  
For large the debt from Elis due to him,  
Four racing horses with their chariot stol'n,  
Sent to contest a tripod at the games  
Of Elis : but Augæas, king of men,  
Withheld them there, and emptyhanded home  
Sent back their driver. Anger'd for whose words      810  
And deeds alike, the Elder chose out now  
Large recompense, but to his people gave  
The rest to part amongst them, that of all  
None should go home unportion'd of his share.

Sifting each claim we therefore bode, and made  
About the streets our offerings to the gods ;  
The third day after, they with all their host,  
Horses and men in multitude as sand,  
Against us came, and with them the two sons  
Twin-born of Molionè girt their arms 820  
For the first time, mere children yet to war.

“ Like some steep pillar on Alphëus’ banks,  
Far on the skirt of sandy Pylos, stands  
The town of Thryoessa ; round its walls  
Camping, they strove to lay it to the ground.  
And they had scour’d our plains, when Pallas came  
Down from Olympus messenger by night  
To bid us arm ; nor loth the men she bade  
In Pylos, but most eager to the fray :  
Yet me my father from my arms forbade, 830  
Yea, hid the chariot safe from out my sight,  
Saying I knew not yet the works of war.  
Not less Athene guided so the fight,  
Albeit on foot, I shone amongst the horse.

“ There is a river running to the sea  
Mineius, near Arene : there the horse  
Halted to sacred morning, till the bands  
Of foot came pouring on our rear : then on,  
All under arms, empanoplied, we gain’d  
With our full host Alphëus’ sacred stream. 840

There to most mighty Zeus we offer'd up  
Our costly offerings, to Poseidon gave  
A bull, another to Alpheus' stream,  
But to Athene heifer from our herds ;  
So in array of battle made repast ;  
And, after, laid us down upon the bank  
And slept, still under arms. Meantime, about  
The city's walls the brave Epeians press'd  
Their leaguer, fain to conquer : but next day  
Full in their faces showed the work of war. 850  
For when the sun's bright light o'erspread the earth,  
We join'd in fight ; and scarce had either host  
Engaged, when I show'd first, and slew their prince,  
Mulius, and carried off his hoovèd steeds ;  
Mulius, Augæas' son, who had to wife  
The daughter to Augæas eldest-born,  
Fair Agamedè of the auburn locks,  
Skilled in what healing herbs and roots soe'er  
Are nurtured on the bosom of this earth.  
Him, as he charged, I struck with brass-tipp'd spear ; 860  
Into the dust he dropp'd ; and on his car  
Springing, amongst the champions of the front  
I stood conspicuous, whilst the Epeians fled  
This way and that scatter'd, beholding fall'n  
Their chariots' leader and their best in war.  
On whom with some black whirlwind's force I sprang ;  
And fifty chariots gain'd, and, dash'd from each,  
Two warriors bit the dust beneath my spear.



Yea, Molionè's children, feign'd the sons  
Of Actor, then had been my spoil, but them 870  
Their father, vast Poseidon, in thick mist  
Enwrapp'd and bare from battle home secure.  
Great was the victory then by Zeus vouchsafed  
To Pylos ; hotly through the spacious plain  
Slaying, and gathering precious spoil of arms,  
We press'd them, till our cars pursuing reach'd  
The cornfields of Buprasium, nigh the rock  
Of Olen, and Aleisium, named of old  
The Pillar : there Athene bade us home.  
The last man slain I slew, and left him there ; 880  
And from Buprasium back Achaia's host  
Held straight their way to Pylos. Prayer was then  
Of men to Nestor, as to Zeus of gods.  
Súch show'd I, mingling with my kind : but, lo,  
Achilles, thus withdrawn, wastes all the fruit  
Of his own excellence on his own self !  
I wot, most bitterly will he repent,  
When all the host hath perish'd by his pride.  
And thou, my friend—Menœtius, on the day  
He sent thee forth from Phthia to the host 890  
Of Agamemnon, oft-times charged thee thus :  
We were within, myself and Odysseus,  
And heard all charge he gave thee in those halls ;  
To Peleus' peopled palaces we came  
Gathering our army through Achaia's tribes ;  
Menœtius there within we found, and thee,

And by thy side Achilles: in the court  
Outside the palace Peleus stood the while  
And made upon the altar of great Zeus  
Burnt-offering of the fat thighs of a bull, 900  
Holding a golden goblet, pouring thence  
Bright wine upon the flaming sacrifice.  
Whom ye were helping, busied o'er the bull,  
Till we stood in the doorway. First perceived  
Achilles, and astonied started up,  
Took by the hand, and bade us to a seat,  
And set before us hospitable fare.  
When we had had delight of meat and drink,  
I told our tale, and bade you follow us ;  
Most blithe were ye ; but ere ye went, to both 910  
Much admonition either father gave :  
To his dear son Achilles, Peleus charged  
Still to outshine all others, and excel ;  
Whilst Actor's son Menœtius thus to thee :  
    '*My child ! Achilles by his royal birth*  
    '*Excels thee, and his strength is more than thine ;*  
    '*But thou in years art elder ; be thou prompt*  
    '*With prudent counsel, and to guide the way*  
    '*That he should go ; he followeth that is good.'*  
Ev'n this thy father's counsel thou forgett'st. 920  
But go, and to the brave Achilles tell  
These things again, if he may so be won :  
Who knows if, by the sufferance of heaven,  
Thou wilt not with persuasion turn his heart ?

Good is persuasion from a true friend's mouth.  
But if, through evil presage from the gods,  
Or message by his mother borne from Zeus,  
He now abstain from battle, let him send  
Thee, and with thee his Myrmidonians, forth ;  
So may some light upon the Danaans dawn. 930  
And let him clothe thee in his own bright mail :  
That so the Trojans shall behold in thee  
His image, and withdraw them back awhile,  
And so th' Achaïans gain some breathing-space—  
Short though it be, some respite from the war.  
They are all spent, and ye unworn and fresh ;  
Your very battle-cry shall drive their host  
Back routed from our galleys to their town."

He spoke ; and deeply stirr'd Patroclus' heart ;  
Who hasted passing by the line of ships 940  
Back to his chief Æacides ; but when  
He gain'd divine Odysseus' fleet, that stood  
Midmost (and there the market-place, the seats  
Of justice, and their altars to the gods)  
Eurypilus, Evemon's Zeus-sprung son,  
There cross'd him, arrow-smitten through the thigh,  
Scarce halting from the battle ; moist the sweat  
Stream'd down his shoulder ; from the baleful wound  
Black gush'd the blood ; but free of swoon his sense.  
Whom seeing, on Menœtius' gallant Son 950  
Fell pity, and he thus lamenting cried :

" Oh chiefs most wretched ! Captains of the host !

Was it to fatten on your dainty flesh,  
Far from our country and from all we love,  
The dogs of Troy, that we set sail from home ?  
But tell me true, Eurypilus divine !  
Will the Achaians hold vast Hector back,  
Or will they perish whelm'd beneath his spear ?”

To whom Eurypilus replied discreet :

“ No help, divine Patroclus, now remains : 960  
Back on their fleet th' Achaians needs must fall ;  
For all who erst were bravest in their ships  
Lie cabin'd now, with wound of shaft or sword  
At Trojan hand ; and still the Trojan strength  
Is waxing ever. But, I pray thee, help  
Me to my ship, and save me ; cut the shaft  
Clear of my thigh, and with fresh water cleanse  
The black blood off ; then spread soft soothing salves  
Such as they say that from Achilles' mouth  
Thou hast been taught ; but him did Cheiron teach, 970  
Centaur most righteous of the Centaur race.  
For of the leeches of Achaia, one,  
Machaon, lies methinks within the tents  
Wounded, and of his own art lacking help ;  
The other, Podaleirius, on the field  
Still bears his part, and bides the chance of war.”

To whom Menœtius' gallant Son replied :

“ How may this end ? Oh what shall be our fate,  
Divine Eurypilus ? I make my way,  
Bearing to brave Achilles the wise rede 980

Of Nestor, sagest guardian of the host ;  
Not ev'n for this can I neglect thy wound."

He spoke, and, half-supporting 'neath the chest,  
Led to his tent the hero ; where within  
Th' attendant, seeing, leathern hides outspread ;  
Thereon Patroclus stretch'd him at full length,  
Cut the sharp, painful arrow from his thigh  
Clear with a knife, and with fresh water cleansed  
The black blood off ; then powder'd bitter roots  
'Twixt his own palms, and laid them to assuage      990  
The pains ; the wound was stanch'd, and stay'd the blood.



### Iliad 𐤀𐤆𐤀

THUS in the camp Menœtius' gallant Son  
Unto Eurypilus his wounded friend  
Gave tendance ; whilst the Argives fought pellmell  
Commingled with their foes. Nor now the trench,  
Nor the broad bulwark rear'd along the trench,  
To be their galleys' fence, to hold the fleet  
And their rich booty in its bounds secure,  
Could longer stay the Trojans. Who had built,  
Had, when they laid the deep foundations wide,  
Fail'd of a sacred hecatomb to heaven ; 10  
Therefore it rose without the grace vouchsafed  
Of Gods, predestin'd to an early fall.  
So long as Hector lived, and Peleus' Son  
Raged in the war, and still stood undespoil'd  
The palaces of Priam—for so long  
That rampart vast remain'd upon the shore ;  
But when the noblest men of Troy had fallen,  
And many an Argive likewise (but of these  
Was left a remnant), and high Ilïon's towers  
Had perish'd by the tenth year's leaguer thrown, 20  
And when that remnant had departed home—

Then with Apollo Poseidaion leagued  
To crumble it to sand. What stream soe'er  
Bursts from the hills of Ida to the sea,  
Rhesus, Heptaparus, and Rhodius,  
Granicus, and Scamander's heaven-sprung flood,  
Æsepus, and the brook of Simois—  
The ancient brook bestrewn with shields and helms  
And helmèd heads of heroes half-divine—  
These all Apollo turn'd with gaping mouths                   30  
Upon it, and nine days so plied their force,  
The while rain fell unceasing from high Zeus  
To haste its dissolution to the deep ;  
And the dread Ruler of the billows' might  
Himself, his trident in his hand, led on  
Their task and threw the deep foundations, laid  
Of stones and rocks by labour of a host,  
Waif to the waves, and made all smooth, betwixt  
The land and the brimm'd bed of Hellespont ;  
But, when the wall had vanish'd, wrapp'd the coast           40  
Again in sands, and turned the rivers back  
To the pure courses of their olden beds.

Such was the ruin to be wrought thereon  
Hereafter by the Gods ; but now the cry  
Of battle ran along its strong-built heights  
Flamelike, and smitten rang its beamy towers.  
Gradual the Argives by the scourge of Zeus  
Straiten'd against their galleys 'gan retire



Subdued ; for Hector breathed a fear upon them,  
And furious to his wont, like whirlwind, show'd. 50  
As when, by hounds and huntsmen brought to bay,  
Some boar or lion in his fury turns,  
They draw their band, most like a tower, compact,  
Erect against him, darting from their hands  
Their shower of javelins ; nathless his brave heart  
Fears not at all, but of his spirit doom'd  
He chargeth oft, and oft their phalanx tries,  
And where he chargeth, there their phalanx gives ;  
Thus Hector through the throng roam'd to and fro,  
And cheer'd them to the passage o'er the trench. 60  
But neighing loudly on its lip, the steeds  
Durst not attempt it ; for the breadth of gap  
Forbade them, though upon its edge, to leap ;  
Nor easier other passage ; where the banks,  
Rose bluff on either side, with jutting brinks,  
And topp'd by pointed stakes, huge and close driven  
By Argos' host, a fence against their foes.  
Impervious to a steed with wheelèd car  
Were such descent ; but leaping to the ground  
Many stood gazing, if it might be done ; 70  
Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :  
    " Chieftains of Troy, and ye, O Troy's allies,  
And Hector, thou ! witless we fain would drive  
Our steeds across this trench : most hard the pass ;  
For pointed stakes are in it, and a wall  
Beyond the stakes ; impervious quite the slope,

Nor yields a field for chariots, but the space  
Is narrow, where belike we shall be harm'd.  
If of a surety Zeus most high had will'd  
Their utter ruin, and to us his aid, 80  
No need for counsel. Yea, I would to Heaven  
'Twere so forthwith—from Argos all expunged  
They and their name had perish'd off the earth !  
But if they turn anon and smite us down  
Pursuing in this pit, no man will live  
Against such rally to bear home the tale.  
Hear therefore, and obey as I advise ;  
Let our men hold our chariots on the brinks  
Whilst we in heavy arms and close array  
Move, side by side, round Hector ; nor the foe 90  
Will stand against us, if their hour be come."

He spoke ; whose rede, of evil issue clear,  
Pleased Hector, and he leap'd full-arm'd to earth.  
And when the other Trojans saw, they ceased  
Thronging their chariots and leap'd likewise off :  
And each then bade his driver on the brink  
Rein up his steeds in orderly array ;  
Whilst they, quick parted, stood in rapid line,  
Five legions, and each legion with its chief.

The first, by number most, and best in arms, 100  
Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,  
Polydamas and blameless Hector led ;  
With them the charioteer Cebriones ;

Less warrior for his car found Hector then.  
Paris, Agenor, and Alcathoüs  
Headed the second ; Helenus the third,  
With fair Deiphobus his brother, sons  
Of Dardan Priam ; and associate came  
Asius, the hero son of Hyrtacus,  
Who from Arisbe and from Selles' streams 110  
With fiery chestnut steeds had sought the war.  
Follow'd the fourth Anchises' noble son  
Æneas, and with him Antenor's sons,  
Archelochus and Acamas, expert  
In battle both. Sarpedon led the fifth,  
The famed Allies, and chose to lead with him  
Glaucus and Ast'ropæus, best in arms  
Next after him, but he excell'd by far.  
So, side by side they moved, with tough bull-hides  
Serried above their shoulders ; so in rank 120  
March'd ardent on the Danaans, flush'd with hope  
To drive them headlong on their fleet distraught.

So all the Alliance and the host of Troy  
Hearken'd the counsel of their blameless prince  
Polydamas ; one only of their chiefs,  
Asius the son of Hyrtacus, brook'd not  
To leave his steeds and driver there behind,  
But swift upon the galleys drave his car.  
Ah, fool insensate! destined nevermore  
To enter windswept Ilion with the show 130

Of steeds and chariot thou wast proud withal,  
Nor to escape the evil of thy doom ;  
Fate by the spear of great Idomeneus,  
Disastrous Fate, shall fold thee first in death !  
Straight to the galleys' left—the path whereby  
The chariots of the Achaians from the plain  
Were flocking fast—he turn'd and thither drave  
Uncheck'd his steeds ; nor found against the gates  
The long bolt barr'd nor panels yet uprear'd ;  
But still the watchmen held them at full spread : 140  
To harbour who fled 'scaping toward the fleet.  
Along this path he drave, and set his heart  
To fiercest onset, whilst behind him press'd  
His legions shouting triumph ; for they said  
To their own hearts that now Achaia's sons  
Must yield and fall upon their ships repell'd.  
Fools ! For two noble heroes in that gate  
Standing they found, the valiant sons of men  
As valiant, of the race of Lapithæ,  
Huge Polypætēs to Pirithous born, 150  
And great Leontes, Ares-like in arms.

These two in front of those uplifted gates  
Stood firm, like oaks that rear a stately crown  
Upon some mountain-side, and day by day  
Abide all shock of wind and rain, by grip  
Of deep far-branching roots clench'd fast in earth ;  
Such, nor less trustful in their strength, those two

Abode the charge of Asius, unappall'd.

Meantime direct upon the strongbuilt wall  
The foe advanced, with bucklers o'er their heads      160  
Close-serried, and in uproar circling round  
Their chieftains, Asius and Iamenus,  
Thoön, Orestes, and Ænomäus,  
And Adamas, of Asius the brave son.  
Then for a while behind the sheltering wall  
The two return'd and cheer'd their mailèd men  
To battle for their ships ; but, when they saw  
The Trojans to the rampart near advanced  
(But panic held the Danaans), back they sprang  
Alone to battle and beyond the gates.      170  
Like two wild boars that on a hill withstand  
Bravely a cloud of hunters and of hounds ;  
With tusks oblique in onset to and fro  
They crack the wood about them, root and branch  
Uptearing ; clear the clatter of their teeth  
Rings, till the hunter's dart hath ta'en their lives ;  
Clatter'd about them so the shining mail  
Smit by the darts that met them on their breasts ;  
For brave they fought, well weening of the strength  
Of their own arms, and of the stones, which hail'd      180  
Above them from the rampart : thence their troop  
Hurl'd ever a ceaseless shower, fain to save  
Their lives, and tents, and galleys. Even as snow  
Slants to the ground when some sharp-blowing wind

Hath caught the gloomy clouds and showers the flakes  
Thick o'er the fruitful fields ; so stream'd the darts  
Alike from Trojan and Achaian hands ;  
Dry clash'd the bucklers smitten and the helms.

Then Asius groan'd, and smote his thighs, and cried  
In wrath, as one beguiled ; " O Father Zeus !                   190  
Hast thou even all inclined thee to a lie ?  
For strong the voice within me, that of all  
Achaia's heroes none might now withstand  
Our onset and invulnerable arms :  
Yet lo, as when some limber wasps or bees  
In crevice of rough road have built their cells,  
Nor flee their hollow nest, but, biding firm  
The hunter of their honey, to the death  
Fight for their brood ; so, though they be but two,  
Yet, ere they slaughter or fall slaughter'd, ne'er                   200  
Will these recoil from guard of yonder gates."

He spoke, yet might not turn the heart of Zeus,  
Who will'd to Hector only heighten'd fame.

At every gate like battle fierce they waged.  
Vain hope, though I were gifted like a God,  
To sing you all the deeds of prowess done !  
For all along the rampart ran the fire  
Of stones in furious shower, and, of the shame  
Indignant, yet perforce the Argives strove  
Only to save their galleys from the foe ;                   210

Whilst whosoe'er of Powers Immortal loved  
The Danaan cause, sate chafing at the sight.

Yet hear the prowess of the Lapithæ !  
Huge Polypætes, to Pirithous born  
Pierced through the brass-cheek'd vizor with his spear  
Brave Damasus ; nor held the helm ; but on  
The steely point pass'd straight, and brake the bone,  
And crashing through the skull laid prone his pride.  
Then Pylon, and then Ormenus, he slew.  
The while the flower of war, Leontes, struck 220  
Full on the belt Hippomachus the son  
Of strong Antimachus, and loosed his limbs ;  
Then from the scabbard drew a sharp bright sword,  
And springing through the mellay, hand to hand,  
First smote Antiphates and left him fall'n,  
Then levell'd to the fruitful earth in turn  
Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus.

And these were busied stripping off the slain  
The shining arms ; the while the neighbouring troop,  
The most in number and the best in arms, 230  
Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,  
Under Polydamas and Hector led—  
These yet had pass'd not, but above the trench  
Hung lingering ; for, whilst now at point to pass,  
On their left hand appear'd athwart their host  
A soaring eagle, bearing in his claws

A dragon, speck'd with blood, and wounded sore,  
But living still, and breathing hard, nor yet  
Forgetful of the struggle ; for it stung,  
With neck bent back, its captor on the breast ;       240  
Wrung by the smart, the eagle tore it clear  
And flung it down to earth amidst the throng,  
And clanging pass'd away along the wind.  
Such sign made halt the Trojans ; and appall'd  
They stood, and rapt upon the portent gazed,  
Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :  
    " Ever in council, Hector, some pretext  
Is thine to chide me, though my rede be good.  
Thou lik'st not, or in council or in war,  
Any to rise against thee, or to speak,       250  
Save only to the glory of thy name.  
Yet will I utter freely as I think.  
For, if with aught of import o'er our host,  
Ere we could pass the trench, this eagle flew,  
The end shall happen as I now foretell.  
On our left hand appear'd athwart the host  
This soaring eagle, bearing in his claws  
The serpent, wounded sore, but not to death ;  
Yet hath he flung it on the sudden off,  
Nor gain'd his eyrie nor fulfill'd his hope       260  
Parting it to his eaglets : so, albeit  
This day we pierce the bulwark and the gates  
(Our strength resistless, and the foe give way),  
Yet in no seemly rout before the eve



The selfsame path returning shall we tread,  
Leaving behind us many a valiant wight  
Slain by the Argives in their ships' defence.  
So would a seer, a reader of such signs,  
Explain thee this, and so the folk believe."

To whom bright-helmèd Hector, frowning stern: 270  
"Thou sayest it; this thy wisdom likes me not.  
Other and better utterance is in thee;  
Or if this comes from out thy very heart,  
Surely the Gods have reft thee of thy mind;  
Who bidd'st abandon the commands of Zeus,  
His word, and pledge, and nod, as things forgotten,  
To follow the behests of feather'd fowls!  
For whom I swerve not from my course one jot,  
Whether their flight be tow'rd the gates of Dawn,  
Or westward to the cradle of the mist. 280  
For us great Zeus sufficeth, Zeus our guide,  
Of mortal and immortal King supreme:  
Best of all omens is a country's cause.  
And what hast thou to fear in battle-brunt?  
Though we were slaughter'd all amongst the ships  
Thou needst not fear to perish; hearts like thine  
Are made not of the stuff that lasts to death.  
Only beware lest I behold thee shrink  
Or others by that guiling tongue entice;  
That moment shouldst thou perish by my spear." 290  
He spoke, and led the way, and with him went  
In more than mortal clamour all his host;

O'er whom the Lord of Thunder blew a blast  
From Ida's hills to bear the clouding dust  
Right i' the face o' the fleet, and charm'd away  
Achaia's olden valour; but to Troy  
And Hector gave companionship of fame.  
Therefore, on signs reliant and the strength  
Of their own arms, they strove to breach the wall,  
Rending the parapets off the towers above, 300  
Shaking the battlements, or wrenching up  
The huge forestanding blocks, which first in earth  
Were laid to bear the burthen of the towers :  
These they uptore, and hoped the breach now made.

Nathless the Danaans gave not way, nor flinch'd,  
But forth across the parapet thrust a fence  
Of bucklers, whence they pour'd upon their heads  
Under the wall a storm of darts and stones.  
And every where conspicuous on the towers  
Strode vast the Ajax-two, and cheer'd amain, 310  
Kindling their spirits, now with suasive speech,  
And now exhorting with a stern rebuke  
Whomever yielding from his post they saw :  
" Friends, be ye strong, or but as other men,  
Or weaker—(all in strength are not alike)—  
Yet now hath every man his task before him.  
Full well without the bidding wot ye this.  
Let none then hearken to his fellow's cry  
To turn him to the ships ; but press ye still

Forward, and each with voice encourage each ;      330  
So haply may the lightning's Lord most high  
Grant we repel and chase them to their town."

Thus to the war those chieftains cheer'd their men.

As falls a snow-shower all a winter's day,  
When Zeus in his high purpose hath ordain'd  
Snow-fall on man, and speeds his feathery shafts ;  
He lulls the winds to slumber, and sheds down  
Snow upon snow, enfolding every peak,  
Mountain and headland, hill and dale alike,  
Meadows of lotos, and the fruitful works      330  
Of man, the shore, and harbours to the brink  
Of hoary ocean, where the washing wave  
Gives it the limit which it shall not pass ;  
But else the face of all the world is wrapp'd  
Within that heavy mantle from above ;  
Such and so ceaseless flew the hail of stone,  
Alike from Trojan and Achaian hand,  
And with the hurtle all the rampart rang.

Nor to this hour had Hector or all Troy  
Broken the gate's long bar, or burst the wall,      340  
Had not Sarpedon, Zeus' own child, by Zeus  
Been kindled, like some lion upon a herd.  
Forth at arm's length he thrust his gleaming shield,  
Full-orb'd, with brazen rim by craftsman framed  
About it ; but, within, the bullhides lapp'd

One over other, and their round was boss'd  
With golden nails. With this in hand outstretch'd,  
And brandishing two spears, he strode afront  
Strong as a lion cradled on the hills  
And long ahunger'd, by his cravings fierce 350  
Driven (though thereby into perilous haunts)  
Upon a flock; albeit beside the flock  
He finds the herdsmen and their dogs and spears,  
He brooks not from the fatten'd fold retreat,  
Ere he hath made his venture and hath sprung  
Amongst them, and borne clear his prey, or fallen  
Pierced by a javelin from their stalwart arms :  
Not less divine Sarpedon's noble spirit  
Drave him to burst those bastions and the wall,  
And thus to Glaucus his desire he cried : 360  
    " Say, Glaucus ; why to us in Lycia most  
Is honour by choice meats, full cups, and thrones  
Bestow'd, and men look up to us as Gods ?  
Wherefore those rich demesnes on Xanthus' streams  
Bounteous of vineyards and of waving corn ?  
For what save that, in moments like to this,  
Foremost amongst the foremost we may stand  
And meet the burning battle face to face ?  
That Lycia's men-at-arms may see, and say ;  
' No nameless sluggards are our Lycia's lords, 370  
' Eating fat sheep and drinking royal wines ;  
' But strength is likewise theirs, and noble heart,  
' To battle 'mongst the foremost of their rule'

O mine own friend ! If haply, by escape  
From this one field, thenceforward we might live  
Immortal and unaging, nor myself  
Would risk me thus, nor bid thee with me seek  
The glory that such onset brings a man.  
But, since ten thousand deadly dooms beset  
Our lives, and vain the hope to shun them all, 380  
Follow—to conquer, or to yield, renown ! ”

He spoke ; nor Glaucus disobey'd, nor shrank ;  
Onward together Lycia's might they led ;  
Whom Peteus' son, Menestheus (on whose guard  
They bore immediate ruin), saw, and fear'd,  
And glanced along the rampart, if perchance  
Might be some hero to the rescue near.  
He saw the Ajax-two, unweariable,  
And Teucer, hardly issuing from his tent,  
Standing not far, yet not within his cry, 390  
So loud the uproar, and the hurtle rose  
Of plum'd morions smitten and of shields  
And batter'd gates ; for a. the gates the foe  
Already stood, and strove to burst them through.  
Therefore in haste he sent a herald forth,  
Thoötes, with this hest to Ajax' side:

“ Haste thee, divine Thoötes, haste thee quick  
To Ajax ; call him hither ; yea, call both ;  
'Twere best ; for ruin threats to enter here.  
So fierce come Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst, 400  
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show.

But if on their side likewise sore the need,  
Bid Telamonian Ajax come alone,  
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit."

He spoke ; the herald heard, nor disobey'd,  
But ran along the rampart, and approach'd  
The Ajax-two, and spake his hest, and said :

"Chief leaders of Achaia's mail-frock'd host !  
The son of heav'n-sprung Peteus bids you move  
Yonder to him, for there this moment lies  
The battle's brunt ; together bids you come ;  
Twere best ; for ruin threats to enter there.  
So fierce charge Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst,  
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show.  
But if on your side likewise sore the need,  
Let Telamonian Ajax come alone,  
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit."

410

He ceased ; the giant son of Telamon  
Heard, and address'd the son of Oïleus :

"Stay, Ajax, thou ; with Lycomedes stand  
Steadfast, and cheer the Danaans to the war.  
But I will thither, and will meet the brunt,  
And after rescue of their tower return."

420

Thus Ajax spoke, and thither turn'd, with whom  
His brother (Telamon begat them both)  
Teucer went likewise ; and Pandion bare  
The bended bow of Teucer nigh at hand.

Moving along the rampart when they gain'd  
The tower whereon the Lycian captains pour'd  
Strong with their host, and press'd Menestheus hard, 430  
Climbing the bastions with a tempest's whirl—  
Against them with loud cry they threw themselves.  
And Ajax first to earth smote Epicles,  
A follower of Sarpedon, with a stone  
Jagg'd and immense that lay inside the wall  
Haply upon the parapet's topmost edge.  
No mortal (though in blooming youth's first flower)  
Of mortal generations now on earth  
Could lift it in both hands without a strain ;  
But this he poised aloft, and brake therewith 440  
The four-coned helm, and crush'd his skull, who fell  
Prone, like a diver, lifeless off the tower.  
Whilst Teucer sent an arrow forth, and pierced  
Glaucus, the son of great Hippolochus,  
Through the bared arm, and stay'd him in mid-charge.  
Back off the wall sprang Glaucus, yet disguised  
The hurt, lest haply some Achaian see  
His peril, and above him vent his vaunt.  
Sarpedon knew anon his comrade gone,  
And sorrow'd, nathless slacken'd not thereat, 450  
But struck Alcmaeon, Thestor's son, and drew  
The spear-point back ; who follow'd as he drew  
The spear, and prone upon it fell ; and loud  
The enamell'd armour clash'd about his limbs.  
Upon the battlemented parapet

He next laid sinewy grasp, and pluck'd, and pull'd,  
Till, broken sheer, all follow'd in his hands ;  
So that the wall show'd bare along its ridge,  
An open path to many. Ajax saw,  
And Teucer, and together turn'd them there : 460  
And Teucer's arrow struck the scarlet strap  
That braced the sheltering shield about his breast ;  
And he had fallen so slain before the ships  
Had not Zeus stay'd the Fates from off his son ;  
Whilst Ajax springing on him smote his shield  
Full, and, albeit the spear-point pass'd not through,  
It dash'd him ev'n in hottest onset back.  
Some little space he fell, but not distress'd,  
Whose heart still hoped the glory of the day ;  
And rallying on the Lycians thus he cried : 470  
    " Ho, Lycians ! Slack ye thus your olden might ?  
Hopeless for me, how strong soe'er I show,  
Singly to burst a path into their fleet :  
On then, and help ; in numbers lies our strength !"  
    He spoke ; they quail'd beneath their King's rebuke,  
And closer round their captains fighting press'd ;  
But adverse drew the foe their phalanx strong  
Behind the wall, and hard the tug of war :  
For nor could Lycia's gallant troop avail  
To burst the breach or pass into the fleet ; 480  
Nor could the Danaan armèd guard repel  
Their onset, when they once had touch'd the wall.  
Therefore as, when within their meeting-field



Two peasants wrangle o'er their boundaries,  
Both stand, their gauges in their hands, short space  
Dividing, and for equal rights contend ;  
So, parted only by the battlement,  
Stood those two hosts, across it striking fierce  
Each on the other's orbèd shields of hide  
Or light-plied targes ; and their warriors dropp'd,      490  
Struck with the spears that ruthless through the shields  
Or shore, or haply pierced a barèd back.  
The parapets and the turrets ran with blood.

Nathless no fear had fallen on Argos' sons ;  
But firm they held ; as when a drudge, who lives  
By labour of her hands, with careful eye  
Stretches a balance, and on either side  
Lays even in the scales her wool and weights,  
Earning a daily pittance for her child ;  
Thus even sway'd the balance of the war ;      500  
Till Zeus to Priameian Hector gave  
The glory first to leap within the wall ;  
Who thus with voice uplifted cried on Troy :

“ Once more into the breach ! Up, Troy, and burst  
Their bulwark, and with fire consume their ships ! ”

He spoke, and cheer'd ; to whom they lent their ears,  
Full charging on the rampart ; and the ridge  
Of their spear-points ran up the parapet :  
Whilst Hector seized a stone that chanced to lie  
Before the gates, broadbased, but to a point      510

Ascending ; this not mightiest two of men  
(Such men as now are mighty on the earth)  
Could heave without a strain upon a cart ;  
But he there poised it effortless, to whom  
Supreme Kroneion made the burden light.  
With ease, as when a shepherd bears a fleece  
In single hand nor knows of burden borne,  
So Hector lifted high and bare that stone  
Direct upon the panell'd portals strong :  
Within them 'thwart each other lay two bars 520  
Lifted to socket home by single key.  
Near them he stood, and on them hurl'd the stone,  
Straining his strength and striding wide, to lend  
All that he had of vigour to the cast.  
Both hinges sheer he broke ; with ponderous fall  
The rock rush'd inward far, and loud the crack  
And crash of shatter'd panel, nor the bars  
Held in their sockets, and the timbers flew  
In fragments, rent and riven by the shock.  
Leap'd then the glorious Hero through the breach, 530  
Like dreadful Night in aspect, but his form  
One blaze of fiery armour, and a spear  
In either hand ; no might, save Gods alone,  
Could stay him ; and his eyeballs flash'd with fire.  
Such show'd he leaping through the gates, and turn'd  
And waved, and call'd aloud to all his host  
To scale the breach ; and all obey'd the call,  
Some climbing o'er the rampart, streaming some

Betwixt the broken portals ; but the foe  
Amongst their hollow galleys fled appall'd,  
And tumult inextinguishable rose.

540

END OF VOL. I.



## Notes to Vol. I.

(Except where the subject of the note is a Greek word, the references are made to the numbers in the translation.)

BOOK I. 67.—*Nine days the shafts divine beset the camp.*

THE action of the Iliad occupies altogether fifty-one days, the distribution of which will show the argument of the poem. The plague rages nine days; on the tenth takes place the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, and the appeal of the latter to his mother, Thetis. The return of Zeus is expected on the twelfth day from that date; on the twenty-first day, therefore, he gives the promise to honour Achilles by the defeat of the Greeks, upon which the further action of the poem hinges. On the morning of the twenty-second, after the agitation caused by the dream of Agamemnon, commences the *first* battle, which, with the single combat between Paris and Menelaus, and that between Hector and Ajax, carries on the poem as far as Book vii. 440. On the next morning a truce is made; and the burial of the dead, and the construction, on the Greek side, of a fortification in front of their camp, occupy that and the following day. On the twenty-fifth, therefore, Zeus holds the council in which he prohibits divine help from the war altogether; and the *second* battle is begun, and ended at night with the defeat of the Greeks. The night is then taken up by an embassy to Achilles, and by a raid on the Trojan camp, in both of which measures Odysseus bears a principal part. The twenty-sixth is the day of the *third* battle, which commences evenly, but is continued by the storming of the Greek rampart (Book xii.) the attack on the fleet (Book xiii.—xv.) its rescue by Patroclus (Book xvi.), the struggle over that hero's body (Book xvii.), and the final retreat of Troy before the unarmed Achilles (Book xviii.). On the twenty-seventh day Achilles receives his armour, and is reconciled to Agamemnon; and, before the evening, has completed his revenge with the death of Hector,

in the *fourth* battle of the poem. The next two days are occupied in the preparation of the pyre of Patroclus, in the burning of his body, and in the games held in his honour. For eleven days more Achilles continues his insults to the body of Hector; so that it is not till the evening of the fortieth day that Priam comes to the camp for its recovery. On the morning of the forty-first he returns with the corpse, and with the promise of a twelve days' truce. Nine days are then occupied in laments and preparations. On the tenth the pyre of Hector is built and burned; and on the eleventh, or fifty-first of the whole action, his bones are interred and the mound above them heaped. The night of that day is spent in the funeral-feast; and the war is expected to recommence on the next morning.

BOOK I. 201.—

*Thus by thee  
Dishonour'd, I will earn thee wealth no more.*

οὐδέ σ' ἴσω  
ἐνθάδ' ἄτιμος ἐὼν ἄφενος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν.

I have followed Heyne in considering σ' to be an elision for σολ. Similar elisions may be found in iv. 341, vi. 165, and x. 544, and elsewhere. If σ' is taken for σε and made the subject of ἀφύξειν, the middle voice ἀφύξεσθαι would be expected, and the position of ἄτιμος ἐὼν becomes awkward. Nor is the sense thus taken so fitting a climax to the previous portion of the speech. Heyne is also supported by Liddell and Scott. The dishonour cannot be referred to Agamemnon (as Lord Derby and others have rendered the passage) without an alteration of ἄτιμος ἐὼν into ἄτιμον ἐόντ', for which there is no apparent necessity.

BOOK I. 209.—*Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.*

Queen Elizabeth addresses this line to Dorset in "King Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 1. I have not hesitated to adopt single lines or phrases in this manner from Shakspeare, or other well-known poets, where they have appeared to me, as here, to be real, though undesigned, translations of my original. The discovery and employment of such coincidences is not only permitted, but sought for, in all translations into a dead language from the English, and the practice seems to possess the same justifications when the translation is from a dead into a living tongue.

BOOK II. 272.—*But Odysseus came near.*

As with the gods, so with the heroes, I have allowed myself to

vary the names as Homer has varied them. Diomed is Tydides, Odysseus is Odysseus, or Achilles is Pelides or Peleion, indifferently. In the same way the Greek host is termed Achaian, Argive, or Danaan, according to the requirements of the line. The term "Greek" is not used as an appellation by Homer.

BOOK IV. 124.—*Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn  
Of that wild bounding ibex, &c.*

This is undoubtedly the *agagrus*, or wild goat, found along the Mediterranean in Crete only. The following extract (taken from De Quincey) will show the minute accuracy of Homer's description :—"They often carry off a ball, and, unless they fall immediately on being struck, are mostly lost to the sportsman." And again :—"The *doron* has been ascertained to be the Homeric expression for the *palm*, or one-sixth of a Grecian foot. The extent of the horns, therefore, in the specimen which Pandorus shot would be two feet eight inches. Now the casual specimens sent to Cambridge by Mr. Pashley (not likely to be so exceptional as those which formed the personal weapon of a chief) were all *two feet seven and a half inches* on the outer margin, two feet one and a half on the inner."

BOOK VI. 502.—*But all the people call'd Astyanax,  
Prince of the city.*

I fear that this is open to the charge of being a translation within a translation; yet no English ear would understand the reason for the change of name without it.

BOOK VII. 491.—*Priam forbade the Trojans from lament.*

Mr. Gladstone has noted that the Greeks needed no such injunction, "on account of their spontaneous self-command," and compares the similar contrast between the two hosts in advancing to battle, exhibited in iii. 1—10. Lessing, on the other hand, infers from the absence of any such injunction to the Greeks that they could safely indulge in such lamentation, because there was no fear of their being unmanned by it, or being unable to recover their tone afterwards. It is certain that, as a general rule, Homer did not conceive the indulgence of grief, however violently shown, to be unheroic.

BOOK VIII. 1.—It is difficult to compress the subject within the limits of a note, but Mr. Grote's theory regarding the Iliad has

been so widely accepted, and affects the estimate which a general reader will take regarding the course of the poem so nearly, that I may perhaps be permitted to state as concisely as I can the grounds on which a judgment may be formed respecting it.

The *Iliad* is, according to this view, composed of at least two separate poems—an *Achilleis*, and a smaller *Iliad*; the former consisting of Books i. viii. and xi.—xxii.; the latter, of Books ii. to vii. (the former has also received subsequent and other additions in the shape of Books ix. x. xxiii. and xxiv.; but the question, as regards these, is distinct from that of the broader division, and may be more conveniently treated elsewhere). It is urged that the wrath of Achilles, which has been declared in Book i. to be the subject of the poem, passes entirely out of sight in Books ii. to vii. So far are the Greeks from being made to feel the loss of that hero, that they are uninterruptedly successful without him. For although they construct a rampart and ditch at the close of Book vii., there is no adequate reason for any such measure. The Zeus of Book iv. is quite incongruous with the Zeus of Book i. and viii., for “he discusses nothing but the question of the continuance or termination of the war.” But when in Book viii. and Book xi. we re-enter upon the *Achilleis*, we at once “recover a series of events all conducing to the result promised in Book i.” This sequence is “rapid, unbroken, and intimately knit together;” whereas Books ii. to vii. are desultory in themselves, besides being retardations of the main action. If such a conglutination as is contended for were the fact, it would be expected that hitches in the action would show themselves just at the points where the two poems were pieced together. And such is the case; for at the opening of Book ii. we find the meaningless intervention of the dream; at the close of Book vii., the causeless and improbable fortification of the camp.

As a criticism upon the artistic development of the poem, there is much in this position the truth of which is quite undeniable. But other considerations exist which may perhaps cause a doubt whether the incoherency (such as it is) is not rather a blemish in the structure of the original *Iliad*, than a proof of subsequent aggregation of separate poems. Mr. Gladstone has forcibly argued that the problem before the national poet must have been that of reconciling Greek disaster with Greek honour—a point to which the books in question most materially contribute. Mr. J. S. Mill has remarked that it is owing to the portion of the poem which Mr. Grote would elide, that we become acquainted with, and interested in, most of the main personages of the epic. Our knowledge of Paris, Helen, and Andromache, and,



above all, the personal and warm sympathy which every reader entertains for Hector, are mainly grounded on these books, and would perish with them. And, against the minuter side of the criticism, Professor Blackie has pointed out (1) that the effect of the absence of Achilles is not entirely lost sight of, but is directly alluded to in ii. 416, 777, 871, iv. 616, vii. 269; (2) that the proposal made by Zeus in Book iv. is part of a bantering provocation of his wife, and is therefore no real incongruity; (3) that the best reason that can be urged for the prohibition of the gods from battle (Book viii.) is, that Zeus has found their intervention an interference with his plan. Athene's assistance to Diomed has compensated for Achilles' absence, and has defeated the object of the dream, which had been sent to tempt the Greeks to an unequal fight.

These statements of counsel will assist every reader to form his own conclusion. The Iliad may be conceded to be an expansion of the smaller subject set forth in Book i.; yet this enlargement may have been a natural growth in the mind of the original poet, not the result of any subsequent or artificial conglutinations. And it is to this judgment that the arguments on either side conduct myself.

BOOK VIII. 370.—*Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck  
Is parted by the collar from the chest.*

Yet this same hero is active again on the afternoon of the next day (xii. 426). Three other similar inconsistencies occur in the Iliad, and, I think, three only. The spear of Tlepolemus passes through Sarpedon's thigh in the fifth book; yet on the fourth day afterwards he storms the fortification in the twelfth book. Py-læmenes is one of the victims to Diomed in the fifth book, yet follows the funeral of his son, Harpalion, in xiii. 782. Odysseus and Diomed are both wounded in Book xi. yet bear their parts in the funeral games held over Patroclus in Book xxiii. In judging of such inaccuracies three points especially must be borne in mind: (1) The poem must have been written with an eye to detached recitation of its parts as more frequent than its recitation as a whole. (2) Regarding every prominent hero various legends were current, and more than one of these may have been adopted by the poet without due care. (3) These mistakes are not those which a compiler, living in later days when writing was in vogue, and of a skill presupposed to be sufficient to put an epic together, could possibly have admitted into his composition.

BOOK IX.—This book is concerned throughout with Achilles,

and if it is to be excluded from the canon of the *Iliad*, its exclusion depends on grounds quite distinct from those relating to Books ii. to vii. Mr. Grote would so exclude it (1) because the complete restitution and compensation offered in it to Achilles leaves him no further pretext for the continuance of his wrath; he has no *locus standi* remaining, and his persistence carries his implacability beyond all permissible limits. (2) Because such atonement is irreconcilable with the words of Achilles in xi. 700, and xvi. 62—110. (3) Because there is an entire absence of any allusion to it in scenes where such allusion would appear to have been inevitable, if it had been present to the mind of the poet at all: e.g. in the conversation between Nestor and Patroclus (xi. 740—937); in the appeals of Patroclus (xvi. 28—58. 330—336); or in subsequent speeches of Achilles (xviii. 132). Where allusions do occur, as in xviii. 521, xix. 165—175. 201. 226. 280—290, they must be regarded as interpolations.

I believe this represents the whole case, though the space of a note does not allow me to draw it out in detail. On the other side, Professor Blackie has urged, with some fairness, that the argument involves a rather fast and loose play with the theory of interpolation. Not a few lines, but the whole scene of the reconciliation (Book xix.) is affected by it. Mr. Mill has noted that a very characteristic passage (xvi. 77)—

‘Yet my word  
Stands, that I will not change, or e’er I hear  
The cry of battle round my own fair ships’—

refers to what is said nowhere else, except in the reply to Ajax in Book ix. Mr. Gladstone urges that throughout Book ix. no acknowledgment of any offence on Agamemnon’s part is conveyed to Achilles. The offer is a simple bribe; whereas the public confession of the wrong is placed at the head and front of the reconciliation in Book xix. Patroclus and Nestor both show their wisdom in refraining from enlisting the hero’s obstinacy, or his pride in his own consistency, against themselves. It is not only the subsidence of his anger that finally induces Achilles to rejoin the war, but the death of Patroclus mainly—a motive which was wanting when the first offer was rejected. The fierceness of the refusal is only characteristic of the man, and consentaneous with the passion displayed in the later books; nor would it give rise in the Greek mind to any feeling of an outraged Nemesis, for that feeling was a growth of later date than the Homeric age. In every book something occurs, to which subsequent allusions

would be naturally expected. And the absence of such allusions (for they are frequently absent) is to be explained by the fact that the poem was written for recitation in parts more commonly than for consecutive delivery as a whole.

Such arguments might easily be multiplied, and seem to myself to outweigh those adduced by Mr. Grote; yet they tell with very varying force according to the predisposition of the mind to receive them. To me Mr. Gladstone appears to have gone farther into the root of the matter when he urges that there is a stronger presumption against a "multiplication of Homers" than against any other supposition. That "ideality" of the character of Achilles, on which Wordsworth also built his belief in the unity of the Iliad, is brought out in no book so strongly as in Book ix. In none are his peculiarities, whether of speech, of manner, or of thought, so dramatically set before us. Many new points are added, but not one that opposes, not one that does not serve to heighten and intensify, the conception that would be drawn of him from the later books. Unsafe as it is to argue from the circumstances of a literary age to those of one so unlike as the Homeric; surprising as was the degree to which the special training of the Homerids must have developed certain faculties now dwindled, such as the memory, and a facility of improvised composition; yet the success attributed to them by Mr. Grote seems to me to be just as impossible as it would have been for any other Elizabethan dramatist but Shakspeare to have added to the stature of Hamlet. Either supposition involves a power of creative sympathy unknown to the human mind.

BOOK IX. 280.—This is the second supper of which Odysseus has partaken on this night. It is not unfairly urged by the disbelievers in the unity of the poem that he eats a third before sunrise, at the close of Book x. Compare Note on viii. 370.

BOOK IX. 419.—*τῇ παραύων τεπέσθω*. I may perhaps be permitted to offer an alternative line for the very inadequate translation in the text—

And much he profits—Let him joy his fill!

But the difficulty of combining a close translation of the original with a rhythm at all suited to the thought, is carried to its highest pitch in this speech of Achilles, and could only be conquered by a great poet. For its mixture of argument, denunciation, and sarcastic power, Mr. Gladstone has truly said that this reply to the envoys has no parallel in dramatic poetry.

BOOK X.—“This book” (the Doloneia) “was considered by some of the ancient Scholiasts, and has been confidently set forth by the modern Wolfian critics, as originally a separate poem inserted by Pisistratus into the Iliad. How it can ever have been a separate poem I do not understand. It is framed with great specialty for the antecedent circumstances under which it occurs, and would suit for no other place, though capable of being separately recited. But, while distinctly presupposing and resting upon the incidents in Book viii. and in Book ix. 100—110, it has not the slightest bearing upon the events of the eleventh or following books. It goes to make up the general picture of the Trojan war, but lies quite apart from the Achilleis. And this is one mark of a portion subsequently inserted—that, though fitted on to the parts that precede, it has no influence on those which follow.” These are Mr. Grote’s words; and he condemns the book also because it is pitched in a tone of “lower ethical sentiment” than prevails generally in the Iliad. Neither of these criticisms carry any degree of certainty with them. As regards the latter, the gallantry of the adventure is unquestioned, and the cruelty displayed in it can easily be paralleled; whilst the former would seem to exclude episodes from an epic altogether. Other critics have remarked that some success was necessary to convert the despondency shown in Book ix. into the high spirit with which the battle is recommenced in Book xi. And, if the poem be looked upon as a natural expansion of an Achilleis into an Iliad, so important an element as a night attack could not be omitted by a poet whose object it had become to depict all phases of the war. An allusion to the wrath of Achilles will be found at line 119, which must, on Mr. Grote’s theory, be pronounced to be an interpolation.

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